Elizabeth Gooch, "To a Friend"

Description

To lose my visionary life

ELIZABETH GOOCH

"To a Friend"

Has been my dearest wish of late;	
Tir'd of the world's eternal strife,	
I bow beneath the storms of Fate.	
Condemn'd to misery and pain,	5
Long have I wander'd, long suppress'd	
The chilling marks of cold disdain	
From those in whom I once was blest!	
But, ah! the rankling wound can ne'er	
Within my bosom's core be heal'd;	10
Those pangs are always most severe	
That in the heart remain conceal'd.	
Retirement's haunts at length invite	
To promis'd scenes of future peace;	
There, if I cannot hope delight,	15
Oppressive tumults yet may cease.	
Ah! strive not then by tender care	
To lure me from my fix'd abode,	
On Earth my fate is fell despair—	
In Heav'n—my Judge will be my God!	20

NOTES:

9 rankling "To fester, esp. to a degree that causes pain" (OED).

13 Retirement "A secluded or private place; a retreat" (OED).

16 tumults "Great disturbance of mind or feeling" (OED).

19 fell "Intensely painful or destructive" (OED).

SOURCE: Poems on Various Subjects (London, 1793), pp. 10-11. [Google Books]

Edited by Halsey Williamson