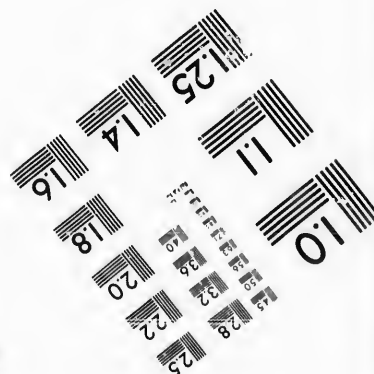
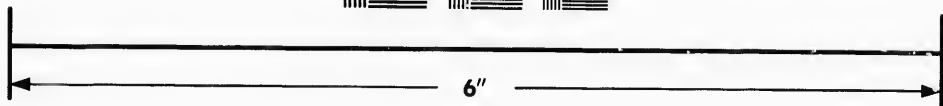
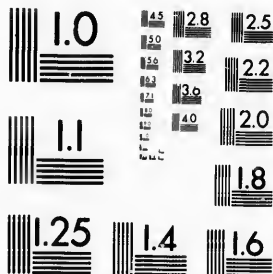


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

14 18 28 25  
16 32 22  
20  
18

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

11  
01  
57

**© 1987**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/<br>Couverture de couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/<br>Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/<br>Couverture endommagée  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/<br>Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/<br>Le titre de couverture manque   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/<br>Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/<br>Transparence   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/<br>Relié avec d'autres documents   | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin/<br>La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la<br>distorsion le long de la marge intérieure   | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/<br>Seule édition disponible   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from filming/<br>Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées<br>lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,<br>mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont<br>pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata<br>slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to<br>ensure the best possible image/<br>Les pages totalement ou partiellement<br>obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,<br>etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à<br>obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:/<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |  |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								/			

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

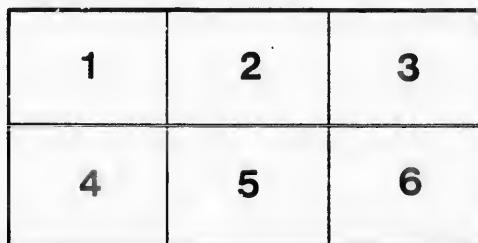
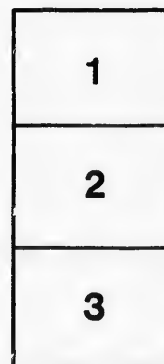
McLennan Library  
McGill University  
Montreal

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

McLennan Library  
McGill University  
Montreal

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

2021 Mountain

# POETICAL REVERIES.

B Y .

JACOB MOUNTAIN, M. A.

---

NEC LUSISSE PUDET, SED NON INCIDERE LUDUM.

HORACE.

---



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall ;  
And Sold by J. WOODYER at Cambridge. 1777.

---

[ Price One Shilling and Six Pence. ]



---

---

# POETICAL REVERIES.

---

---

## E L E G Y

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHO HAD BEEN HURT  
BY A FALL, IN HUNTING.

**W**ITH secret voice, did Nature ne'er unfold  
The fair designs she meant thee to pursue ?  
Ne'er from rude sports thy ardent mind withhold,  
And point superior prospects to thy view ?

Trust me, my friend, her sober dictates lead  
To joys more true, more tender, more sublime ;  
Cease then to thunder o'er the trembling mead,  
Leap the huge mound, or craggy summit climb.

Say, can thy breast, ingenuous, learn to share  
 The idiot transport of each noisy 'squire ?  
 Join his poor triumph o'er a wretched hare,  
 And, equal savage, catch his brutal fire ?

Say, can't thou mingle in the loud debate—  
 “ Whose daring deeds demand the meed of fame—  
 “ Who o'er the double ditch first tempted fate,  
 “ Despising death, to gain a deathless name.”—

Does Health for exercise, for pleasure call ?  
 Does Relaxation claim her idle hour ?  
 Indulge thy Genius—seek the sprightly ball ;  
 And feel, enchanted, music's magic pow'r.

To virtuous beauty bend thy amorous care,  
 And catch soft transport from it's smiling eyes :  
 Ah ! leave for this pursuit the frighten'd hare,  
 Seek in this gentler chace a worthier prize.



Be such thy pleasures—Thou, whom Nature made  
 To lead, in measur'd step, the various dance ;  
 To woo the Muse beneath some peaceful shade ;  
 Or studious thought to noblest heights advance.

But hark !—a deep and dismal groan I hear !  
 It vibrates strongly to my trembling heart—  
 Like the sad voice of one, it struck my ear,  
 Or craz'd by grief, or torn by tort'ring smart.

Again !—ah see, where stretch'd on yonder bed,  
 A noble youth pale, wan, and withering lies—  
 His vigour broken ; all his spirit fled ;  
 Sunk his poor languid head, and clos'd his eyes.—

By Science tutor'd, and by Virtue led ;  
 The Muse his youthful brows with laurels bound ;  
 In vain—the cruel shaft of sickness sped,  
 And near his gen'rous heart it's entrance found.

See,

See, where the venerable father stands ;  
 His manly soul with speechless grief oppress—  
 Rais'd are his eyes, and clasp'd his pious hands—  
 How struggling anguish shakes his aged breast !

“ Could I have died for thee ”—the mother cries—  
 “ Have stol'n the pains that must thy life devour—  
 “ Oh that some hand would snatch me to the skies,  
 “ And save me from that agonizing hour ! ”

Fly to their succour—let thy healing pow'r  
 Raise from his restless couch the darling son—  
 Fly, to their sinking age it's hope restore—  
 How blest thy lot !—the God-like work is done.

Yet turn thine eye where in yon lowly shed,  
 Shivering and cold, the peasant pines to death :  
 Where crouding close around th' unwholsome bed,  
 His wife, his children watch his thick-drawn breath.

What

What various pain assaults his stubborn breast !  
 Down his rough cheek the bitter furrows stray.  
 Pleas'd would he lay his wearied bones to rest,  
 But—Death must tear him from his babes away.

Already his strong arm the Monarch rears ;  
 E'en now he shakes the dread, unerring dart :  
 Behind him Famine's haggard form appears,  
 Ready to grasp each little orphan heart.

Haste, or he dies—thy lenient art fit  
 Haste, and the ghastly Tyrant's power.                    --  
 Dispel the tears that cloud the mother's eye,  
 And shield the infant breast from pinching want.

Next view a scene might cure the proud, and vain,  
 Tumultuous Mirth in her career arrest,  
 The garrulous, wild tongue of Folly chain,  
 And teach to feel the cold, obdurate breast.

Yon maid was fair ; her eyes of tend'rest blue ;  
 O'er her warm cheek Health's loveliest glow was spread ;  
 Her lip—the rosebud of the brightest hue  
 Ting'd not it's silken leaves so radiant red.—

Like purest snow her gentle bosom rose ;  
 Fit emblem of th' unspotted heart beneath—  
 The morning gale that o'er the dairy blows  
 Was not so mildly fragrant as her breath.

As innocent as infants while they sleep,  
 Yet suffering much for others guilt, or woe ;  
 At mis'ry's feeble call she still would weep,  
 And reach her bounty to her bitterest foe.

Soonest the fairest flowret's vermeil dies  
 Vanish, if Sirius shoot his sick'ning ray ;  
 So sinks the liquid lustre of those eyes ;  
 So fades that bloom, to pale disease a prey.

Weak,

Weak, meagre, shadowy is that graceful frame,  
 Which every eye, unfated, long admir'd :  
 And half extinguish'd is the dubious flame  
 Of playful wit, that many a bosom fir'd,

But most Philander's—good, unhappy youth!—  
 The liberal friend, kind brother, pious son,  
 Rich in possessions, richer far in truth,  
 Ah! must he lose the maid his love had won!

Dumb are his sorrows, fix'd his torpid eye ;  
 Nor does he beat his breast, nor red his hair ;  
 He drops no tear, he heaves no feeling sigh :  
 That dreadful calm confessing deep despair.—

Ere madness seize him, lend thy timely aid :  
 Search Physic's stores, explore her latent charms :  
 Recall to blooming life the favour'd Maid,  
 To life, to beauty, to his faithful arms.—

B

Oh

Oh happy Science! state supremely blest!  
To scatter health, and joy, with liberal hand—  
Shed o'er a brother's couch the balm of rest,  
And live the fav'rite of a grateful land!

Yet, while Disease the fire of vice allays,  
Let not her wholsome chastisements be vain.  
Enrich the mind with sacred truths, and raise  
The flow'r of Virtue from the root of Pain.

O D E,

TO NANNÉTTE.

**W**HILE Morn her cheerful influence pours,  
And sheds fresh fragrance o'er the flow'rs  
That all around me blow,  
While airy warblers swell their throats,  
To thrill the sweetly-vary'd notes,  
From hearts with love that glow :

Let me, by breathing Spring inspir'd,  
My fervent breast with friendship fir'd,  
Forget each anxious care ;  
And joining Nature's untaught lays,  
Direct the tribute of just praise  
To NANNÉTTE's modest ear.

All that of milder virtue knows  
 This yielding breaft, to thee it owes,  
     By foft reflection caught :  
 So in fome vi'let-scented vale,  
 Their rich perfume the Zephyrs steal,  
     With sweets extraneous fraught.

And if along the carelefs line  
 Some happier thought should faintly fhine,  
     From thee the thought I stole ;  
 As, borrow'd from the orb of day,  
 The moon returns a feebler ray,  
     That fuits the penfive foul :

For thou art gentle, good, and fair—  
 The temper generous, fweet, fincere,  
     The feeling heart is thine :  
 Thou can'ft all fordid cares defpife ;  
 And through thy bright and fpeaking eyes,  
     We fee the foul benign.

Though



Though meek as mourning turtles are,  
 Yet emulation mix'd with fear,

A decent pride supplies :  
 So from thy social winter fire,  
 The flames that constantly aspire  
 Still tremble as they rise.

Ne'er may thy tender bosom know  
 Of thwarted love that secret woe,  
     Whose woundings never cease !  
 May Health her kindest balm impart,  
 And Joy be inmate in thy heart,  
     With Purity and Peace !

Thy happiness shall teach my mind,  
 (To Fate's severe decrees resign'd)  
     To rise above distress :  
 Still as I hear how thou art blest,  
 I'll calm each tumult in my breast,  
     Each rising sigh suppress.

Though

The

The wretch who wreck'd on some rude coast,  
 Sees every hope with fortune lost,  
     A prey to wild despair,  
 If from the wave, and stormy wind  
 Prefer'd some dearer friend he find,  
     In transport sinks his care.

Life little real blifs supplies,  
 And, scarce possess'd, our pleasure flies,  
     Chac'd by substantial pain :  
 To banish cold, unfocial woe,  
 O let me learn a grateful glow  
     From others' good to gain!

To a L A D Y,

ON THE SENSIBILITY SHE SHEW'D AT A  
PATHETIC SCENE IN A TRAGEDY.

**I**N frolic mood, the God of Love,  
On downy pinion, through the air  
Stole slyly from the realms above,  
And hid himself in CHARLOTTE'S hair.

In soft luxuriance charm'd to rest,  
He, sleeping, by the lovely maid,  
Unconscious of her heav'nly guest,  
Was to the Theatre convey'd;

There, rous'd by plaudits long, and loud,  
Forth straggled the designing Boy,  
Straight for his victims mark'd the croud,  
And view'd them with malicious joy.

Now in a dimpled smile reclin'd,  
 Now o'er her smooth neck devious led,  
 Now 'twixt her rosy lips confin'd,  
 Full many a shaft around he sped :

Now, more aspiring, from her eyes  
 He pour'd a show'r of pointed darts,  
 As flashes quick, from summer skies---  
 Piercing whole hecatombs of hearts :

Now sliding to her lovely breast,  
 He lay perdué behind her fan ;  
 Of happiest ambush there possess'd,  
 Between the sticks he reach'd his man.

How sure around his shafts he spent ;  
 How many a doughty victim fell ;  
 To hang, or drown, how many went,  
 Some more heroic Muse must tell.

For

For me—all in that dreadful hour,  
 My heart the urchin could disdain,  
 Storming with all his mighty pow'r  
 My indurated breast, in vain.

The artful God repress'd his rage,  
 Resolv'd some surer means to try ;  
 Ceas'd, till the story of the stage  
 Swell'd her soft heart and moist'ned eye :

Then ardent, with most studious care,  
 He cull'd a keenly pointed dart,  
 Dipt it—too skilful—in a tear—  
 Ah me!—it struck me to the heart!—

O D E.  
TO ELVIRA.

**T**HE weary'd wand'rer, as he fits,  
And pensive leans, from Alpine heights,  
O'er blest Italia's coast,  
Her spacious plains, her glitt'ring floods,  
And tow'ring domes, and solemn woods,  
Beholds, in wonder lost :

But, thence descending, if he stray  
By streams, o'er whose sequester'd way  
The blooming myrtle bends,  
Where nectar'd fruits spontaneous spring,  
And flow'rs their native fragrance fling,  
In pleasure, wonder ends.

When first thy beauty's radiant light,  
ELVIRA, met my giddy sight,  
Amazement seiz'd my soul :  
But soon it's milder beams dispense  
A joy, that o'er each fault'ring sense  
With pow'r resistless stole.

When silent, each bewitching smile  
Seem'd arm'd the bosom to beguile,  
    And spoil of treasur'd ease :  
When speaking, ev'ry word confess'd  
Manners with elegance impress'd,  
    And boundless powers to please.

Through all thy sweet, expressive face,  
In liveliest characters I trace  
    Virtue's illumin'd page ;  
The lib'ral thought, the tutor'd soul,  
Wit, under Modesty's controul,  
    And Prudence worthy age :

Th' expansive heart, that feels for all,  
Responsive still to Pity's call,  
    And still to blest inclin'd ;  
Sweetness, that others' faults conceals,  
Reserve, that while it hides, reveals  
    The polish of the mind.

Oft' when some finish'd pile is seen,  
The beauties art conceals within,  
    Swift Fancy can supply,  
See sculptur'd heroes awful stand,  
See Painting's bold, and fervent hand  
    With modest Nature vie.

Thus, Fancy-led, th' ideas ran  
That aim'd thy excellence to scan  
    With fond, assiduous care :  
Nor less does following Judgment find  
The latent treasures of thy mind,  
    Thou all-accomplish'd Fair !

By Nature, Art, and Fortune grac'd ;  
By inbred Delicacy plac'd  
    Far from each vulgar sphere,  
Be thine intrinsic worth to prize ;  
And beaux, and fools alike despise,  
    And still thyself revere.

Silence



Silence the empty flatt'rer's tongue,  
 That would unmeaning praise prolong  
     On each external charm,  
 Regardless of th' enlighten'd mind,  
 The taste, by culture well refin'd,  
     The breast for virtue warm.

Be thine to shun, with caution nice,  
 The slaves of fashionable vice,  
     As ignorant, as vain ;  
 View the gay tribe with scorn profound—  
 They taint the flow'r they buzz around,  
     And leave no trivial stain.

Thus aided shall thy charms inspire  
 The bosom with a gen'rous fire,  
     That may through age endure :  
 Though beauty first engage the heart,  
 'Tis merit must the power impart  
     That can it's faith insure.

A M O R T I M I D O .

**P**LACIDO Zeffiretto,  
Se trovi il caro oggetto,

Digli che sei fospiro,

Ma non gli dir di chi.

Limpido ruscelletto

Se mai t'incontri in lei,

Dille che pianto sei,

Ma non le dir qual ciglio

Crescer ti fé così.

T I M I D

T I M I D   L O V E .

FROM METASTASIO.

AH! gentle Zephyr, ah if e'er  
Thou find the mistress of my heart,  
Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,  
But never say whose sigh thou art.

Ah! limpid rivulet, if e'er  
Thy murm'ring waters near her glide,  
Say thou art swell'd by many a tear,  
But not whose eyes those tears supply'd.

S O N G

## S O N G I.

**W**A R M glows the sun; yon flow'r unveils  
 Its careless bosom to the ray :  
 Smooth is the sea, and kind the gales ;  
 How swift yon pinnace glides away !

Sudden upsprings the northern blast ;  
 Sudden the chilling show'r descends ;  
 The pinnace on the beach is cast ;  
 To earth the tender blossom bends.

ELVIRA smil'd—my bounding heart  
 Felt ev'ry nerve with rapture glow—  
 She frowns—her awful frowns impart  
 A pain surpassing ev'ry woe—

SONG

## S O N G    I I.

**F**ULL keenly blows the northern blast ;  
 And cold the northern show'r descends ;  
 On the rough beach the boat is cast ;  
 To the damp earth the blossom bends—

But see ! the sun his face unveils !  
 The flowret owns the genial ray :  
 Clear is the sky, and kind the gales !  
 Secure the pinnace glides away.

ELVIRA frown'd—this aching heart  
 A thousand anxious fears depreſs—  
 Again ſhe ſmiles ! her ſmiles impart  
 A joy ſurpaſſing ev'ry bliſs—

D

ELEGY.

## E L E G Y.

T O E L V I R A.

**L** O N E L Y, and sad, I pass the weary way  
 That leads me—from ELVIRA, and from joy—  
 Her smile ethereal, like the orient day,  
 Chac'd the dark griefs that all my soul annoy.

Ye Hours, with what an envious speed ye flew,  
 That smile's ethereal influence while I shar'd!  
 O how my heart delighted in the view!  
 O how it panted as her voice I heard!

What if I seek the cloister's pensive shade?  
 Or wander, Cam, along thy silent shore?  
 The cloister's pale my sorrows will invade,  
 And Cam's slow, silent waters please no more—

Ah! fled for ever are those hours of peace,  
 That pass'd me, musing in the neighb'ring grove,  
 Studious of virtue, friendship, learned ease;  
 Far from the realms of Misery, and Love.

Now

Now vainly Science, 'midst her hoary tow'rs  
 Shall point to names in Honor's sacred roll ;  
 In vain Philosophy recount her pow'rs,  
 For Love, and Mis'ry jointly sway my soul.

Proud was this honest heart, and scorn'd to own  
 Th' affected pow'r of each fantastic dame :  
 Mark'd all the lures by wanton Beauty thrown,  
 Nor felt, nor feign'd a transitory flame.

If I could stoop where yonder tulip blows,  
 In all it's gaudy hues, and garish bloom,  
 Passing the modest beauty of the rose,  
 That blushes as she hangs, and breathes perfume ;

If I could leave the beechen grove, when near  
 The bird of evening swells her tend'rest note,  
 To croud the tasteless Theatre, and hear  
 Th' excursive shrillings of some Eunuch's throat,

Then might I sigh for modish, tinsel charms,  
 And hang deluded on th' enamel'd face ;  
 Then take coquetish Beauty to my arms,  
 And slight, meek Innocence, thy artless grace.

O ill exchange'd is unassuming Sense  
 For Wit too pert, and Mirth too well assur'd ;  
 While every virtue, grace, and excellence,  
 That meets not Fashion's standard, is abjur'd.

Fashion, more pow'rful than all-conqu'ring Time,  
 Each shape can change, each mental form controul ;  
 Make Sweetness folly, Modesty a crime,  
 Scandal look fair, and Truth deform'd and foul ;

Pluck each chaste precept from the tender breast,  
 With which her darling pupils Wisdom arms ;  
 Turn each fine feeling of the soul to jest,  
 And harden hearts, whose native softness charms.

Yes---I disdain'd the toilet-studied mien,  
 The eyes soft languish, or their modish stare,  
 While that by virtue uninform'd was seen,  
 While these for misery never shed a tear.

But where with beauty elegance combines,  
 Where every look th' exalted soul reveals,  
 This boastful heart it's pride to Love resigns,  
 And more than female tenderness it feels.



ELVIRA's eyes, with her soul's meaning fraught,  
 Shoot through my beating bosom thrilling smart ;  
 Her animated smile, by Nature taught,  
 With genuine transport fills my aching heart.

Each artless sentence that ELVIRA speaks  
 In melting melody my breast pervades,  
 While wit through modest hesitation breaks,  
 Sweet as the sunbeam through the chequering shades.

Ambition's toilsome path let others tread,  
 The laurel snatch, or weave the civic crown ;  
 For love, for love alone this heart was made,  
 Lives in it's smile, and dies beneath it's frown.

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

**O** K I L L me, fatal passion, kill me !  
Nor farther act a doubtful part ;  
No more with tender torments fill me,  
That wound, yet charm the powerless heart.

What if far lovelier than the morning  
ELVIRA rises on my view ?  
And what if through all nature turning,  
I find no bosom half so true ?

What if a pure, and temper'd passion,  
Unwilling wander from her eye ?  
What if her lips, in rich expression,  
Diffuse the breath of harmony ?

Alas !

Alas! that bosom gently swelling,  
 Must meet another's envy'd breast---  
 Those lips, of love and joy the dwelling,  
 Must by another's lips be prest!---

Then kill me, fatal passion, kill me!  
 Nor farther act a doubtful part;  
 No more with tender torments fill me,  
 That wound, yet charm the powerless heart.---

To thy cold breast, O Earth, receive me,  
 There let me hide the pains I feel—  
 With thy swift arm, O Death, relieve me,  
 Thou can'st alone my suff'rings heal.---

Ah! when the friendly stroke shall sever  
 The spirit from it's bleeding seat,  
 When these fond eyes are clos'd for ever,  
 And this poor heart forgets to beat,

Among

Among the few, whose gen'rous nature  
 Has held this hapless being dear,  
 Wilt thou, ELVIRA, gentlest creature,  
 Say, wilt thou drop one pitying tear?

Yes, pity in thy bosom pleading,  
 Shall dim with tears those sparkling eyes,  
 When chance, thy heedless footsteps leading,  
 Shall bring thee where thy lover lies.---

Each gayer thought awhile suspended,  
 A sigh shall own his hard, hard lot;  
 His truth and love be then commended,  
 His num'rous failings then forgot.---

F I N I S.

