

And kind Thou wilt be; Kind on such a Theme!
 a Theme so like thee, a quite *Lunar* Theme,
 soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
 A Theme that rose all pale, and told my Soul,
 'twas Night; on her fond Hopes perpetual Night:
 a Night which struck a Damp, a deadlier Damp,
 than that wick smote me from PHILANDER's Tomb.
 NARCISSA follows, ere his Tomb is clos'd.
 Woes cluster; rare are solitary Woes;
 they love a Train, they tread each other's Heel;
 Her Death invades His mournful Right, and claims
 the Grief that started from my Lids for Him:
 seizes the faithless, alienated Tear,
 or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent Death,
 Sorrow, He *more* than causes, He confounds;
 for human Sighs his rival Strokes contend
 and make Distress, Distraction. Oh PHILANDER!
 What was thy Fate? A double Fate to me;
 Portent, and Pain! a Menace, and a Blow!
 Like the black Raven hov'ring o'er my Peace,
 not less a Bird of Omen, than of Prey.
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her Hour;
 it call'd her tender Soul, by Break of Bliss,
 from the first Blossom, from the Buds of Joy;

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