



LIBERTY: AN ELEGY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LOGGIN.

BY THE SAME.

FEIGNED TO BE WRITTEN FROM THE HAPPY VALLEY  
OF AMBARA.

**T**O you, Eliza, be these lays consign'd,  
Who blest in Freedom's fair dominions live;  
While I, alas! am pompously confin'd,  
Bereft of every joy the world can give.

In vain for me the blushing flowrets bloom,  
And spring eternal decks the fragrant shade;  
In vain the dewy myrtle breathes perfume,  
And sounds angelic echo thro' the glade.

The marble palaces, and glittering spires,  
What are they? Pageant glare, and empty show:  
Ah! how unequal to my fond desires,  
Which tell me—Freedom makes a heaven below.

Pensive I range these ever-verdant groves,  
And sigh responsive to the murmuring stream;  
While woodland warblers chant their happy loves,  
Dear Liberty is wretched Myra's theme.

The velvet lawns diversify'd with flowers,  
In sweet succession every morn the same;  
Fresh gales that breathe thro' amaranthine bowers,  
And every charm inventive Art can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd place:  
And here, to smooth captivity a prey,  
Each royal child of Abyssinian race  
Consumes the vacant inauspicious day.

Tho' festive mirth awake the laughing morn,  
And guiltless revels lead the dancing hours;  
Tho' purling rills the fertile meads adorn,  
And the wild rock its spicy produce pours:

Yet what are these to fill a boundless mind?

Tho' gay each scene appear, 'tis still the same;  
Variety — in vain I hope to find;  
Variety, thou dear, but distant name!

With pleasure cloy'd, and sick of tasteless ease,  
No sweet alternatives my spirits cheer;  
Joys oft repeated lose their power to please,  
And harmony grows discord to my ear.

Blest Freedom! how I long with thee to rove,  
Where varying Nature all her charms displays;  
To range the sun-burnt hill, the rifted grove,  
And trace the silver current's winding maze!

Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air,

Who distant climes and various seasons see,  
Regions—tho' not, like soft Ambara, fair;

Yet blest with change, and crown'd with Liberty.

Vain wish! these rocks, whose summits pierce the skies,

With frowning aspect tell me—Hope is vain;

Till, freed by death, the purer spirit flies,

Here wretched Myra's destin'd to remain.



H Y M N T O S O L I T U D E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

**N**OW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove  
Extends her vivid power,

Now Phoebus shines with mildest beams,

And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,

Kind dews refresh the plain;

While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,

Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,

Far from the crouded seat

Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,

To some obscure retreat:

Where