

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 !

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### 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.

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### 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 ;

The shrubs and laurels that I loved to tend,  
 Thinking their May-tide fragrance would delight,  
 With many a peaceful charm, thee, my poor friend,  
 Shall put forth their green shoots, and cheer the sight!  
 But I shall mark their hues with sadder eyes,  
 And weep the more for one who in the cold earth lies!

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AT OXFORD, 1786.

BEREAVE me not of Fancy's shadowy dreams,  
 Which won my heart, or when the gay career  
 Of life begun, or when at times a tear  
 Sat sad on memory's cheek—though loftier themes  
 Await the awakened mind to the high prize  
 Of wisdom, hardly earned with toil and pain,  
 Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain  
 Left fatherless, where many a wanderer sighs  
 Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,  
 'Twere not a crime should we a while delay  
 Amid the sunny field; and happier they  
 Who, as they journey, woo the charm of song,  
 To cheer their way;—till they forget to weep,  
 And the tired sense is hushed, and sinks to sleep.

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AT DOVER, 1786.

THOU, whose stern spirit loves the storm,  
 That, borne on Terror's desolating wings,  
 Shakes the high forest, or remorseless flings  
 The shivered surge; when rising griefs deform  
 Thy peaceful breast, hie to yon steep, and think,—  
 When thou dost mark the melancholy tide  
 Beneath thee, and the storm careering wide,—  
 Tossed on the surge of life how many sink!