

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!

And if thy cheek with one kind tear be wet,  
 And if thy heart be smitten, when the cry  
 Of danger and of death is heard more nigh,  
 Oh, learn thy private sorrows to forget ;  
 Intent, when hardest beats the storm, to save  
 One who, like thee, has suffered from the wave.

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### RETROSPECTION.

I TURN these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,  
 Alas ! how many friends of youth are dead ;  
 How many visions of fair hope have fled,  
 Since first, my Muse, we met.—So speeds away  
 Life, and its shadows ; yet we sit and sing,  
 Stretched in the noontide bower, as if the day  
 Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay  
 Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing  
 That fans us ; while aloft the gay clouds shine !  
 Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,  
 Religion, may we bless thy purer light,  
 That still shall warm us, when the tints decline  
 O'er earth's dim hemisphere ; and sad we gaze  
 On the vain visions of our passing days !

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### ON ACCIDENTALLY MEETING A LADY NOW NO MORE.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AFTER THE FOREGOING SONNETS.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—  
 How beautiful let fond remembrance say !  
 Alas ! since then old Time has stol'n away  
 Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare :—