
SEMIRA.

TRANQUILLITY, celestial maid,
Why hast thou fled my troubled breast?
Vainly must I implore thine aid,
And only hope in Death for rest?

I once was thy peculiar care,
In infancy, and early youth:
The victim now of blank Despair,
I see thy smiles were void of truth.

Only to sharpen Sorrow's dart,
Deceitful friend, you smil'd on me:
But, since you scorn my proffer'd heart,
That heart no more shall plead to thee.

But I'll invoke thee, gentle Death!
Thou, certain cure for every pain,
Shalt tell me at my latest breath,
Our sorrows as our joys are vain.

Come, then
Prepare for
On its cold
Which liv

Thus mourn
By Disapp
The pitying
And life fo

Come, then, kind soother of my woes,
Prepare for me the welcome grave:
On its cold lap I'll find repose,
Which living I can never have.---

Thus mourn'd Semira, hapless fair,
By Disappointment's stings oppress:
The pitying Power receiv'd her prayer,
And life forsook her woe-worn breast.
