



DESPONDENCY,

A N O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with
care,

A burden more than I can bear,

I set me down and sigh:

O Life! Thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I!

Dim-backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning Scenes appear!

What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the *closing tomb!*

II.

Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The *ways of men* are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream:
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no *lonely Hermit* plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The *lucky moment* to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With *self-respecting* art:

But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest!

He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate;
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh, enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown!
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When Manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age*!