

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,

osy hours,
e were new;
s op'ning flowers,
ent too.

ve slowly on,
urn;
and alone,
hourn.

ove, and charm
o rest;
doubt disarm,
oled breast.

G.

I wander wild,
e hawthorn shade,
e of ev'ning mild
careless head.

Where lost in the past, nor regarding to-morrow,
There's nothing for hopes, there's nothing for
fears.



S O N G.

O Turn me not those eyes still
In each And s Whi
Bright To gu And
To wa And f Tha
The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace:
But, ah, I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

THE season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?