
ON

AN UNLOOKED-FOR
SEPARATION FROM A FRIEND.

TRANSIENT proves our sweetest plea-
sure,

Short our moments of delight;
While we grasp the darling treasure,
O how rapid is its flight?

Oft at morn ourselves we flatter,
That our comforts wont decay:
Fortune lavish seems to scatter
Fairest flowers along our way.

But the change by night is galling;
We lament our doom severe:
Joys, like snows on Ailfa falling,
In a moment disappear.

Such the plague of human nature,
Fond to trifle with our smart,
While we do escape the greater,
Little evils rend our heart.

I have lost no valu'd charter,
Nor lament a fickle swain;
But, alas! a friend's departure,
Fills my heart with piercing pain.

Pond'ring sharpens ev'ry arrow,
Sighing but augments my grief:
Now I mourn, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow,
But next hour may bring relief.