

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,

And softer, sweeter colours give
 To scenes that in remembrance live ;
 Be to her pensive heart a friend,
 And, whilst the tender shadows blend,
 Recall, ere the brief trace be lost,
 Each moment that she prized the most.

Perhaps, when many a cheerful day
 Hereafter shall have stolen away,
 If then some old and favourite strain
 Should bring back to her thoughts again
 The hours when, silent by her side,
 I listened to her song and sighed ;
 Perhaps a long-forgotten name,
 A thought, if not a tear may claim ;
 And when in distant plains away,
 Alone I count each lingering day,
 She may a silent prayer prefer
 For him whose heart once bled for her.

ABSENCE.

OCTOBER 26, 1791.

How shall I cheat the heavy hours, of thee
 Deprived, of thy kind looks and converse sweet,
 Now that the waving grove the dark storms beat,
 And wintry winds sad sounding o'er the lea,¹
 Scatter the sallow leaf! I would believe,
 Thou, at this hour, with tearful tenderness
 Dost muse on absent images, and press
 In thought my hand, and say: Oh do not grieve,
 Friend of my heart! at wayward fortune's power ;
 One day we shall be happy, and each hour

¹ Summer-Lees, near Knoyle.