
A M A N D A :

A N E L E G Y

O N T H E

D E A T H O F M R S. ———,

P E R S O N A T I N G H E R H U S B A N D.

WHERE can the wretched find relief
from wo,

Or sue for comfort in life's dreary vale?

Here can philosophy no aid bestow,

And reason must in all her efforts fail.

What bosom feels not, while with deepest
fighs,

In fault'ring accents, I of Fate complain?

A pale and mangl'd corps Amanda lies; †

O that by savage hands she had been slain!

It was her own, on fatal purpose bent,
To dark oblivion be the deed consign'd ;
Nor let officious mem'ry thus torment,
With wild reflection my disorder'd mind.

Ah! what is happiness? an airy dream:
While stupid mortals fondly hope its stay,
Supinely basking in the transient gleam,
A sudden blast dispels the glimm'ring ray.

Amanda, late the fairest of the throng,
Of all our rural nymphs she was the pride:
I saw, I lov'd, nor did I languish long,
With modest blushes she became my bride.

We then the sweets of social life did prove,
Blest in our lot, nor did we sigh for fame.
A comely boy, the pledge of mutual love,
Enhanc'd our pleasure, and our care did claim.

What words can paint the horrors of my
breast,

While briefly I the tragic scene disclose?
Pale death our darling infant did arrest,
One direful night when sunk in soft repose.

No tender guardian mark'd his latest sigh ;
No cordial did his quiv'ring lips receive ;
So have I seen a flow'r of fairest die,
Bud in the morn, and fade before 'twas eve.

Amanda view'd the change with wild sur-
prise ;

Tumult'ous passions did her bosom swell ;
Nor could she long the fervid flame disguise ;
An awful victim to despair she fell !

She's gone, and Nature seems a blank to me ;
No charm appears in all its large domain.
The songsters silent sit upon the tree,
Or pour their notes in melancholy strain.

The banks of Irvine yield me no delight,
Nor can bright Phœbus cheer me by his ray :
In restless tossing still I spend the night,
Nor comfort find at the return of day.

The briny tears in copious torrents flow,
Nor can my trembling hand the theme pursue ;
The pangs I feel may Damon never know ;
Amanda's gone, my dearest friend adieu.