

XL.

Yet as in every joy we meet below ;
 A bitter has been mingled with the sweet ;
 As ripening fruit may on the green branch grow,
 And hail the radiance of the summer heat ;
 Fair to the eye it blooms, but sure and slow
 Some insect, where its inmost vitals meet,
 Is gnawing through its life and leaves a waste
 Of gall and wormwood to the taste.
delude

XLI.

Happy the man who has not thus been led
 To look on outward charms for happiness,
 Lest all too soon they wither, cold and dead,
 And leave their victim to his chill distress,
 Then when the best hopes of his life are sped,
 He pray to perish in his griefs excess ;
 Yet lives nor even hopes that heaven will send
 Its rarest noblest gift—a faithful friend.

XLII.

So with these scenes of beauty thus divine,
 How glorious is the sight which meets the eye !
 Yet the deep power which seized the restless brine,
 And piled it into domes which meet the sky,
 Has might to mar the splendours which combine,
 And lend them wings more speedily to fly ;
 And while the gazer wonders, can congeal
 The very blood which teaches him to feel.

XLIII.

So men have perished far from all they love,
 O'erwhelmed by might surpassing human power ;
 Whose spirits dangers army could not move,
 Or death behold them at his sceptre cower ;
 Who died in calm and quiet as a dove
 Which lingers out in silence its last hour ;
 The only sigh from out their bosoms driven,
 When their last breath had winged its way to Heaven.