

" And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
 And sooth my parted spirit lingering near ?
 Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
 And think on all my love, and all my woe ?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
 A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
 Or lips with holy look his evening prayer,
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear,
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
 How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
 At every artless tear, and every smile !
 How glows the joyous parent to descry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ;
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
 And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe ;

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
 Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
 Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
 Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
 Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :
 Poor widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
 'Till memory fled her agonizing brain : —
 But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
 Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;
 Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
 And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
 And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
 Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
 To hail the bark that never can return ;
 And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
 That constant love can linger on the deep.