

SONNET XXI.

Supposed to be written by Walter,

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GO! cruel tyrant of the human breast !  
To other hearts, thy burning arrows bear ;  
Go, where fond Hope, and fair Illusion rest !  
Ah ! Why should love inhabit with despair !  
Like the poor maniac I linger here, 5  
Still haunt the scene, where all my treasure lies ,  
Still seek for flow'rs, where only thorns appear,  
' And drink delicious poison from her eyes !' 8  
Tow'rs the deep gulph that opens on my sight  
I hurry forward, Passion's helpless slave !  
And scorning Reason's mild and sober light,  
Pursue the path that leads me to the grave !  
So round the flame the giddy insect flies,  
And courts the fatal fire, by which it dies !

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