

INVOCATION TO OBLIVION.

TO ROBERT MERRY, ESQ.\*

OBLIVION! hail, thou peaceful pow'r!  
 Blest offspring thou of life's last hour,  
 Who, bending o'er the bed of woe,  
 (When Fate ordains the welcome blow,  
 Fixing to human griefs a bound,  
 Without the church-yard's hollow mound,  
 Calm'ft with thy poppy-cinctur'd urn,  
 The panting foul long us'd to mourn.  
 Alike thy draft Lethean drowns  
 The pride of kings, the care of clowns.  
 Now Death has chill'd the fever'd mind  
 Of him, the scourge of human-kind,

\* Better known to the world as the elegant author of the poems published under the name of Della Crusca.

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Who, his insatiate fame to feed,  
 Bade all mankind or weep or bleed.  
 Lo! at thy shrine the victor bows;  
 Thy poppies now entwine his brows:  
 Thais no more with angel charms  
 Awakes his hope, his breast alarms,  
 No longer bids him fondly gaze  
 On eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.  
 Unheeded now o'er Edward's grave  
 Fam'd Cressy's living laurels wave.  
 Unconscious of the foliage proud,  
 The warrior slumbers in his shroud:  
 Yet thou who thus of human pride  
 Stem'st the deep o'erflowing tide,  
 Who o'er ambition's blazon'd tale  
 Indignant throw'st thy sable veil,  
 Dost still in mercy soothe the woe  
 That bids through life the tear to flow,

Whom mis'ry urges to his tomb,  
Obtain from thee a welcome doom.  
At ease reclin'd within thy arms,  
And deaf to faction's loud alarms,  
See murder'd Mary calmly sleeps,  
And, blisful change! no longer weeps.  
Embosom'd in some unknown tomb,  
Forgetful of his impious doom,  
Sleeps the sad prince whose hapless fate  
Through time's long course shall want its mate;  
E'en Love, that tyrant of the breast,  
At thy numb touch is hush'd to rest;  
No longer through the Paraclete,  
Of Heloise the last retreat,  
His barbed shafts destructive fly,  
For Abelard but once could die;  
Around their sad united grave  
In vain Love's airy pinions wave;

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The vengeful pow'r, profuse of woes,  
In vain attempts their last repose;  
For all the blifs thy cup contains  
Rewards at length thy former pains.  
Ah! fay, Oblivion! deign to fay,  
Can earthly fong, can mortal lay,  
From forth thy facred well-fount pure  
For me one blifsful draught procure.  
For Mem'ry oft upholds to view  
The varied fcenes through life we knew,  
Recalls the blifsful hours of yore,  
And pictures joys that are no more.  
Do thou thofe pangs in pity fpare,  
And grant, O grant all Nature's pray'r.  
But, firft and chief, Miranda's woes  
Deferve from thee a long repose.  
In pity bid remembrance ceafe,  
And her's be dark Oblivion's peace.

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Thy real worth they only know,  
Whose hearts are rich in treasur'd woe.  
To such more dear thy torpid sway,  
Than all that meets the blaze of day:  
Yet still in ev'ry age or clime,  
In numbers rude, or flowing rhyme,  
From lofty domes that reach the skies,  
From where the lowly cottage lies:  
(Though lost, alas! in empty air,)  
This is the universal pray'r:  
"Howe'er my future fate be cast,  
Do thou, Oblivion, veil the past."