



THE  
L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE  
O F

A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

*Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself!  
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe!*

H O M E R.

I.

**O** Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,  
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!  
Thou seest a *wretch*, who inly pines,  
And wanders here to wail and weep!



With Woe I nightly vigils keep,  
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;  
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
 How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

## II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn,  
 The faintly-marked, distant hill:  
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,  
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.  
 My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!  
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!  
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill,  
 For ever bar returning Peace!

## III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,  
 My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim:  
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;  
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.  
 The *plighted faith*; the *mutual flame*;  
 The *oft-attested Powers above*;



The *promis'd Father's tender name*;  
 These were the pledges of my love!

## IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,  
 How have the raptur'd moments flown!  
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,  
 For her dear sake, and her's alone!  
 And, must I think it! is she gone,  
 My secret-heart's exulting boast?  
 And does she heedless hear my groan?  
 And is she ever, ever lost?

## V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,  
 So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,  
 As from the *fondest lover* part,  
 The *plighted husband* of her youth?  
 Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!  
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress!  
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,  
 Her sorrows share and make them less?



## VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,  
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,  
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,  
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.  
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,  
 For her too scanty once of room!  
 Ev'n ev'ry *ray* of *Hope* destroy'd,  
 And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

## VII.

The morn that warns th'approaching day,  
 Awakes me up to toil and woe:  
 I see the hours, in long array,  
 That I must suffer, lingering, flow.  
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,  
 Keen Recollection's direful train,  
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,  
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

## VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,  
 Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief,



My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,  
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief:  
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,  
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in fore afright:  
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,  
 From such a horror-breathing night.

## IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse,  
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless  
 sway!

Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!  
 The time, unheeded, sped away,  
 While Love's *luxurious pulse* beat high,  
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,  
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

## X.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!  
 Scenes, never, never to return!



Scenes, if in stupor I forget,  
 Again I feel, again I burn!  
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,  
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';  
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
*A faithless woman's broken vow.*

