

## TO A MANIAC.

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THERE was a time, poor phrensied maid,  
When I could o'er thy grief have mourned,  
And still with tears the tale repaid  
Of sense by sorrow's sway o'erturned.

But now thy state my envy moves :  
For thou art woe's unconscious prize ;  
Thy heart no sense of suffering proves,  
No fruitless tears bedew thine eyes.



Excess of sorrow, kind to thee,  
At once destroyed thy reason's power ;  
But reason still remains to me,  
And only bids me grieve the more.