

III.

The fable clouds his absence mourn,
In swift descending floods ;
The rude north-east howls o'er the bourn,
And roars thro' naked woods.

IV.

The warbling world, that grac'd each
spray,
Forfake the leafless groves ;
No more they tune the vocal lay,
Nor chaunt their artless loves.

V.

Faust lock'd the fetter'd rills remain :
No verdure cheers the eyes ;
But bound in Winter's icy chain
All nature captive lies.

VI.

The stately elm no more is gay,
The honours of its head
Are sunk in ruin and decay,
All wither'd, fall'n and dead.

VII.

Soon shall new charms adorn thee o'er,
Not so shall youth take wing,
When I decay, I bloom no more,
Nor feel returning Spring.

VIII.

A snowy shroud now wraps thy limbs,
Just so shall I be dress'd,
When death, from life's delusive dream,
Shall wake my soul to rest.

VERSES ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the chemist's magic art
Could chrysalize this sacred trea-
sure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.
The little brilliant, ere it fell,
It's lustre caught from Chloe's eye,
Then trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of Virtue shine
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The Sage's and the Poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age ;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's Philosophic page.

That very Law * which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the Earth a Sphere,
And guides the Planets in their course

SONG.

[From the poetical *Flights of Christopher Whirligig, Esq.*]

THE linnét perch'd on yonder tree,
In sweetest notes declares his love.
Yet firts about to shew he's free
With every warbler of the grove.

So man breathes forth his tender tale,
And ev'ry artless maid believes ;
His vows pass on with every gale,
And leave the fair he thus deceives.

WERTER'S DESPAIR.

[From the *Sorrows of Werter: A Poem, by Amelia Pickering.*]

TORTUR'D in absence, hopeless of
relief,
I seek those shades from whence so late I
came ;
With vain regret, and fond enduring
grief,
Like some poor moth, I hover round the
flame.

So weak is man, his best resolves so
frail,
So short the date of Reason's boasted
sway ;
When passion, love, or folly's varying
gale
Shall sweep the mental monitor away !

The stricken deer with sighs and short-
ening breath
Seeks thro' sequester'd wilds and paths
to go ;
Thus I, alas ! invoking Peace and Death,
Unpitied bear my solitary woe.

Thy groves, oh Walheim ! bloom with
peace alone,