TO

HOPE.

DELUSIVE companion of youth,
Who, careless of present and past,
In prospect, unmindful of truth,
Canst flatter the wretch to the last!

Benignant deceiver, whose sway
Alone can life's pilgrimage glad,
Whose presence makes Misery gay,
And whose absence Prosperity sad!

Say, where dost thou love to reside,
Humanity's woes to assuage?
Youth's sanguine pursuits dost thou guide,
Or soften the rigour of Age?

Or dost thou with Piety join,
The pillow of Sickness to smooth,
On the breasts of the dying recline,
And their fears by thy promises sooth?

Dost thou tell them how vain each desire,
Which saddens the children of clay?
And the cheering reflection inspire,
That Death to true life léads the way?

If such thou wilt visit my breast,
Come, friendly enchantress, ah come---
This heart of each weakness divest,
And fix its pursuits past the tomb!