

THE
WANDERING RHYMER.

PART OF CANTO I.

'Twas at that time when manhood's wish'd for day,
Freed the young Rhymer from controuling away,
His youth as fervent as the solar fire,
To what high wishes did he not aspire?
Pleas'd with his fancied freedom from controul
What plans and projects fill'd his glowing soul?
Were now these plans by smiling fancy given?
Fled, oh fled like passing clouds of Heaven —
With two contending flames his bosom burns,
Which wage perpetual war and rule by turns;
Sometimes ambition of deportment proud,
With eyes uplifted from the vulgar crowd,
Points to her honors as they quick unroll—
And soon Enthusiasm pervades his soul;
Eager to add his now ignoble name,
'Mongst those already in the page of fame;
Dubious tradition too had lent its lore,
To fire his heart with brilliant tales of yore.
Then Love, delightful love his bosom warms,
With some enchanting damsel's blooming charms,
Domestic joys, and not ambitious guile,
Play round his heart and cheer him with a smile.
O Love, divinest gift to us below,
Thou soother of our cares and balm to woe,
Such was thy power that then he did declare,
That glory's splendours were but empty air,
Ambitions toys would sullenly remove,
And his whole soul be fill'd with powerful love.—
To her who o'er his fate then held the sway,
To her dear maid he tun'd his simple lay.

LOVE AND AMBITION,
A BALLAD.

WHEN enrich'd with the spoil of the ages of old,
The pages historic with pleasure I turn,