

## SONNET XXXVIII.

From the *Novel of Emmeline.*

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WHEN welcome slumber sets my spirit free,  
Forth to fictitious happiness it flies,  
And where Elysian bow'rs of bliss arise  
I seem, my Emmeline—to meet with thee !  
Ah ! Fancy then, dissolving human ties,  
Gives me the wishes of my soul to see ;  
Tears of fond pity fill thy soften'd eyes ;  
In heav'nly harmony—our hearts agree.  
Alas ! these joys are mine in dreams alone,  
When cruel Reason abdicates her throne !  
Her harsh return condemns me to complain  
Thro' life unpitied, unreliev'd, unknown.  
And as the dear delusions leave my brain,  
She bids the truth recur—with aggravated pain.

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