

Elizabeth Carter, "To —."

**Description**

ELIZABETH CARTER

“To —.”

Say, dear *Emilia*, what untry’d Delight  
Has Earth, or Air, or Ocean to bestow,  
That checks thy active Spirit’s nobler Flight,  
And bounds its narrow View to Scenes below?

Is *Life* thy Passion? Let it not depend  
On flutt’ring Pulses, and a fleeting Breath:  
In sad Despair the fruitless Wish must end,  
That seeks it in the gloomy Range of *Death*.

This World, deceitful Idol of thy Soul,  
Is all devoted to his Tyrant Pow’r:  
To form his Prey the genial Planets roll,  
To speed his Conquests flies the rapid Hour.

This verdant Earth, these fair surrounding Skies,  
Are all the Triumphs of his wasteful Reign:  
’Tis but to set, the brightest Suns arise;  
’Tis but to wither, blooms the flow’ry Plain.

’Tis but to die, Mortality was born;  
Nor struggling Folly breaks the dread Decree:  
Then cease the common Destiny to mourn,  
Nor wish thy Nature’s Laws revers’d for thee.

The Sun that sets, again shall gild the Skies;  
The faded Plain reviving Flow’rs shall grace:  
But hopeless fall, no more on Earth to rise,  
The transitory Forms of Human Race.

No more on Earth: but see, beyond the Gloom,  
Where the short Reign of Time and Death expires,  
Victorious o’er the Ravage of the Tomb,  
Smiles the fair Object of thy fond Desires.

