

And many a youthful circle guides
Through paths where lilies, roses sweet,
Bloom and decay beneath their feet ;
Here constancy with sober mien
Regardless of the flowery Scene
With Myrtle crowned that never fades,
In silence seeks the Cypress Shades,
Or fixed near Contemplation's cell,
Chief with the Muses loves to dwell,
Leads those who inward feel and burn
And often clasp the abandon'd urn,—
Say, awful God ! did'st thou not prove
My heart was formed for Constant love ?
Thou saw'st me once on every plain
To Delia pour the artless strain—
Thou wept'sd her death and bad'st me change
My happier days no more to range
O'er hill, o'er dale, in sweet Employ,
Of singing Delia, Nature's joy ;
Thou bad'st me change the pastoral scene
Forget my Crook ; with haughty mien
To raise the iron Spear of War,
Victim of Grief and deep Despair :
Say, must I all my joys forego
And still maintain this outward show ?
Say, shall this breast that's pained to feel
Be ever clad in horrid steel ?
Nor swell with other joys than those
Of conquest o'er unworthy foes ?
Shall no fair maid with equal fire
Awake the flames of soft desire ;
My bosom burn, for transport, burn
And raise my thoughts from Delia's urn ?
“ Fond Youth,” the God of Love replies,
“ Your answer take from Sarah's eyes.”