
LUCINA:

AN ELEGY.

DIREFUL indeed are thy effects, O love!
When Reason's voice deserts thy fran-
tic shrine;

Platonic lessons no asylum prove;
His dictates must obsequious yield to thine.

Religion, in majestic form array'd,
Attempts to soothe the wild, disorder'd breast.
Alas! too often fails the promis'd aid,
Nor can procure one tranquil moment's rest.

The wise, subdu'd by thy tyrannic sway,
Thy cruel and malignant influence feel;
Compell'd to act by thy delusive ray,
As humble vot'ries at thine altars kneel.

The Prince, the Peasant, drag an equal chain,
Nor high, nor low, thy subtle darts can brave.
Lucina felt the agonizing pain,
Then hopeless sunk amid the rapid wave.

She was of Annon's lovely nymphs the grace,
Of charms superior to the crowd possess'd:
Her shape was faultless, matchless fair her
face,

Her virtues bright, by Envy's self confess'd.

Of all the sprightly youths that sought to gain
The envi'd conquest of her virgin heart,
Philander prov'd the dear distinguish'd swain,
Arm'd with the cruel, unrelenting dart.

He in soft accents urg'd his ardent flame,
And when Lucina would his suit deny,
Her beating bosom would assert his claim—
Her modest blush, and more expressive eye.

At last her tongue, the purpose of her heart
Unto the youth convey'd, in tender strain:
Then mutual joy each whisper did impart,
So great the transport, neither dream'd of pain.

But Ah! their joys were soon for ever lost,
 Her fire, enrag'd, forbid the nuptial tie,
 Because Philander no rich stores could boast;
 Charms most attractive to a parent's eye.

The injur'd youth was by repentment sway'd;
 To this his softer passion soon gave way:
 Too rash, alas! he sought another maid,
 And left Lucina to despair a prey.

From ev'ry hope, from all her wishes torn,
 Depriv'd of what alone could give relief,
 The lovely fair, dejected and forlorn,
 Some time in heavy sighs did vent her grief.

The nymphs assembling us'd their utmost art,
 The sad Lucina's sorrows to beguile:
 Vain was th' attempt to ease her bleeding
 heart,

Or from her eye extort a cheerful smile.

At latest hour, when each auspicious light
 Seem'd hid in chaos—Cynthia's silver beam
 Withdrew its lustre on that fatal night,
 Nor bless'd the shade, nor wanton'd in the
 stream.

Her auburne locks the mournful maiden
tore,

Her downy pillow could afford no rest ;
She wander'd where the swelling surges roar,
In wild despair she beat her snowy breast !

From Annon's cliff, she view'd the breaking
wave ;

Philander was her last, her darling theme ;
No hand was near the frantic maid to save,
And, Sappho-like, love's victim she became !

Ye rigid parents, with attentive ear,
Instruction learn from this sad tale of wo :
Ye heedless maids, in time the danger fear,
That wrought Lucina's fatal overthrow.