POEMS.

Gazing on the gulph below here with went too revert

Gilds awhile the gloom of Night and anion

Yielding to the rathless florms of nor you ov

RUMORALOR,

RUMORA; OR, THE MAID OF RAASA.

Loofely freams her golden haird and source to real

Drooping mark yor Angel Formes a mark princer.

RAASA, by thy rocky shore,

Vocal to the Ocean's roar,

Cliffs, that have for ages stood

Barriers to the briny Flood,

Beneath your dark, your dismal shade,

Wandering wept a woe-worn Maid,

Whilst the pauses of the gale

Each she fill'd with forrow's tale.

Bursting from the sable sky,

See the forked Lightnings sly,

Mark her plunge to cudlefs Night!

Whilft their fad destructive light
Gilds awhile the gloom of Night!
Trembling to the blasts that blow,
Gazing on the gulph below,
Yielding to the ruthless storm,
Drooping mark yon Angel Form,
Round whose face divinely fair
Loosely streams her golden hair!
To the rock's sublimest feat
Fate has led her wandering feet;
Yawning wide the greedy Deep
Woos her to eternal sleep.

By the Lightning's vivid glare

Saw you not you frantic ftare?

By the Tempest's lurid light,

Mark her plunge to endless Night!

Struggling mid the boiling wave,

Nature, frighted at the Grave,

Beneath your dark, your diffinal thade,

With angel charms, adorn'd the thade;

Benigsant turn'd her gladd'ning lyre,

But now no more along these plains

She pours her fweet fersphic ftrains;

And bade my feel to blifs afpire;

To the rude, the rocky strand

Faintly points her languid hand.

Cease, ye blasts, awhile to blow,

Drown not now the wail of woe!

Heard ye not you piercing groan

That proclaim'd her spirit slown?

Whilst it soars on seraph wing,

Roaring waves her Requiem sing.

Still, by Raafa's fea-girt shore,

Blue-ey'd Maids her fate deplore;

From the cliffs sublime and steep

Cast thy Garlands in the Deep,

Marking thus the day's return,

Still Rumora's fate they mourn.