

SONNET XXXV.

To Fortitude.

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**N**YMPH of the rock! whose dauntless spirit braves  
The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl  
Round thy cold breast; and hear'st the bursting waves,  
And the deep thunder with unshaken soul;  
Oh come! and shew how vain the cares that press  
On my weak bosom—and how little worth  
Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,  
That still misleads the wand'ers of the earth!  
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart shall cease to melt  
O'er ills that poor Humanity must bear;  
Nor friends estrang'd, or ties dissolv'd be felt  
To leave regret, and fruitless anguish there:  
And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,  
Thou, and mild Hope, shall teach me how to die!

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