

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 ;