

SONNET XVI.

From Petrarch.

YE vales and woods ! fair scenes of happier hours !
Ye feather'd people, tenants of the grove !
And you, bright stream ! befring'd with shrubs and flow'rs
Behold my grief, ye witnesses of love !

For ye beheld my infant passion rise,
And saw thro' years unchang'd my faithful flame;
Now cold, in dust, the beauteous object lies,
And you, ye conscious scenes, are still the same !

While busy memory still delights to dwell
On all the charms these bitter tears deplore,
And with a trembling hand describes too well
The angel form I shall behold no more !
To Heaven she's fled ! and nought to me remains
But the pale ashes, which her urn contains.
