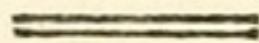


ADDRESS TO MY HARP.



Oh, my loved Harp! companion dear!
Sweet soother of my secret grief,
No more thy sounds my soul must cheer,
No more afford a soft relief.

When anxious cares my heart oppressed,
When doubts distracting tore my soul,
The pains which heaved my swelling breast
Thy gentle sway could oft control.

Each well remembered, practised strain,
The cheerful dance, the tender song,
Recalled with pensive, pleasing pain
Some image loved and cherished long.

Where joy sat smiling o'er my fate,
And marked each bright and happy day,
When partial friends around me sat,
And taught my lips the simple lay ;

And when by disappointment grieved
I saw some darling hope o'erthrown,
Thou hast my secret pain relieved ;
O'er thee I wept, unseen, alone,

Oh! must I leave thee, must we part,
Dear partner of my happiest days?
I may forget thy much-loved art,
Unused thy melody to raise,

But ne'er can memory cease to love
Those scenes where I thy charms have felt,
Though I no more thy power may prove,
Which taught my softened heart to melt.

Forced to forego with thee this spot,
 Endeared by many a tender tie,
When rosy pleasure blessed my lot,
 And sparkled in my cheated eye.

Yet still thy strings, in Fancy's ear,
 With soothing melody shall play;
Thy silver sounds I oft shall hear,
 To pensive gloom a silent prey.