

Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;
 He the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews ;
 Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
 In varying forms fantastic wander white ;
 Or turns his ear to every random song,
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight.
 So o'er my breast young Summer's breath I feel,
 Sweet Hope ! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal !

TO A FRIEND.

Go, then, and join the murmuring city's throng !
 Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears ;
 To busy phantasies, and boding fears,
 Lest ill betide thee ; but 't will not be long
 Ere the hard season shall be past ; till then
 Live happy ; sometimes the forsaken shade
 Remembering, and these trees now left to fade ;
 Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and hum of men,
 Wilt thou my cares forget : in heaviness
 To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
 Till mournful autumn past, and all the snow
 Of winter pale, the glad hour I shall bless
 That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
 To the green hamlet on the peaceful plain.

1792.

ABSENCE.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
 When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone
 To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
 Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined

Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sere.
 If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
 Thou late hast passed the happier hours of spring,
 With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year ;
 Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
 Or evening thou hast shared, afar shall stray.
 O Spring, return ! return, auspicious May !
 But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
 If she return not with thy cheering ray,
 Who from these shades is gone, far, far away.

BEREAVEMENT.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
 Promised methought long days of bliss sincere !
 Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
 Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
 Thoughts dark and drooping ! 'Twas the voice of Hope.
 Of love, and social scenes, it seemed to speak,
 Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek ;
 That, oh ! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
 Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
 Ah me ! the prospect saddened as she sung ;
 Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung ;
 Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers,
 Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
 " No peace be thine," exclaimed, " away, away ! "

1793.
