

Elizabeth Gooch, "To a Friend"

Description

ELIZABETH GOOCH

• To a Friend •

To lose my visionary life
Has been my dearest wish of late;
Tired of the world's eternal strife,
I bow beneath the storms of Fate.

Condemned to misery and pain, 5
Long have I wandered, long suppressed
The chilling marks of cold disdain
From those in whom I once was blest!

But, ah! the rankling wound can never
Within my bosom's core be
Healed; 10
Those pangs are always most severe
That in the heart remain concealed.

Retirement's haunts at length invite
To promised 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 fixed abode,
On Earth my fate is fell despair
In Heaven's my Judge will be my God! 20

NOTES:

9 rankling • To fester, esp. to a degree that causes pain (QED).

13 Retirement • A secluded or private place; a retreat (QED).

16 tumults • Great disturbance of mind or feeling (QED).

19 fell • Intensely painful or destructive (QED).

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

Edited by Halsey Williamson