E L E G Y. Ceafe, we blaffs, awhile to blow,

To the rude, the rocky firand

TOALMERIA

Heard ye not you piercing groan HAIL, blissful scenes of early youth, So facred once to love and truth, When my Almeria, matchless maid, With angel charms, adorn'd the shade; Regardless of each fond delight, Though time pursu'd his steady flight; Yet, as he flew, around his wing Gay pleafure twin'd the wreath of spring, Whilst Hope, fair daughter of the sky, With golden trefs and azure eye, Benignant turn'd her gladd'ning lyre, And bade my foul to blifs afpire; But now no more along these plains. She pours her sweet seraphic strains;

No more Almeria wanders near;

In vain, alas! I feek her here:

Yet, as by fond remembrance led,

My fav'rite scenes I pensive tread;

There peaceful shades, you conscious grove,

Restore awhile the joys of love.

Recalling thus the blifsful paft,

For ever fweet delusion last:

Nor let Oblivion's gloomy veil

From Mem'ry shroud the tender tale.

Calm'ft with thy poppy-cinctur'd arm of recess and

Without the church-yard's hollow mound,)

The panting foul long us'd to mourn, and worth to'r

Alike thy draft Lethean drawns or quib pati R more

The pride of kings, the care of clowns and odw

Now Death has chill'd the fleyer'd mind all mangioni

Of him, the fcourge of humanthind man ni list fool-

That buls through life the next in floor, and the

* Beiter known to the world as the elegant author of the poems published.

under the name of Deila Crusca.