Elizabeth Gooch, â??To a Friendâ?•

Description

ELIZABETH GOOCH

â??To a Friendâ?•

To lose my visionary life
Has been my dearest wish of late;
Tirâ??d of the worldâ??s eternal strife,
I bow beneath the storms of Fate.

Condemnâ??d to misery and pain,
Long have I wanderâ??d, long suppressâ??d
The chilling marks of cold disdain
From those in whom I once was blest!

But, ah! the rankling wound can neâ??er
Within my bosomâ??s core be healâ??d;
Those pangs are always most severe
That in the heart remain concealâ??d.

Retirementâ??s haunts at length invite
To promisâ??d scenes of future peace;
There, if I cannot hope delight,
Oppressive tumults yet may cease.

Ah ! strive not then by tender care
To lure me from my fixâ??d abode,
On Earth my fate is fell despairâ??
In Heavâ??nâ??my Judge will be my God!

NOTES:

9 *rankling* â??To fester, esp. to a degree that causes painâ?• (*OED*).

13 *Retirement* â??A secluded or private place; a retreatâ?• (*OED*).

16 *tumults* â??Great disturbance of mind or feelingâ?• (*OED*).

19 *fell* â??Intensely painful or destructiveâ?• (*OED*).

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

Edited by Halsey Williamson