

III

And fancy, oft, would guide my feet
 To glooms, where sleepless spirits wander'd,
 Or lonely vales, retirement sweet,
 Where some lorn stream its course meander'd.
 Oft, in some deep untrodden dell,
 Where Eremite might build his cell,
 Remote from all the ills that wait
 The pompous equipage of state ;
 To human steps so much unknown,
 Ev'n thought might find herself alone ;
 Nought on her silence to intrude,
 Or break her much lov'd solitude.—
 Imagination's forceful power,
 Would charm away the passing hour ;

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