

## SONNET.

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WHEN glowing Phœbus quits the weeping earth,  
What splendid visions rise upon the sight!  
Fancy, with transient charms and colours bright,  
To changing forms in Heaven's gay scene gives birth:  
But soon the melting beauties disappear,  
And fade like those which in life's early bloom,  
Hope bade me prize; and the approaching gloom,  
These tints of sadness, and these shades of fear,  
Resemble most that melancholy hour  
Which, with a silent and resistless power,  
Shrouded my joy's bright beam in shadowy night:  
Till Memory marks each scene which once shone gay;  
As the dark plains, beneath the Moon's soft light,  
Again revealed, reflect a mellowing ray.