

Laetitia Pilkington, "Sorrow"

Description

LAETITIA PILKINGTON

â€œSorrowâ€•

While sunk in deepest solitude and woe,
My streaming eyes with ceaseless sorrow flow,
While anguish wears the sleepless night away,
And fresher grief awaits returning day;
Encompassed round with ruin, want and shame, 5
Undone in fortune, blasted in my fame;
Lost to the soft endearing ties of life,
And tender names of daughter, mother, wife;
Can no recess from calumny be found?
And yet can fate inflict a deeper wound! 10
As one who, in a dreadful tempest tossâ€™d,
If thrown by chance upon some desert coast,
Calmly awhile surveys the fatal shore,
And hopes that fortune can inflict no more;
Till some fell serpent makes the wretch his prey, 15
Who â€™scapâ€™d in vain the dangers of the sea;
So I who hardly â€™scapâ€™d domestic rage,
Born with eternal sorrows to engage,
Now feel the poisâ€™nous force of slandâ€™rous tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenomâ€™d wrongs. 20
Shed then a ray divine, all gracious heavâ€™n,
Pardon the soul that sues to be forgiven,
Though cruel human-kind relentless prove,
And least resemble thee in acts of love;
Though friends who should administer relief, 25
Add pain to woe, and misery to grief,
And oft! too oft! with hypocritic air,
Condemn those faults in which they deeply share:
Yet thou who dost our various frailties know,
And seeâ€™st each spring from whence our actions flow, 30
Shalt, while for mercy to thy throne I fly,
Regard the lifted hand and streaming eye.
Thou didst the jarring elements compose,
When this harmonious universe arose;
O speak the tempest of the soul to peace, 35

