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

THE GENIUS
OF
THE MOUNTAINS OF BALAGATA,
IN THE EAST INDIES,

BEWAILS 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.

O, Brama, where is now thy place?
And why on thy deserted race
Falls more than thy weak slaves can bear?
Behold them victims to despair!

Behold thy sons unpitied bleed,
While wealth and honours crown the deed:
See grasping avarice denies
A moment to their suppliant cries.

Dark deadly fraud, wild horrid strife,
The poison'd bowl, the murd'ring knife,
Combine thy people to annoy;
Rise and avenge them, or destroy!

With chains of fire the genii bind,
Who come the scourge of human kind;
Plunge them in seas of melting ore,
Crown them with poniards dip'd in gore.

O, Brama! may thy slave prevail,
Soon shall they spread their parting sail;
Command them distant far to fly,
Fell demons of calamity!