

So fain to my bosom again would I press thee,
 As wont, in impassion'd embrace of my arms,
 I frequently thus in my slumber caress thee,
 And dream of thy bosom-awakening charms.

So falsely has fortune caress'd to deceive me,
 So brilliant the dawn of love's mutable day,
 The most she can give is the least she can leave
 me,
 Remembrance of what she has taken away.

Lament.

The cares of life can never come
 Where life is not ;
 Be then the refuge of the tomb
 My welcome lot.

The nectar brew'd for youth to sup
 Ne'er wet my lip :
 Fate mix'd a vile terrestrial cup
 For mine to sip.

My heart in boyhood's early years
 Was crush'd with toil ;
 My young hands till'd, my sweat and tears
 Bedew'd the soil.