

TO

*DELLA CRUSCA.*

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THOU bidst!—“*my purple slumbers fly*”  
Day’s radiance pours upon my eye.  
I wake—I live! the sense o’erpays  
The trivial griefs of early days.  
What! tho’ the rose-bud on my cheek  
Hath shed its leaves, which late so sleek,  
Spoke youth, and joy—and careless thought,  
By guilt, or fear, or shame un-smote,  
My *blooming soul* is yet in youth,  
Its lively sense attests the truth.

O! I can wander yet, and taste  
The beauties of the flow’ry waste;  
The nightingale’s deep swell can feel,  
Whilst from my lids the soft drops steal;  
Rapt! gaze upon the gem-deck’d night,  
And mark the clear moon’s silent flight;  
Whilst the slow river’s crumpled wave  
Repeats the quiv’ring beams she gave.

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Nor yet, the pencil strives in vain,  
 To wake upon the canvas plain,  
 All the strong passions of the mind,  
 Or hint the sentiment refin'd;  
 To its sweet magic yet I bow,  
 As when Youth deck'd my polish'd brow.  
 The chisel's feath'ry touch to trace,  
 Thro' the nerv'd form, or soften'd grace,  
 Is lent me still. Still I admire,  
 And kindle at the Poet's fire——  
 My torch, at *Della Crusca's* light,  
 And distant, follow his superior flight.

*O Time!* since these are left me still,  
 Of *lesser thefts* e'en take thy fill:  
 Yes, steal the lustre from my eye,  
 And bid the soft Carnation fly;  
 My tresses sprinkle with thy snow,  
 Which boasted once the *auburn glow*;  
 Warp the slim form that was ador'd  
 By him, so lov'd, my *bosom's LORD*——  
 But leave me, when all these you steal,  
 The mind to *taste*, the nerve to *feel!*

ANNA MATILDA.

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