

The mother-linnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravish'd young;  
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
 Lament the live-day long.  
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
 Now, fond I bare my breast,  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low  
 With him I love, at rest!

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SONG—THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE—"The Lazy Mist."

This song, along with the preceding, was inclosed in a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated 15th November, 1788, and containing the remark concerning them: "I have only sent you two melancholy things, and I tremble lest they should too well suit the tone of your present feelings."

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!  
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn!  
 What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn!

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!  
 This life's not worth having with all it can give,  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

END OF VOL. II.

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