
WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful Fate
That thunders thro' the sky;

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious power
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of heaven
Is universal good.

With

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming Æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tenderest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.