

SONNET V.

To the South Downs.

AH, hills below'd I—where once a happy child,
Your beechenshades, 'your turf, your flow'rs among,¹²
I wove your bluebells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song.
Ah, hills below'd I—your turf, your flow'rs remain;
But, Can they peace to this sad breast restore ?
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more ?
And you, Aruna I—in the vale below, 9
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,
To drink a long oblivion to my care ?
Ah, no I—when all, e'en Hope's last ray is gone,
There's no oblivion—but in Death alone !
