Stanzas.

In life's unclouded, gayer hour,
I bow'd to Beauty's sway;
I felt the eye's despotic power,
And trembled in its ray;
But beauty now, no more enthralls;
Its magic spell hath flown;
Upon my heart it coldly falls,
Like moon-light on a stone.

The chords of feeling soon were broke,
Where Love delighted, played;
Affliction dealt too rude a stroke,
And all in ruin laid;—
Yet Lady fair, there was a time,
I might have worship'd thee;
Thy beauty would have been the shrine,
Of my Idolatry.

That time has past, and I am left,
A sad sojourner here,
Of hope and joy and all bereft,
That make existence dear;
Despair hath o'er my bosom cast,
The gloom of starless night,
A darkness, which thro' life must last,
Unpierced by beauty's light.