

Resign'd and calm await that awful hour,  
That crisis of all sublunary power,  
When wreaths of glory shall adorn the Just,  
And Empire's proud Colossus sink to dust.



L O V E E L E G I E S.

B Y

E L E G Y I.

**T**IS night, dead night; and o'er the plain  
Darkness extends her ebon ray,

While wide along the gloomy scene  
Deep Silence holds her solemn sway:

Throughout the earth no chearful beam  
The melancholic eye surveys,  
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam

The 'nighted traveller betrays:  
The savage race (so Heaven decrees)  
No longer thro' the forest rove;  
All nature rests, and not a breeze  
Disturbs the stillness of the grove:

All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms,

The village swain forgets his care:

Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,

And heals all sadness but Despair:

Despair alone her power denies,

And, when the sun withdraws his rays,

To the wild beach distracted flies,

Or cheerless thro' the desert strays;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,

While fearful echoes burst around,

On some cold stone he leans his head,

Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,

Some friendly power direct my way,

Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,

Sad luxury! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,

Retir'd from life's fantastick crew,

Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,

And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,

Nor can life now one pleasure boast,

Since all my eyes desir'd to see,

My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;

Since

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,  
So wise, so innocent, so fair,  
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,  
And brighten'd all the gloom of care,

Since she is lost:—Ye powers divine,  
What have I done, or thought, or said,  
O say, what horrid act of mine  
Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim?  
Why are my heart's best wishes crost?  
What fairer deeds adorn his name?  
What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found  
My true heart's service to outweigh?  
A senseless fop!—A dull compound  
Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,  
And charm'd her by repeating o'er  
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,  
That twenty fools had said before:

But I, alas! who thought all art  
My passion's force would meanly prove,  
Could only boast an honest heart,  
And claim'd no merit but my love,

Have I not fate—Ye conscious hours  
 Be witness—while my Stella sung,  
 From morn to eve, with all my powers  
 Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand  
 Entranc'd in wonder and surprize,  
 In silent rapture press her hand,  
 With passion bursting from my eyes, call

Have I not lov'd?—O earth and Heaven!  
 Where now is all my youthful boast?  
 The dear exchange I hop'd was given  
 For slighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?  
 Where all my hopes of future bliss?  
 Must I those joys, these hopes resign?  
 Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,  
 And each fond lover be undone?  
 Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!  
 The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart  
 The dear sad image still retains;  
 And, spite of reason, spite of art,  
 The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whose wondrous skill  
Deep in the womb of time can see,  
Behold, I bend me to your will,  
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,  
With all your bounty has in store;  
Let sorrow cloud my future days,  
Be Stella blest!—I ask no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder east,  
The star of morning mounts apace!  
Hence—let me fly th' unwelcome guest,  
And bid the Muse's labour cease.



E L E G Y II.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,  
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,  
I saw along th' extended plan  
Joy after joy successive rise;

And