

SONNET XXV.

By the same.

**Just before his Death.**

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**W**HY should I wish to hold in this low sphere  
‘ A frail and feverish being ? ’ wherefore try  
Poorly from day to day to linger here,  
Against the powerful hand of Destiny ?  
By those who know the force of hopeless care,  
On the worn heart—I sure shall be forgiv’n,  
If to elude dark guilt, and dire despair,  
I go uncall’d—to mercy and to Heav’n !  
Oh thou ! to save whose peace I now depart,  
Will thy soft mind, thy poor lost friend deplore,  
When worms shall feed on this devoted heart, 11  
Where e’en thy image shall be found no more ?  
Yet may thy pity mingle not with pain,  
For then thy hapless lover—dies in vain !

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