

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SEA  
SHORE.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HOU restless fluctuating deep,  
Expressive of the human mind,  
In thy for ever varying form  
My own inconstant self I find.

How soft now flow thy peaceful waves,  
In just gradations to the shore:  
While on thy brow unclouded shines  
The regent of the midnight hour,

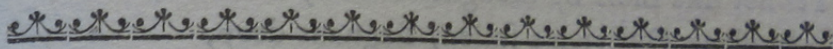
Blest emblem of that equal state,  
Which I this moment feel within:  
Where thought to thought succeeding rolls,  
And all is placid and serene.

As o'er thy smoothly flowing tide,  
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,  
My lov'd Eudocia's image smiles,  
And gaily brightens all my heart.

But

But ah! this flattering scene of peace  
By neither can be long possess'd,  
When Eurus breaks thy transient calm,  
And rising sorrows shake my breast.

Obscur'd thy Cynthia's silver ray  
When clouds opposing intervene:  
And every joy that Friendship gives  
Shall fade beneath the gloom of Spleen.



T O M R S. ———.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE are those hours, on rosy pinions borne,  
Which brought to every guiltless wish success?  
When Pleasure gladden'd each returning morn,  
And every evening clos'd in calms of peace.

How smil'd each object, when by Friendship led,  
Thro' flowery paths we wander'd unconfin'd:  
Enjoy'd each airy hill, or solemn shade,  
And left the bustling empty world behind.