

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.

Of pain forget, cheered by the summer ray.
 These thoughts beguile my sorrow for thy loss,
 And, as the aged pines their dark heads toss,
 Oft steal the sense of solitude away.
 So am I sadly soothed, yet do I cast
 A wishful glance upon the seasons past,
 And think how different was the happy tide,
 When thou, with looks of love, wert smiling by my side.

FAIRY SKETCH.

SCENE—NETLEY ABBEY.

THERE was a morrice on the moonlight plain,
 And music echoed in the woody glade,
 For fay-like forms, as of Titania's train,
 Upon a summer eve, beneath the shade
 Of Netley's ivied ruins, to the sound
 Of sprightly minstrelsy did beat the ground :—
 Come, take hands! and lightly move,
 While our boat, in yonder cove,
 Rests upon the darkening sea;
 Come, take hands, and follow me!

Netley! thy dim and desolated fane
 Hath heard, perhaps, the spirits of the night
 Shrieking, at times, amid the wind and rain;
 Or haply, when the full-orbed moon shone bright,
 Thy glimmering aisles have echoed to the song
 Of fairy Mab, who led her shadowy masque along.
 Now, as to the sprightly sound
 Of moonlight minstrelsy we beat the ground;