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For these, each power, each gift must hope,  
Without thy sanction vain;  
Depress'd and fetter'd, these must droop,  
And joyless those remain.  
For ah! within a languid frame,  
Enjoyment is an empty name,  
And fond pursuits aside.

Ye days and scenes, once fair to view,  
A sympathetic language  
O'er shades your summer's pride.

Doating as with id'le airy sense,  
Riches their store imbod;  
Faintly are pleasures hop'd from thence,  
If health withdraws her gold,  
Best bliss of life, if joy they can diffuse,  
And that seems dearest which we fear to lose.

**A SICK FRIEND.**

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**THO'** from the feeling heart be kindred torn,  
And early friends, by chance or change, it mourn;  
While it inhabits in this middle sphere,  
Where good and ill for ever mix'd appear.  
Not for itself, alone, it can survive;  
Supporting and supported it would live;  
Feel its best joys in soothing others woes,  
And would its own in some kind breast repose;  
Native affections still around it play,  
And fondly bind it to its fellow-clay.  
Best bliss of life, if joy they can diffuse,  
And that seems dearest which we fear to lose.



Ah! be no parting tye more mourn'd by me,  
 Nor I, Eliza, doom'd to grieve for thee.  
 May health return, and still thy friendship bless;  
 And none who love me, leave me in my race.  
 Denied by distance to my anxious sight,  
 I cannot cheer thy day, and watch thy night.  
 Denied the tender cares, by friendship taught,  
 I cannot give the salutary draught:  
 And anxious hopes, and fears, and prayers are mine,  
 Till cheerful days, and health again be thine.