

He rules restless, and his power shall guide
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
 Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewell! thy prince still lives, and still is free;
 Farewell! hope all things, and remember me.



Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN
 PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
 Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;
 My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
 And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line;
 Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
 That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
 Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
 Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
 I give my bosom naked to thy view,
 For, what has shame with innocence to do?
 In fancy, now, I clasp thee to my heart,
 Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.

I catch

I catch new transport from thy speaking eye;—
 But whence this sad involuntary sigh?
 Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
 Why, from my eyes, distil unbidden tears?
 Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
 Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
 O! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
 From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
 And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
 Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
 Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
 The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?
 Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest kind!
 Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind;
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
 They knew, presumptuous! and the gods defied.
 Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,
 And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!
 Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
 To Freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves;
 Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
 Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
 A thousand times I held them to my breast,
 A thousand times my lips the paper prest:
 My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
 And "Oh, my prince!" died faltering on my tongue:
 Fainting I sunk, unequal to the strife,
 And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
 Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
 Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread,

“ Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;
“ Come, come, I cried, thy Zara blames thy stay.
“ For thee, the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
“ For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
“ For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
“ The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
“ Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
“ Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—
“ He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
“ He comes refulgent to his Zara’s arms:
“ With jocund songs proclaim my love’s return;
“ With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
“ Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
“ He comes, uniting majesty and love.”—
Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies;
Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—
Too vast, too numerous, those already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
Of seas which storms controul, and foes infest!
My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.
Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run:
“ Where, where’s my prince! what tidings have ye brought?”
Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.
In vain I fought, some, conscious of my pain,
With horrid silence pointed to the main.
Some with a sneer the brutal thought express,
And plung’d the dagger of a barbarous jest.

Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At length—"O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,

"Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;

"Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,

"And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,

"If faithful passion can thy bounty move,

"And goodness sure must be the friend of love,

"Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,

"Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.

"O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,

"And grant thy love to love's availing prayer,

"Together then, and emulous to praise,

"A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;

"There, first and last, on each returning day,

"To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,

Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?

How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,

'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold, thy Zara form'd,

And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,

How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!

How all the shafts of adverse fate desic'd!

Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,

With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning soil!

In the cold prison had I lain with thee,

In love still happy, we had still been free;

Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.

Each night the cool Savannahs have I fought,
And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;

The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,

And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:
My breast still haunted by a motly train,

Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain,

Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,

Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;

Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.

When kindly sleep its lenient balm supplied,

And gave that comfort waking thought denied.

Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,

The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?

Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,

And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—

Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—

Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;

When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,

Which earth receiv'd, and six white coursfers drew.

Then—quick transition—did thy Zara ride,

Borne to the chariot—wonderous—by thy side:

All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,

Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.

A thousand

A thousand voices sung—"All blifs betide
 "The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."
 "'Tis done, 'tis done," refounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rife;
 Ten thousand beauties crowded on my fight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vifion fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my foul;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 "Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"
 O! then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
 'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
 But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;
 No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
 Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;
 'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
 And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
 Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
 And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?

Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds;
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms!
Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distrest!
Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail!
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;
My pen denies my last farewell to write,
Still, still, “return,” my wishful thoughts indite:
O! hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
O! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole;
And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line shall bring her to thy view.
Return, return, in love and truth excell;
Return, I write; I cannot add—Farewell.

