

As she listens to the other, with a quiet deep delight.

He, as o'er her bends so loving, well deserves a painter's skill

To portrait those noble features, where his feelings play
play at will.

Words of hope and love he's speaking ; high his aspirations soar ;

Noble deeds he hopes to accomplish ; laurels at her feet to pour :

That for him the chief attraction to set forth on Fame's broad field

Is, that he may all his conquests, to her loving hands then yield.

But, as o'er a fertile country budding forth with fruit and joy,

A dark blight falls slowly downwards, all its beauty to destroy ;

So upon this scene of fond joy, from behind that broken rock,

Slowly creeps a head and shoulders, that at all description mock :

How the features writhe in hatred, and the eyes glare wildly forth ;

Clinched the teeth upon the thick lips, as if fiends had come to birth.