

CONDEMN'D unheard, unpitied to com-  
plain, —  
To lose the Object, yet the Wish retain, —  
Are mine : 'Tis yours to trifle and deceive :  
'Tis all that Friendship, all that Love can give.  
Still let me mourn, the Victim of thy Art,  
Still with my Torments glut thy savage Heart ;  
Paint thy proud Scorn in more embitter'd  
Strains,  
And boast thy Triumph o'er a *Slave in Chains* ;  
Bow Nature down to Apathy's Command,  
And bare thy Bosom to his icy Hand ;  
The boasted Charter of thy Sex maintain,  
And glory in the Pow'r of giving Pain.  
Far other Prospects once my Senses charm'd,  
Far other Hopes my fond, fond Bosom warm'd.  
With open Front, and Heav'n-descended  
Mien,  
Fair Truth first rose amid th'ideal Scene ;  
All-yielding Love, bright Constancy, was there ;  
And steadfast Honour with his radiant Star ;  
Kind Sympathy, that breathes her Soul in  
Sighs,  
And silent Pity with her tearful Eyes ;  
Heart-soothing Goodness ; Sense improv'd, re-  
fin'd ;  
And all the lovely Children of the Mind.  
Such were the Forms that Witch, the Fancy,  
drew :  
They rose, and instant vanish'd from my View :  
False as the Courtier's Oath, the Sinner's Pray'r,  
Or Woman's Promises, inscrib'd on Air :  
Hope, as the visionary Scene retir'd,  
Beheld, and, sick'ning at the Loss, expir'd.  
So, when the Fury of the Storm is o'er,  
The Seaman, shipwreck'd on some Desert  
Shore,  
Stands on the Beach, and looks around, in vain,  
For one poor Bark to waft him o'er the Main :  
No cheering Prospect glads his drooping Soul ;  
All one wide Ocean, stretch'd from Pole to  
Pole ;  
From the drear Scene he turns his weary Eyes,  
Creeps to his Cavern, sickens, starves, and dies.