

To Lady Jones: From the Arabic. Written in 1783

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours thro' the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling sorrows to appease:
She comes—ah! no: the sound they heard
Was but a whisper of the breeze.

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