

T H E S H R U B B E R Y,

*Written in a Time of Affliction.*

I.

O H happy shades ! to me unblest,  
Friendly to peace, but not to me,  
How ill the scene that offers rest,  
And heart that cannot rest, agree !

2.

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,  
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,  
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,  
And please, if any thing could please.

3.

But fixt unalterable care  
Foregoes not what she feels within,  
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,  
And flights the season and the scene.

For



THE WINTER NOSE GAY.

4.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,  
 While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,  
 Her animating smile withdrawn,  
 Has lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

5.

The faint or moralist should tread  
 This moss-grown alley, musing slow,  
 They seek like me the secret shade,  
 But not like me, to nourish woe.

6.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste,  
 Alike admonish not to roam,  
 These tell me of enjoyments past,  
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

THE