

And slowly drifts along the placid stream.

Now sleep, with bands from leaves of poppies wove,  
Ties down each eyelid soft, that clos'd in peace  
When night resum'd the sceptre of the skies,  
And curtain'd round the weary for repose.

Yet there are some who seek the couch of rest  
But not to sleep; the mind mysterious power!

Urg'd by strong passion shakes its humble home  
With throes convulsive; such as earth must feel,

When central fires within her bosom fed,  
Search round the dismal place they have consum'd,

Spurning their prison house,—yet still confin'd!

To such remembrance in her ceaseless stream,

Bears nought but evil: each succeeding wave,

Freighted with sorrow whelms the burning heart,

And then retires to give another place,

To pain the soul afresh. These tell of wrongs

Received, and cherished hopes forever crush'd;

Tho' fancy nurs'd them early into bloom,

And caught the dews of heaven and sunshine too

To form an Iris—emblem of their fate!

Then rise the ghastly shadows of the past—

The tears of friends—the scorn of foes—confest—

The multitude's loud laugh—the world's disdain—

The secret glance of envy—the bold stare

Of wonder pointed to the victim's brow—

And worst, the *seeming* sympathy that probes

Each wound, but just to learn how deep it lies.

Anon, the *future* turns her ample page,

And hope with sunbeam pencil flutters round

For aught to point at—but alas! in vain

Then comes despair, and fills the gloomy space

With dire forbodings, images of woe!

Each avenue that leads to joy, cut off;

The world, a lone and dreary waste, and time

But lent to teach us how to bear its ills—

What wonder then the broken heart should deem,

Its greatest bliss forgetfulness of woe,

Its greatest pain, a thought of former joy!