

MONIMIA.

13

AN ODE.

“ Like forms funereal while we stand,

“ In tender mood he held my hand,

“ And laid his cheek to mine;

“ My bosom beat unknown alarms,

“ We wept in one anothers arms,

“ And mingled tears divine.

“ From sweet compassion love arose,

“ Our hearts were wedded by our woes,

“ And pair'd upon the tomb;

“ Attesting all the Powers above,

“ A fond romance of fancied love

“ We vow'd our days to come.”

GLASGOW:

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M O N I M I A.

A N O D E.

I.

I
N weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

II.

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloistered isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet plain'd.

III.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs, and broken accent, cries,
" I'll meet thee in the grave."

IV.

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
 Illumined by a transient beam,
 She knew the wonted grove ;
 Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
 And roses mix'd with myrtles twine,
 To form the bower of love.

V.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
 And sweetly-mournful sung her woes,
 Enamour'd of the tree ;
 Touch'd with the melody of woe,
 More tender tears began to flow.
 " She mourns her fate like me."

VI.

" I lov'd my lover from a child,
 " And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
 " And wanton'd o'er the green ;
 " He train'd my nightingale to sing,
 " He spoil'd the gardens of the Spring,
 " To crown me rural Queen.

VII.

" My brother died before his day ;
 " Sad, thro' the church-yard's dreary way,
 " We won't to walk at eve ;
 " And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
 " Long at the monument to mourn,
 " And look upon his grave.

VIII.

- " Like forms funereal while we stand,
 " In tender mood he held my hand,
 " And laid his cheek to mine;
 " My bosom beat unknown alarms,
 " We wept in one another's arms,
 " And mingled tears divine.

IX.

- " From sweet compassion love arose,
 " Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
 " And pair'd upon the tomb;
 " Attesting all the Powers above,
 " A fond romance of fancied love
 " We vow'd our days to come.

X.

- " A wealthy Lord from Indian skies,
 " Illustrious in my parent's eye's,
 " Implor'd a mutual mind;
 " Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
 " But Harry's footsteps never flew
 " The wonted scene to find.

XI.

- " Three nights in dire suspense I sat
 " Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,
 " Sent from a foreign shore;—
 " Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
 " Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
 " You never see me more!"—

XII.

- " Despair! distraction! I obey'd
 " And one disorder'd moment made
 " An ever-wretched wife;
 " Ah! in the circuit of one Sun,
 " Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
 " And desolate for life!

XIII.

- " Apart my wedding robes I tore,
 " And guarded tears, now gushing o'er
 " Distain'd the bridal bed:
 " Wild I invoked the funeral yell,
 " And fought devoted now to dwell
 " For ever with the dead:

XIV.

- " My Lord to Indian climates went,
 " A letter from my Lover sent
 " Renew'd eternal woes;—
 " Before my Love my last words greet,
 " Wrapt in the weary winding-sheet,
 " I in the dust repose!

XV.

- " Perhaps your parents have deceived,
 " Perhaps too rashly I believed
 " A tale of treacherous art:
 " Monimia! could you now behold
 " The youth you loved in sorrows old,
 " Oh! it would break thy heart!

XVI.

“ Now in the grave for ever laid;
“ A constant solitary shade,
“ Thy Harry hangs o’er thee!
“ For you I fled my native sky;
“ Loaded with life for you I die:
“ My love, remember me!”

XVII.

“ Of all the promises of youth,
“ The tears of tendernefs and truth,
“ The throbs that lovers fend;
“ The vows in one another’s arms,
“ The secret sympathy of charms;
“ My God! is this the end?”

XVIII.

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted, fought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o’er the margin of the main,
Her fix’d and earnest eye-balls strain
The dashing of the deep.

XIX.

“ Waves that resound from shore to shore!
“ Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
“ Of ocean, storm, and wind!
“ Your elemental war is tame,
“ To that which rages in my frame,
“ The battle of the mind!”

XX.

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
" My God! my Father! where?"——

XXI.

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood,

XXII.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sank to rise no more;
And sadly-sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

F I N I S.