A TALE.

THINK how welcome dawns AURORA
On the weary trav'ller's eyes;
Think how lovely PHOEBUS riſes,
And adorns the eaſtern ſkies:

Full as welcome, and as lovely,
To the fair CAMILLA's ſight,
Did appear her valiant lover,
Through the ſolemn gloom of night.

Both, with looks of heartfelt ſorrow,
Gaz'd awhile, but neither ſpoke;
Till at length the brave ALONZO,
Thus with ſighs the ſilence broke.

Canſt thou hear, too lovely lady?
Will thy tender heart not break?
I muſt go, perhaps forever;
Here my laſt farewell I take.

But think not now, my dear CAMILLA,
Tho' through foreign climes I range,
Gold or beauty e'er ſhall tempt me;
This fond heart can never change.

What tho' fate condemns thy lover
Once again to ſhine in arms;
Fortune yet may make ALONZO
More deſerving of thy charms.

Ah! reply'd th' afflicted lady,
With a look that pierc'd his heart,
I will ne'er ſurvive to ſee thee;
Here forever we muſt part.

Think, ah! think, my dear ALONZO,
When to heights of fame you riſe;
Here, depriv'd of friends and fortune,
Thy once lov'd CAMILLA dies.

For

For thy ſake, my cruel uncle,
Drives the orphan from his door;
Thus diſtreſs'd, I flew to meet thee,
But will never ſee thee more.

Doſt thou think, ſays brave ALONZO,
I could leave thee thus forlorn?
No, this ſword ſhall guard CAMILLA;
Fame and fortune both I ſcorn.

In yon caſtle I've a mother,
Tender as CAMILLA's fair;
For my ſake ſhe'll fondly love thee,
If her friendly roof thou'lt ſhare.

Let me take thee to her bower,
She will ſoothe thy gentle breaſt;
Nor refuſe thy ardent lover
What will make him truly bleſt.

Softly

Softly ſigh'd the wounded maiden :
Thus upon her bended knee,
Leave me, dear ALONZO, leave me ;
This can never, never be.

Is CAMILLA then dependent,
Abject as a common ſlave ;
Death to me has loſt his terrors,
Firſt I'll ſink in yonder wave.

Is it thus you term my paſſion,
Said the conſcious noble ſwain ;
Then, proud maid, indeed I'll leave you,
Since my love has prov'd in vain.

But may Heaven guard CAMILLA,
Tho' I bid a laſt adieu ;
Never more will I love woman,
Since I'm treated thus by you.

On

On the earth's cold boſom lying,
Fair CAMILLA breath'd her laſt;
Time's fleet wing is arm'd with ſorrow,
Why relate the woe that's paſt?