

Sweet solitud
How far unli

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How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
When hope and love were new;
Sweet was the time, as op'ning flowers,
But, ah! 'twas transient too.

The moments now move slowly on,
Until thy wish'd return;
I count them, pensive and alone,
As in the shades I mourn.

Return, return, my love, and charm
Each anxious care to rest;
Thy voice shall every doubt disarm,
And sooth my troubled breast.

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Still how unli
TO wander alo
With glimm
shade,
Where owls se
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Add sound to
'Tis not for the
'Tis here thy
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O'ER the lone heath I wander wild,
Or sing beneath the hawthorn shade,
While the soft breeze 'of ev'ning mild
Hovers around my careless head.

S O N G.

Sweet solitude, dear scenes of calm repose!
How far unlike the busy world are those.

So fancy sings, ere young desire
With grief, with joy inspires her lay,
Ere love has touch'd the soul with fire,
And wak'd to life the conscious clay;
Sweet sympathies, sad joys, and tender woes,
Still how unlike the busy world are those.

SONG.

TO wander alone when the moon faintly beaming,
With glimmering lustre darts through the dim
shade,
Where owls seek for covert, and night birds
complaining,
Add sound to the horrors that darken the glade.

'Tis not for the happy, come daughter of sorrow,
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in
thy tears,

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