

And, like the lone hermit, in his dungeon'd cell*—
 Where one bright ray of heav'n's light ne'er enters,
 Wrapp'd in the solitude of his working thoughts—
 Still Memory shines,

And gives to other days their happiest hue—
 Till, at reflection's call, his heart looks back,
 And shows him what he was, is, and soon must be—
 The very jest of fate.

Thus, in the gloom of thine own imaginings,
 Thou pond'rest o'er bright days, and happy hours,
 Gone by, no more to cheer life's tedious round,
 Or smooth thy pathway.

But—mildest, fairest—for yet thou still art fair—
 Had beauty, and all virtue can bestow,
 Been proof 'gainst ev'ry ill, thou hadst stood unhurt,
 Beneath life's pressure !

* OVID very properly terms 'darkness,' *Maxima nutrix curarum*.