
SONNET XXIII.

By the same.

To the North Star.

TO thy bright beams I turn my swimming eyes, &
Fair, fav'rite planet ! which in happier days
Saw my young hopes, ah ! faithless hopes !—arise ;
And on my passion shed propitious rays !
Now nightly wandering mid the tempests drear
That howl the woods, and rocky steeps among,
I love to see thy sudden light appear
Thro' the swift clouds, driv'n by the wind along :
Or in the turbid water, rude and dark,
O'er whose wild stream the gust of Winter raves,
Thy trembling light with pleasure still I mark,
Gleam in faint radiance on the foaming waves !
So o'er my soul short rays of reason fly,
Then fade :—and leave me, to despair and die !
