

THE ALTER'D LAY.



I

I GAVE the strain to wild despair,
When pleasure's sweetest scenes had faded,
When youth's gay dreams, so bright and fair,
Misfortune's murky cloud had shaded.

II

But still, tho' sorrow rul'd the song,
And grief, that gay delights would perish,
Would Hope a softer note prolong,
And bid my breast her influence cherish.