

P O E T R Y.

LAURA: AN ELEGY.

Translated from P E T R A R C H. By Sir
WILLIAM JONES.

[From the Monthly Review.]

IN this fair season, when the whisp'ring
gales
Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy
vales,
From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers
play ;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are
gay ;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, " Here mirth and
Beauty reign ;"
But me, forever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty
cheers :
The birds that warble, and the flow'rs that
bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see, where late the verdant meadow
smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild.
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart
before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world
no more :
Lost are those tresses, that outshone the
morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies
adorn.
Ah death ! thy hand has crop't the fairest
flow'r,
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's
bow'r ;
Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held
dear,
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd
truth.

Hard fate of man, on whom the heav'n's
bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of wo !
Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes con-
sum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have
bloom'd !
How oft, emerging from the shades of
night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple
light,
But soon the gath'ring clouds o'ershade the
skies,
Red lightnings play, and thund'ring storms
arise !

How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of
years !

Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant
eyes,
Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss
o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne :
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
But when the waking flow'rs of April
blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd
snow,
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph exulting bursts her silver
chains :
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar,
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no
more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The chrysal Sorga spreads a lively gleam,
From which a thousand rills in mazes
glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest
pride ;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on those banks (ah, dream of short
delight !)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled
sight,
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might re-
store.
That heav'n might envy, and mankind
adore.
I saw—and O ! what heart could long
rebel ?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh
and gay,
And ev'ry bow'r exhal'd the sweets of
May ;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly
blew the gale ;
And rising flow'rs impurpled every dale ;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining
scene :
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd
she lay,
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms
dead ;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.