

ppiness weep-

aged raptures

om is stealing,

n addres't,

e feeling,

my breast:

e flowers ever

would hurry

on my bosom,

gions of light.

Indulging each sweet intellectual pleasure,

That fancy's bright dream, upon man can be-
stow,

Could I taste of the joy, in its rapturous measure,

Without you to share it ? believe me ah no !

Tho' fancy may yield her precarious blessing,

Tho' wit may enliven, and talent may glow,

'Tis FRIENDSHIP alone, all our sorrows redres-
sing,

Yields the purest delight that man's bosom can
know.