

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
 Itchin! and yonder ancient fane,¹
 That casts its shadow on thy breast,
 As if, by many winters beat,
 The blooming season it would greet,
 With many a stragglng wild-flower shall be dressed.

But I, amid the youthful train
 That stray at evening by thy side,
 No longer shall a guest remain,
 To mark the spring's reviving pride.
 I go not unrejoicing; but who knows,
 When I have shared, O world! thy common woes,
 Returning I may drop some natural tears;
 As these same fields I look around,
 And hear from yonder dome² the slow bell sound,
 And think upon the joys that crowned my stripling years!

HOPE, AN ALLEGORICAL SKETCH.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delightful measure?

COLLINS.

I AM the comforter of them that mourn;
 My scenes well shadowed, and my carol sweet,
 Cheer the poor passengers of life's rude bourne,
 Till they are sheltered in that last retreat,

¹ St Croix. — ² The Cathedral.