

SONNET LII.

The Pilgrim.

From the Novel of Celestina.

FAULT'RING and sad, th' unhappy Pilgrim roves,
Who, on the eve of bleak December's night,
Divided far from all he fondly loves,
Journeys alone, along the giddy height
Of these steep cliffs, and as the sun's last ray
Fades in the west, sees, from the rocky verge,
Dark tempest scowling o'er the shorten'd day,
And hears with ear appall'd, th' impetuous surge
Beneath him thunder !—So, with heart oppress'd,
Alone, reluctant, desolate and slow,
By Friendship's cheering radiance *now* unblest,
Along Life's rudest path I seem to go ;
Nor see where yet the anxious heart may rest,
That trembling at the past—recoils from future woe
