

The thing I am, and think, that ev'n as thou
 Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
 Proud mountain! whilst the scattered vapours fly
 Unheeded round thy breast,—so, with calm brow,
 The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
 The smile unchanged of peace, though pressed by care!

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
 But when the winds, slow wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once majestic in their prime
 Stood smiling at decay, till bowed by time
 Or injury, their early boast forgot,
 They may have fall'n like thee! Pale and forlorn,
 Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
 They lift, still unsubdued, as they would scorn
 This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
 Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
 The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care!

ASSOCIATIONS.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
 Still on that vision which is flown I dwell,
 On images I loved, alas, too well!
 Now past, and but remembered like sweet sounds
 Of yesterday! Yet in my breast I keep
 Such recollections, painful though they seem,
 And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
 I start, and find them not; then I could weep

To think how Fortune blights the fairest flowers ;
 To think how soon life's first endearments fail,
 And we are still misled by Hope's smooth tale,
 Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
 Pass, and when most we call on her to stay,
 Will fly, as faithless and as fleet as they !

MUSIC.

O HARMONY ! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
 If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal
 Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
 Oh ! let me listen to thy songs again ;
 Till memory her fairest tints shall bring ;
 Hope wake with brighter eye, and listening seem
 With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
 That waved o'er the charmed sense its gladsome wing !
 For when thou leadest all thy soothing strains
 More smooth along, the silent passions meet
 In one suspended transport, sad and sweet ;
 And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains ;
 That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
 Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
 My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
 First came, and on the Coomb's romantic side
 Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill !
 Fresh flowers shall fringe the margin of the stream,
 As with the songs of joyance and of hope
 The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
 The poplars sparkle in the passing beam ;