

SONNET XIV.

From Petrarch.

LOOSE to the wind her golden tresses stream'd, &
Forming brightwaves, with amorous Zephyr's sighs
And tho' averted now, her charming eyes
Then with warm love, and melting pity beam'd.
Was I deceiv'd ?—Ah ! surely, nymph divine !
That fine suffusion on thy cheek, was love ;
What wonder then those beauteous tints should move
Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine !
Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
Were of a goddess—not a mortal maid ;
Yet tho' thy charms, thy heav'nly charms should fade
My heart, my tender heart could not escape ;
Nor cure for me in time or change be found :
The shaft extracted, does not cure the wound !
