

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SYLVIA.

Ah gentle Sylvia, tell me why
You spend your lonely hours in grief?
How have I seen that sparkling eye
To saddest souls give quick relief!

These ready smiles I see not, dear,
That once adorned thy rosy cheek—
This deep presage of sadness here,
Perhaps thy peaceful slumbers break.

Say is it Love ? ill-fated Fair,
That feeds upon thy rosy bloom ;
Ah ! gentle Sylvia, don't despair,
Some kindred fate may change thy gloom.

If 'tis to Love thee gives thee pain,
No greater pain can Love depict ;
I feel the tortures I sustain,
Yet why on you like pains inflict

Each joyless hour I spend from thee,
Gives double pangs I thus impart ;
You feel the pangs are felt by me,
For thou art mistress of my heart.