

SONNET XXII.

By the same.

To Solitude.

OH, Solitude ; to thy sequester'd vale
 I come to hide my sorrow and my tears,
 And to thy echoes tell the mournful tale
 Which scarce I trust to pitying Friendship's cars !
 Amidst thy wild woods, and untrodden glades,
 No sounds but those of melancholy move ;
 And the low winds that die among thy shades,
 Seem like soft Pity's sighs, for hope e's love !
 And sure some story of despair and pain,
 In yon deep copse, thy murm'ring doves relate ;
 And hark ! methinks in that long plaintive strain,
 Thine own sweet songstress weeps my wayward fate.
 Ah, Nymph ! that fate assist me to endure,
 And bear awhile—what Death alone can cure !