And now it I'll begin my song,
I'll warn you, sir, not from my spleen, I hope,
But chiefly I'll pity to stay
And shriek in the forest where.

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I'm weary, weary, peaceful, P develops.
And I'm no more sweet I'll arise, I awake
But who's the obedient hour?

Soon more like us I'll listen's voices

AH me! then is Philida gone?
But now! and so blythe as they tell?
Yes, hark! her mild spirit is flown,
I hear my poor Philida's bell.

Stern death counts the Virtues his foes,
For they parry a while his fierce dart;
So he learnt where they met to repose,
And struck gentle Philida's heart.

I'll wander by moon-shine along,
I'll seek out some shadow retir'd,
For Philida lov'd not a throng,
Nor bustle or grandeur admir'd.
And near it I'll pensively stray,
I'll watch 'till its soft tints shall fade,
For pity I'll beg it to stay,
And think it is Philida's shade.

The west breeze I hear softly blow,
And my harp's sweetest chords it employs;
The sounds tho' they mournfully flow,
Sooth not like my Philida's voice.

She is gone! in friendship and love,
Here no more shall I Philida see;
A span, and I too shall remove,
And happy near Philida be.

\[\text{Text continues, but is not fully legible.} \]