

A parting tear had gemm'd her beauteous face,
 A sigh escaped her in their last embrace,—
 (Alas, their last indeed!)—a boding gloom
 Oppress'd his bosom as he left his home,—
 The weakness still unwilling to betray,
 Towards the beach he bent his lonely way.
 Scarce had his bark approach'd the adverse shore,
 When his ear caught the rising whirlwind's roar—
 He sees the fires illume the stormy West!—
 Horror and anguish fasten on his breast;
 Still hope he cherishes!—Avenging Heav'n
 Had never mortal heart so sorely riv'n,—
 Her angel virtues must protect his wife,
 The flames must spare so pure, so dear a life!—
 Such are his maniac thoughts—Alas, how vain!—
 That wife his arms shall never clasp again—
 Helpless she shrieks, the all-devouring flame
 Feeds on her charms and racks her tender frame;
 Her husband hears not her heart-rending cries,
 Writhing, alone, the lovely sufferer dies.

The storm is pass'd—the adverse winds no more
 Repel his efforts to regain the shore.