

SONNET XLIII.

THE unhappy exile, whom his fates confine
To the bleak coast of some unfriendly isle,
Cold, barren, desert, where no harvests smile,
But thirst and hunger on the rocks repine ;
When, from some promontory's fearful brow,
Sun after sun he hopeless sees decline
In the broad shingle's sea—perhaps may know
Such heartless pain, such blank despair as mine ,
And, if a flatt'ring cloud appears to show
The fancied semblance of a distant sail,
Then melts away—anew his spirits fail,
While the lost hope but aggravates his woe !
Ah ! so for me delusive Fancy toils,
Then, from contrasted truth—my feeble soul recoils
