

Slow gath'ring, dims its sportive fire,
And bids unmeaning mirth retire.

While care untroubled mortals sleep,
Thou dost in heaven thy vigils keep,
And wak'st, to list the plaints of those
Whose sorrows rob them of repose.

Fair orb, who o'er the shaded plain
Dark muff'd, hold'st thy silent reign;
Dost thou in all thy wand'rings see
A wretch who wakes to weep like me?

Or does thy pitying eye explore
The friend, who, from a distant shore,
Nightly beholds thy chariot burn,
And weeps like me till dawn of morn?

Slow rising in the silent air,
Dost thou our mutual sorrows hear,
Nor yet the ardent vows convey
Which each to other nightly pay?

O! could I on my wishes rise,
I'd seek thy mansion in the skies;
That I might see beyond the main,
The brother of my soul again;

Back to my eyes at least restore
The friend whom I now see no more,
And once more in our minds renew,
The joys which we together knew.

F. R. S.

Edinburgh }
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