

Elegy. 1

' DARK gath'ring clouds involve the threat'ning skies,
 ' The sea heaves conscious of th' impending gloom,
 ' Deep, hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise ;
 ' They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come !

' Oh ! may such terrors mark th' approaching night
 ' As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore !
 ' Flash, ye red fires of Heav'n, with fatal light,
 ' And with conflicting winds, ye waters roar !

Loud, and more loud, ye foaming billows burst
 ' Ye warring elements more fiercely rave !
 ' Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot accurst,
 ' Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave !"

Thus

Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks and streaming hair,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
A wretched maid—the victim of Despair,
Survey'd the threat'ning storm and desert beach;

Then to the tomb where now the father slept,
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

' Lo! rising there above each humbler heap,
' Yon cypher'd stones *his* name and wealth relate,
' Who gave his son—remorseless—to the deep,
' While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

' Oh! my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
' That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart;
' Thou hast no grave, but in the stormy sea,
' And no memorial, but this breaking heart.

' Forth

‘Forth to the world, a widow’d wand’rer driv’n,
‘I pour to winds and waves th’ unheeded tear,
‘Try with vain effort to submit to Heav’n,
‘And fruitless call on him—“who cannot hear.”

‘Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
‘While o’er my head th’ infuriate billows pour,
‘Forget in Death this agonizing pain,
‘And feel his father’s cruelty no more!

‘Part, raging waters, part, and shew beneath,
‘In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
‘Now, while the demons of Despair and Death
‘Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

‘To! by the light’ning’s momentary blaze,
‘I see him rise the whitening waves above,
No longer such as when in happier days
‘He gave th’ enchanted hours—to me and love.

‘Such

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- ‘ Such, as when daring the enchas’d sea,
‘ And counting dang’rous toil, he often said,
‘ That every peril, one soft smile from me,
‘ One sigh of speechless tendernefs, &c’erpaid.
- ‘ But dead, disfigur’d, while between the roar
‘ Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
‘ And seem to say—Ah! wretch, delay no more,
‘ But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.
- ‘ Yet, powerful Fancy, bid the phantom stay,
‘ Still let me hear him!—’Tis already past;
‘ Along the waves his shadow glides away,
‘ I lose his voice amid the deaf’ning blast.
- ‘ Ah! wild Illusion, born of frantic Pain!
‘ He hears not, comes not from his wat’ry bed;
‘ My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
‘ Th’ insatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

'Tis not his voice ! Hark ! the deep thunders roll ;
 ' Up heaves the ground ; the rocky barriers fall ;
' Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
 ' Despair, and Death, and Desolation—hail !'

The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come—
 Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
 And bear the injured to eternal sleep !
