

A S O N G.

AT night, when each mortal is laid to repose,
 My breast ever throbs, and my eyes never close;
 I wander alone, my fond heart to console,
 And think on ALEXIS, the pride of my soul.

Then farewell, my love, my ALEXIS, adieu!

For I breathe without feeling since banish'd from
 you.

In vain the soft zephyr waves over my head,
 And the moon's pallid glory beams through the dark
 shade;

For the mild orb of even is lost to my view,
 And the wind blows too rudely when absent from you.

At morn when gay Phœbus brings vigour and light,
 I view the sweet scene with a languid delight;

For my eyes stream with anguish as oft as I see
 The smiles of the morning, which mind me of thee.

My

My heart with the ocean I'm apt to compare,
Where the sun brings relief in the midst of despair;
So thy image reflected relieves my distress,
And kindles emotions I cannot express.

I wander unmov'd by the murmuring rill;
What made my heart flutter now makes it lie still;
With coldness uncommon these pleasures I view;
I think on the castle, the cottage, and you.

I shun the gay circle wherever they come,
They tell me I'm sullen, ill-natur'd, and dumb;
I sigh and say nothing; for what can I do?
Yet my eyes surely answer I'm thinking on you.

But why should I languish? I'll go and be prest
To the parent of nature, and lie on her breast:
She'll tell me how vain are the hopes I pursue;
For life's but a labour when absent from you!

No longer LOUISA shall sigh for her swain,
Nor her feelings be hurt with contempt and disdain;
In

In the cold arms of death no rude passion shall wound;
 Tho' her pillow be damp, yet her sleep shall be found.

Then farewell, my love, my ALEXIS adieu!
 For I soon will cease breathing since banish'd from
 you!

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