



A N N E L E G Y.

BY SIR B — G —.

*In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought, too busy for my peace!
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now.*

YOUNG.

IN Burton's favourite groves, alas, how chang'd
By Charlotte's death! oft let me devious rove
Indulging grief; where glad some once I rang'd,
In sweet society with Peace and Love.

Oft in the silent evening, all alone,
When solemn twilight shades the face of day,
The plaintive Muse shall hither waft her moan;
With tenderest passion here inspire my lay.

These hours, allotted to that Muse's hand,
To latest time thy memory shall endear;
While soft ideas rise at her command,
And in luxurious sorrow prompt the tear.

M 4

Recal,

L E G Y.

Recal, soft fame of gentleness and Love!

That calm, which triumph'd o'er thy parting breath;
That blooming texture by the Graces wove:

—And are those eyes for ever set in Death?

One more—and then—farewel! one lingering view

Tore my fond soul from all it held so dear:

Twas o'er!—farewel—my joys: sweet hope, adieu!

—Adieu, my love!—We part for ever here:

No! in the still of night, my restless thought

Pursues thy image thro' its change unknown;

Steals oft unnotic'd to the dreary vault,

And in that vale of Sorrow pours my own:

Nor, since the hour that clos'd our blooming scene,

Once has it wander'd from its darling trust:

It sounds thy voice; still animates thy mien;

And haunts thy slumbers in the sacred dust.

Each conscious walk of Tenderness and Joy,

Thy faithful partner oft alone shall tread;

Recount, while anguish heaves the frequent sigh,

How bliss on bliss thy smiling influence shed!

Though mine be many—many rolling years!

Extatic thought shall linger still on thee!

Time rolls in vain—Remembrance, with her tears—

—You that have lost an angel—pity me!

Thy smiles were mine—were oft; and only mine;
Nor yet forfook me in the face of death:
E'en now they live—still o'er thy beauties shine:
For Fancy's magic can restore thy breath.

Painful reflection!—can the active mind,
Which penetrates the vast expanse of Day,
Long languish in this pallsied mass confin'd,
Nor burst these fetters of obtruding clay?

Ah, no!—she beckons me—for yet she lives!
Lives in yon regions of unfading joy!
She points the fair reward that Virtue gives;
—Which chance, nor change, nor ages can destroy.

Let Folly animate this transient scene
With every bloom that Fancy can supply!
Reflection bends not on a point so mean;
Nor courts this moment, since the next we die.

The dearest objects hasten to decay:
(An awful lesson to the penfive mind!)
My Charlotte's beauties so soon pass'd away:
Nor left, but in my heart, a wreck behind!