
Reflection

Have met with dark disaster, and I feel
Sweet consolation in thy blessed powers —
A last resort, communion in my soul
With all that lies beyond.

Yet must I 'wake
To stern reality? And must I see
My cherished hopes and dreams of youthful years,
My wild romantic flights in Fancy's realms,
Anticipated joys that knew no bounds,
This all-in-all of human life — now torn
And dashed to atoms by a single wave
And swept forever with remorseless roar
In dark Oblivion's gloomy cave forlorn?

Farewell, bright Hope! For thou hast borne afar
The one immortal spark — the only joy
That ever blessed my lot! Alas, my God