

For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.



THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

MEMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought
These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's die?
Is there in all thy stores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!

What smiles in every conscious feature play!
While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence! whose bosom all serene

Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll:

O! ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!

Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul!

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd

Yonder she comes! the heart-enflaming fiend!

(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield!)

Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend!

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs!

Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest;

While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—

And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims

Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare;

Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,

And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime!

And does thy spring no happier prospect yield!

Why should the sun-beam pain thy glittering clime,

When the keen mildew desolates the field!

How

How Memory pains! Let some gay theme beguile
 The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight:
 Ye images of Woe, no more recoil;
 Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar:
 How sweet to sit in the sequester'd bower,
 To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise;
 Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
 With the mild languish of her smiling eye;
 Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,
 While loose-rob'd Quiet flood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose;
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain:
 The shrub is shelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,
 While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! thine, Winter, be the skies,
 And tofs th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste;
 Nature thy temporary rage defies;
 To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Thron'd

Thron'd in her emerald car, see Spring appear!

(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)

Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,

Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen.

And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd Power extends!

And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,

And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven descends!

Haste, happy days, and make all Nature glad—

But will all Nature joy at your return?

O can ye chear pale Sickness' gloomy bed,

Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,

Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail?

To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart,

Will all your stores of softening balm avail?

When stern Oppression, in his harpy-fangs,

From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,

Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,

Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.

Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?

Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,

Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

But hope not, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,

When ERROLI'S bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, not further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams that flash and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego.

Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,
And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptur'd gaze!

Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep!

Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,

There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,

Th' embattled legions stretch their long array;

Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,

With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign:

Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires:

Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,

Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! in her lofty mien

The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown controul;
Her fearless eye, determin'd tho' serene,

Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,

Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!

With menace loud he cries, while from his hand

He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,

Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;

Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,

Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven,

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,

Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—

Ah! Liberty, will none thy cause befriend!

Are those thy sons, thy generous sons that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,

Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;

Not Virtue's self can still the bursts of sighs,

When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart,

See, where by Terror and Despair dismay'd

The scattering legions pour along the plain!

Ambition's car, in bloody spoils array'd,

Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook^b,
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look

Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!

Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce supported on her broken spear

O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,

From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume;

No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,

And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,

Fame's loudest trumpet labours with thy name;

For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,

And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,

The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,

Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,

While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,

Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,

Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,

Such is Man's doom; and Pity weeps in vain.

^b Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
 Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!
 Tir'd, I submit; but yet, O yet remove,
 Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand!

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
 Find in society relief from woe;
 O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul!
 Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come then, Philander, whose exalted mind
 Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
 For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
 The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
 Nor Faction cools, nor Injury destroys;
 Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
 And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye,
 And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;
 Who, unenflav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,
 With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
 Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform;
 Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
 And harmonize the thunder of the storm.

Tho' blest with wisdom, and with wit refin'd,
 She courts no homage, nor desires to shine;
 In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
 To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear;
 Let chasten'd Mirth the social hours employ:
 O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
 On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careles disencumber'd soul
 Sinks all dissolving into Pleasure's dream,
 Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
 With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
 Or soothe the sad inevitable Hour,
 Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the Dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
 That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb:
 With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!
 How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
 Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace:
 Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race:

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,
 The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
 To dumb Oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray ;

Ah! Melancholy, how I feel thy power!
 Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway—
 But 'tis enough; for I resist no more:

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste

Thro' many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
 'Wilder'd and weary fits him down at last
 For the long night, and distant far his home.



E L E G Y.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

STILL shall unthinking Man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream!
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless Hope his towering fabric raise!