

SONNET XLV.

On leaving a part of Suffr.

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FAREWELL Aruna!—on whose varied shore  
My early vows were paid to Nature's shrine,  
When thoughtless Joy, and infant Hope were mine,  
And whose lorn stream has heard me since deplore  
Too many sorrows! Sighing I resign  
Thy solitary beauties—and no more,  
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline,  
Or on the heath, by moonlight ling'ring, pore  
On air drawn phantoms—While in Fancy's ear  
As in the evening wind thy murmurs swell,  
Th' Enthusiast of the Lyre, who wander'd here, 11  
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,  
Of power to call forth Pity's tend'rest tear,  
O! wake wild Frenzy—from her hideous cell!

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