

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,
 The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
 To dumb Oblivion's ever-defart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray ;

Ah! Melancholy, how I feel thy power!
 Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway—
 But 'tis enough; for I resist no more:

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste

Thro' many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
 'Wilder'd and weary fits him down at last
 For the long night, and distant far his home.



E L L E G Y.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

STILL shall unthinking Man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream!
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless Hope his towering fabric raise!

Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
 And, from the bowers of Beauty torn,
 The startled soul awakes to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance;
 Who flowery scenes in endless view survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day!
 O! yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the light'ning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill:
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
 Like me ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
 Pour your wild ravings in night's frighted ear,
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wife! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace combin'd,
 That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!
 Fair as the flowret opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
 Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day
 Warbling remote, along the vales decay!
 Yet, why with those compar'd? What tints so fine,
 What sweetness, mildness can be match'd with thine?
 Why roam abroad? since still, to Fancy's eyes,
 I see, I see thy lovely form arise!

F 4

Still

Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
 Still let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart;
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue;
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
 Each look, each action, while it awes, invites,
 And Age with every youthful grace delights.
 But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Restless on the view the glory streams,
 Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.

Ah, whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!
 Lo pale and silent lies the lovely clay!
 How are the roses on that lip decay'd,
 Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd!
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.

Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh;
 When lo! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that sooth'd Woe's weary head!
 All quench'd the eye the pitying tear that shed!
 All mute the voice whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm into the rankled soul!—
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower?
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
 To Virtue then no more the care of Heaven!—

But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.
 Scap'd the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blefs the hand that broke the galling chain?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storms perpetual tost,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Parts thro' the rending gloom the blaze of day,

And

And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
When dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay;
But ah! afresh the swimming eye o'erflows—
Nor check the tear that streams for human woes.
Lo! o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend
The hopeless Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!—
How vain the hope of Man!—But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity prophane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, o'er her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.



ABSENCE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ———.

HOW sweet to recall the sweet moments of joy!
'Tis this, and this only can Absence employ,
Can ease my fond heart, and beguile my soft pain,
Till I see with delight my dear charmer again.