Where the statesman's and warriors great actions are told,
  Oh then with ambition my bosom will burn ;
Oft with ardour I wish that may honours be mine
  And Rank, that to high soul'd ambition belongs,
May my name never tarnish'd in history shine,
  And live even live in the Bard's future songs.

Whilst thus for ambition I breathe forth my sighs,
  Gay fancy then rapidly changes the scene,
And points to dear Rasah with blue laughing eyes,
  The maid whom my heart owns with joy as its queen ;
Ah whilst on her beauties transported I gaze,
  And behold on her lips so bewitching a smile,
Such love o'er my senses triumphantly sways,
  And the throbs of ambition then pause for awhile.

Tho' the Law gave disgust with its dull tedious lore,
  And where Poesy led me delighted I stray'd ;
Yet the mazes of law I'd encounter once more,
  If rewarded by love and my beautiful maid.
Let the trinkets of grandeur to us be denied,
  Dear love sweetly smiling cares little for these,
Down the streamlet of life we would happily glide,
  And each day would be pass'd in the study to please.

No longer ambition would rob me of rest,
  But calmly I'd view all her late tempting charms,
Yes my soul would be grateful in being so blest,
  With the raptures of love in my Rasah's dear arms.
Yet if love should reject me and heed not my sighs,
  And the maid of my heart should not smile upon me ;
If a rival more favour'd should bear off the prize,
  Then would I, oh Glory, live only for thee.

—◦✦◦—

Cold beam'd her eye no fav'ring glance was there,
And o'er his heart love shiver'd with despair,
'Twas then in quest of honors and of fame,
Like those of yore knight Errant he became ;
Fondly he hopes the glorious prize to gain,
His heart assures him and the Gipsey strain,

    " Soon shalt thou cross the Ocean's wave,
    " Misfortunes many thou must brave,
    " And this will ever be thy fate,
    " Never rich, but thou'lt be great ;
    " Yes, when all misfortunes past,
    " Honors will be thine at last."