

A MELANCHOLY LOVER'S FAREWELL
TO HIS MISTRESS.

DEAR Phillis, all my hopes are o'er
And I shall see thy face no more.
Since every secret wish is vain,
I will not stay to give thee pain.
Then do not drop thy lowering brow,
But let me bless thee ere I go:
Oh! do not scorn my last adieu!
I've loved thee long, and loved thee true.

The prospects of my youth are crost,
My health is flown, my vigour lost;
My soothing friends augment my pain,
And cheerless is my native plain;
Dark o'er my spirits hangs the gloom,
And thy disdain has fixed my doom.

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But light waves ripple o'er the sea
That soon shall bear me far from thee;
And, wheresoe'er our course is cast,
I know will bear me to my rest.
Full deep beneath the briny wave,
Where lie the venturous and brave,
A place may be for me decreed;
But, should the winds my passage speed,
Far hence upon a foreign land,
Whose sons perhaps with friendly hand
The stranger's lowly tomb may raise,
A broken heart will end my days.

But Heaven's blessing on thee rest!
And may no troubles vex thy breast!
Perhaps, when pensive and alone,
You'll think of me when I am gone,
And gentle tears of pity shed,
When I am in my narrow bed.
But softly will thy sorrows flow
And greater mayest thou never know!
Free from all worldly care and strife,

Long mayest thou live a happy life !
 And every earthly blessing find,
 Thou loveliest of woman kind :
 Yea, blest thy secret wishes be,
 Though cruel thou hast proved to me !

And dost thou then thine arm extend ?
 And may I take thy lovely hand ?
 And do thine eyes thus gently look,
 As though some kindly wish they spoke ?
 My gentle Phillis, though severe,
 I do not grudge the ills I bear ;
 But still my greatest grief will be
 To think my love has troubled thee.
 Oh do not scorn this swelling grief !
 The laden bosom seeks relief ;
 Nor yet this infant weakness blame,
 For thou hast made me what I am.
 Hark now ! the sailors call away,
 No longer may I lingering stay.
 May peace within thy mansion dwell !
 O gentle Phillis, fare thee well !

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