

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,