



The P A R T I N G.

By the Same.

Written some Years after Marriage.

I.

**T**H E rising sun thro' all the grove  
 Diffus'd a gladsome ray :  
 My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love,  
 And every thing look'd gay.

II.

But oh! the fatal hour was come  
 That forc'd me from my dear :  
 My Lucy then thro' grief was dumb,  
 Or spoke but by a tear.

III.

Now far from her and blifs I roam,  
 All nature wears a change :  
 The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,  
 And every place looks strange.

IV.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,  
 Yon larks that towering sing,  
 With sad contrast increase my spleen  
 And make me loath the spring.

V. My

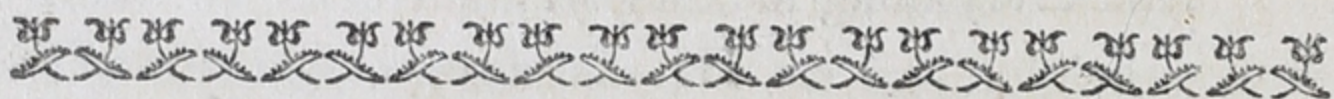
## V.

My books that went to sooth my mind  
 No longer now can please :  
 There only those amusement find  
 That have a mind at ease.

## VI.

Nay life itself is tasteless grown  
 From Lucy whilst I stray :  
 Sick of the world I muse alone  
 And sigh the live-long day.

1748.



## ODE to MEMORY. 1748.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

## I.

O Memory! celestial maid!  
 Who glean'st the flow'rets cropt by time;  
 And, suffering not a leaf to fade,  
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;  
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind  
 When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

II. And