

SONG*.

Yes, thou art changed since first we met,

But think not I shall e'er regret,

Though never can my heart forget,

The charms that once were thine :

For, Marian, well the cause I know

That stole the lustre from thine eye ;

That proved thy beauty's secret foe,

And bade thy bloom and spirits fly :

* These words were written to a Welsh tune about to be published by Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh, (the editor of a very valuable collection of Scotch airs,) along with several other Welsh tunes; with symphonies and accompaniments by Haydn, composed in his best manner.

What laid thy health, my Marian, low,
Was anxious care of mine.

O'er my sick couch I saw thee bend
The duteous wife, the tender friend,
And each capricious wish attend
With soft, incessant care.

'Then trust me, love, that pallid face
Can boast a sweeter charm for me,
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace
Than blooming health bestowed on thee ;....
For there thy well-tried love I see,
And read my blessings there.