

See from the nymph's balmy wing,
 Propitious health her roses shed,
 To meet her in the morning breeze,
 Shall tempt you from your downy bed.

SONNET.

Now dark December's gloom is gone,
 And go with it corroding care;
 With festive mirth and jocund song,
 To hail the rising year prepare.

HOW blest the hours! when Celia's voice,
 Would calm my anxious cares to rest,
 Could make my drooping heart rejoice,
 And kindle hope within my breast.
 Ah! hours alas, for ever flown,
 Ah! scenes enjoy'd no more,
 Yet say, has wealth aught happier known,
 Or found a richer store.

Ah! hours where bright content was seen,
 Unclouded sunshine of the mind!
 Where friendship left no void within,
 Nor own'd a thought it wish'd confin'd.
 The eye there beam'd its joy around,
 The tongue was love and truth,
 And there was frolic humour found,
 And fancy, child of youth.