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bless eyes,

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83

LELIA;  
OR,  
THE MANIAC'S SONG.

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ng round,  
oulder grew,  
l bound  
arms below.

COME, ye wild winds, that round the welkin fly,  
Bear the sad Lelia on your wings of air,  
Then shall she downward cast a pitying eye  
On all the troubled sons of toilsome care.

I had a friend, she prov'd unkind;  
I had a love, he prov'd untrue;  
Where they are fled, I cannot find;  
A dark dark cloud obscures my view.

Hark! is not that a passing bell?  
Affection in the grave is laid;  
Some kindred spirit tolls her knell,  
And love, perhaps, himself is dead.

When the cock crows, and morn is come,  
A pilgrim grey I'll seek their tomb;

Ah no, alas! my hands are bound,  
Dark walls and grates inclose me round,  
Sad Lelia sits alone on the cold cold ground.

THE MOUNTAINS OF BALAGATA,  
OF

IN THE EAST INDIES,  
BEWAILED THE MISERIES BROUGHT UPON HIS COUNTRY

HIS SONG.

FROM Balagata's wavy brow  
The Genius cast his eyes below,  
Survey'd with grief the hostile plains,  
And thus to Heaven address'd his strains.

Here first arose, in early time,  
The beam of wisdom's light sublime;  
From hence the stream of science flow'd,  
Though now its source is lost in blood.