Alas! I ſee thy frantic ſpirit rave,
And thy laſt breath expiring on my grave.
Is this the fortune of thoſe high-priz'd charms?
Ah! ſpare them for ſome worthier lover's arms.
And may theſe bodings ne'er with truth agree,
May grief and anguiſh be unknown to thee,
May bitter memory ne'er recount with pain,
That e'er you frown'd, or I admir'd in vain.

No more——my ſpirit is prepar'd to fly,
Suppreſt my voice, and ſtiffen'd is my eye:
Death's ſwimming ſhadows intercept my view,
Vain world, and thou relentleſs nymph, adieu!

A SONG.

BY THE SAME.

YE ſcenes that engag'd my gay youth,
Say, whither ſo faſt do ye fly?
If the leſſon you told me was truth,
Ah! why do ye fade from my eye?

That

That meadow where often I ſtray'd,
That bank, and yon ſhadowy tree,
Thoſe ſtreams, with ſuch fondneſs ſurvey'd,
Have hid all their ſweetneſs from me.

Yon hill that uprears his ſmooth head,
Where the wild-thyme its fragrance beſtows,
Whoſe verdures have roſe from my bed,
And whoſe breezes have ſigh'd my repoſe.

What tho' from his ſummit ſo high,
Flock, cottage, and woodland are ſeen;
Yet no more I with fondneſs deſcry,
For indifference riſes between.

Ah! whither, ye ſweets, do ye fly?
For fancy your abſence muſt mourn;
Ah! ſay, will ye fade from my eye,
And yet will ye never return?

That valley, whoſe mantle ſo gay,
Is with primroſe and cowſlip o'erſpread;
No longer invites me to ſtray,
And rifle the ſweets of their bed.

Not odious at preſent they look;
I diſcern that their colours are bright;
But their charms have my fancy forſook,
And their fragrance forgot to delight.

To my cooler attention how dear
The ſoothing complaint of the dove!
I have left my companions to hear
The wood-linnet warble her love.

Nor theſe can my footſteps retard;
Or if round me they careleſsly fly,
From mine eyes they attract no regard,
And my ears their ſoft warblings deny.

Ah! ſure 'tis the buſ'neſs of life,
That bids thoſe endearments depart;
To involve us in cares and in ſtrife,
That eſtrange and entangle the heart.

With deſtiny all muſt comply;
Yet cannot my fancy but mourn,
For the ſeaſon that fades from my eye,
And the ſweets that muſt never return.