

But alas ! fond hope proved haggard,
 And the tale thy reason stagger'd ;
 Then suddenly you quit your home
 A hopeless widow'd wretch to roam ;
 Pursuing one wild form of bliss,
 The sport, the prey of restlessness.
 O love ! thy form is ever fair,
 E'en tho' thus wedded to despair !

Love lights her torch, e'en at the fire
 Where martyrs to free thought expire.
 Gaze on this picture, it is fraught
 With food for philosophic thought,
 That poor victim, desecr'd a ray
 Of pure divine philosophy,
 For which his home was a dungeon,
 Unvisited by the bless'd sun ;
 His brow is wrinkled as with care,
 Yet resolution's enthron'd there.
 That eye is fixed, these lips are mute ;
 There's eloquence he can't confute
 In yonder fire, whose lurid flame
 Shall ere an hour creep round his frame.
 Behind his back, his hands are tied,
 Which ne'er in sanguine hue were dyed.
 And why scorn'd by that multitude ?
 He never was a man of blood ;
 Ne'er dogg'd to death the stricken deer,
 Why, like it, must he perish here ?
 What beings fit that pyre ? 'twas men ;
 And can he calmly die for them ?
 Eternal love ! thy sacred fire,
 E'en on that pile can mount far higher.