

SONNET.

BUT now—and hope to fancy's eye
Her blooming garlands spread,
And opening to my eager sight,
Their vivid tints display'd ;
But ah! deceitful and unkind,
She gives them to an adverse wind,
Nor heeds a suppliant's grief ;
From thee alas ! capricious power,
Vainly would sorrow pluck a flower,
Or picture a relief.

Reason perhaps, with looks severe,
Shall make me this reply,
Thy passions are those adverse storms,
That wait thy victory.
Subdue the thoughts which folly share,
Subsided lie each anxious care,
And when thy work is done,
Contented with an humble lot,
Lie down, forgetting and forgot,
Beneath some simple stone.