

XVIII

The icy worm his revel keeps,
 And there, his form is dully shining,
 Arround that lovely forehead creeps,
 Or o'er her faded cheek is twining,

XIX

The bosom, once that heav'd with mine,
 The throb of joy, or sigh of anguish,
 When fancied ill, or fond delight,
 Bade hope arise, or sudden languish.

XX

Sleeps silent, in the earthy grave.
 No woe her angel-dreams disturbing ;
 Misfortune's storm there cannot rave !
 No passion's power the rest perturbing.—