

Ev'n mem'ry, entranced, o'er past happiness weep-
ing,

In the "semblance of death" imaged raptures
may share.

Calm solitude's power o'er my bosom is stealing,
In whispers of peace, its monition addres't,
Arouses each pure spark of genuine feeling,
Allays every passion that ruffled my breast:

To the bright climes of fancy, where flowers ever
blossom,

On the wild wing of thought, I would hurry
my flight,

Shake off every sorrow that weighs on my bosom,
And roam with pure spirits in regions of light.