

SONNET XLVIII.

To Mrs. * * * *.

NO more my wearied soul attempts to stray
From sad Reality and vain Regret,
Nor courts enchanting Fiction to allay
Sorrows that Sense refuses to forget :
For of Calamity so long the prey,
Imagination now has lost her pow'rs,
Nor will her fairy loom again essay
To dress Affliction in a robe of flow'rs.
But if no more the bow'rs of Fancy bloom,
Let one superior scene attract my view,
Where Heav'n's pure rays the sacred spot illumine,
Let *thy* lov'd hand with palm and am'ranth strew
The mournful path approaching to the tomb,
While Faith's consoling voice endears the friendly gloom.
