

SONGS.

*[Written to some of the Welsh Airs which are soon to be published
by Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh.]*

How fondly I gaze on the fast falling-leaves,
That mark, as I wander, the summer's decline;
And then I exclaim, while my conscious heart heaves,
“ Thus early to droop and to perish be mine !”

Yet once I remember, in moments long past,
Most dear to my sight was the spring's opening bloom;
But then my youth's spring sorrow had not o'er-cast,
Nor taught me with fondness to look on the tomb.

Fair Spring ! now no longer these grief-faded eyes
Thy rich glowing beauties with pleasure can see ;
Thy pale sickly hues, chilly Autumn, I prize,
They suit blighted hopes, and are emblems of me.



WHERE dost thou bide, blessed soul of my love !
Is ether thy dwelling, O whisper me where !
Rapt in remembrance, while lonely I rove,
I gaze on bright clouds, and I fancy thee there.