

SONNET WRITTEN AT WOODSTOCK,
IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY,
THE SEAT OF WILLIAM TIGHE.

June 30, 1809.

SWEET, pious Muse! whose chastely graceful form
Delighted oft amid these shades to stray,
To their loved master breathing many a lay
Divinely soothing; oh! be near to charm
For me the languid hours of pain, and warm
This heart depressed with one inspiring ray
From such bright visions as were wont to play
Around his favoured brow, when, to disarm
The soul subduing powers of mortal ill,
Thy soft voice lured him "to his ivyed seat,"
"His classic roses," or "his heathy hill;"
Or by yon "trickling fount" delayed his feet
Beneath his own dear oaks, when, present still,
The melodies of Heaven thou didst unseen repeat.