

THE HARP, AND DESPAIR, OF COWPER.

SWEET bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
 And Shakspeare, from high Fancy's sphere,
 Turning to the sound his ear,
 Bend down a look of sympathy and love ;
 Oh, swell the lyre again,
 As if in full accord it poured an angel's strain !
 But oh ! what means that look aghast,
 Ev'n whilst it seemed in holy trance,
 On scenes of bliss above to glance !
 Was it a fiend of darkness passed !
 Oh, speak—
 Paleness is upon his cheek—
 On his brow the big drops stand,
 To airy vacancy
 Points the dread silence of his eye,
 And the loved lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless hand !
 Come, peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Oh, come, and make thy downy nest
 Once more on his sad heart !
 Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed ;
 Sweet Hope, support his aged head ;
 And Charity, avert the burning dart !
 Fruitless the prayer—the night of deeper woes
 Seems o'er the head even now to close ;
 In vain the path of purity he trod,
 In vain, in vain,
 He poured from Fancy's shell his sweetest hermit strain—
 He has no hope on earth: forsake him not, O GOD !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

- 1 I TRUST the happy hour will come,
That shall to peace thy breast restore ;
And that we two, beloved friend,
Shall one day meet to part no more.

- 2 It grieves me most, that parting thus,
All my soul feels I dare not speak ;
And when I turn me from thy sight,
The tears in silence wet my cheek.

- 3 Yet I look forward to the time,
That shall each wound of sorrow heal ;
When I may press thee to my heart,
And tell thee all that now I fell.

MUSIC.

O MUSIC! if thou hast a charm
That may the sense of pain disarm,
Be all thy tender tones addressed
To soothe to peace my Harriet's breast ;
And bid the magic of thy strain
So still the wakeful throb of pain,
That, rapt in the delightful measure,
Sweet Hope again may whisper pleasure,
And seem the notes of Spring to hear,
Prelusive to a happier year !
And if thy magic can restore
The shade of days that smile no more,