

SONNET,

AFTER THE DEATH OF LAURA.

COME, tender thoughts, with twilight's pen-
sive gloom,

Come, tender thoughts, and sooth the soul of care,
Soften remembrance, mitigate despair,
And cast a gleam of comfort o'er the tomb.

Methinks again the days and years return
When joy was young, and careless fancy smil'd,
When hope with promises the heart beguil'd,
When love illum'd the world, and happiness was
born.

Where are ye fled, dear moments of delight!
And thou, O best belov'd! alas, no more
The future can the faded past restore;
Sunk in the shade of time's eternal night,
For me remains alone, through ling'ring years,
The melancholy muse, companion of my tears.