An ELEGY.

OH where, Oh where are all thoſe joys,
That in ten thouſand forms ariſe,
T' elude the wand'ring eye,
When youth its vigorous charms diſplays,
And beauty ſheds its ſoftening rays
To move the wiſhful ſigh.

Ah! youth is but a ſummer's morn,
When ſhining drops the fields adorn,
Their twinkling ſoon is o'er:
So beauty by encroaching years
Exhilarates and diſappears,
And youth returns no more.

What happineſs attends the pair,
Whoſe bliſs no low intruding care,
Or adverſe fates deſtroy;
When youth and beauty diſappears,
Their virtues, ripening with their years,
Increaſe their mutual joy.

But how, Oh! how can I relate
The heart-felt tale—the hapleſs fate?

Where

Where are you gone, my tears?
O come and give my heart relief,
For Collin's dead, alas! and grief
Embitters Hebe's years.

When health ſat blooming on his face,
And beauty with refplendent grace,
In every feature ſhone;
Voracious death ſeiz'd on his prey,
No warning ſickneſs mark'd his way;
He died—alas, he's gone!

When roſy health, with flattering ſmiles,
Th' unwary thoughtleſs youth beguiles,
He counts his coming years;
Preſumptuous man! by Collin's fate,
Learn to contract the doubtful date,
And pity Hebe's tears.

FRIEND-