ABSENCE.

WHen Collin's tuneful pipe with ſoft'ning ſtrains,
Fill'd with melodious ſounds the neighb'ring plains;
The nightingale reſponſive, in the grove
Sung her ſweet lay, and tun'd my heart to love:
But abſent now from all that's to me dear,
A charm in Muſic I no longer hear.

Where are the joys the early ſeaſons bring?
For herds the graſs, for bees the flowers ſpring;
The black-birds ſing on ev'ry blooming thorn,
And freſh'ning daiſies ev'ry vale adorn:
In vain the ſpring for me adorns the plains,
While in my heart ſo cold a winter reigns.

The herds in Summer ſeek the cooling ſtreams,
Where ſhady trees exclude the ſultry beams;
The ſhepherds to ſome op'ning glade repair,
Where gentle breezes temperate the air:
But no cool breeze can fan my flame away,
Nor cooler ſtreams the latent fire allay.

Rich Autumn now adds profit to delight,
And rip'ning apples ev'ry hand invite;

Each

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Each ſwain divides his apple with his fair,
So I with Collin once was wont to ſhare:
But now no fruits to pleaſe my taſte have pow'r,
Not gather'd by his hand, all fruits are ſour.

Winter a-while each growing herb reſtrains,
And locks all nature in his icy chains;
His reign but for a ſeaſon doth endure,
Spring ſmiles, and nature feels the pow'rful cure:
But ah! my heart's in faſter fetters bound,
Which ſtill grow ſtronger as the years go round.

To