

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!

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.

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!