



S O N G.

IN Vain I strive to fly
 This Soul consuming Care,
 My Sorrows always nigh,
 And present every where.

In vain I trace the Grove,
 There no Repose I find ;
 What Place can banish Love
 From the subjected Mind.

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That

That pensive-falling Stream,
Those Gales that whisper round,
Increase the fatal Flame,
And deeper fix the Wound.

The silent Shades of night,
Adds Horror to my Grief;
The gay Return of Light
To me brings no Relief.

