

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.

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### 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 ! "

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