And think it is THE

I'll watch 'till its soft tints shall fade,

The west breeze I bear softly blow,

Sooth not like my Philida's voice.

Here no more shall L Phillida see a

And near it I'll pensively seray,

For pity I'll best is to stay.

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

She is gone in the thendship and lover a gard

AH me! then is Philida gone?

But now! and so blythe as they tell?

Yes, hark! her mild spirit is flown,

I hear my poor Philida's bell.

Stern death counts the Virtues his foes,

For they parry a while his fierce dart;

So he learnt where they met to repose,

And struck gentle Philida's heart.

I'll wander by moon-shine along,
I'll seek out some shadow retir'd,
For Philida lov'd not a throng,
Nor bustle or grandeur admir'd.

And near it I'll pensively stray,

I'll watch 'till its soft tints shall fade;

For pity I'll beg it to stay,

And think it is Philida's shade.

The west breeze I hear softly blow,
And my harp's sweetest chords it employs;
The sounds tho' they mournfully flow,
Sooth not like my Philida's voice.

She is gone! in friendship and love,

Here no more shall I Philida see;

A span, and I too shall remove,

And happy near Philida be.

But now! and so blythe as they were the lower.

Yes, hark! her mild spirit is flower.

Hear my poor Philida's bell.

Stern death counts the Virtues his foes,

For they parry a while his fierce dart;
So he learnt where they met to repose,
And struck gentle Philida's heart.

I'll wander by moon-shine along,
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For Philida lov'd not a throng,
Nor bustle or grandeur admir'd.