

And yet, amidst that countless throng  
 I know thou 'dst happier be,  
 I know thy spirit longs to burst  
 Its bonds, and soar forth free—

Free from life's bitter feuds—its strife—  
 Free from its cold, false crowd,—  
 Free to float up to realms above,  
 Beyond earth's ev'ry cloud.

Oh ! why should I, in selfish love,  
 One moment wish thee here ?  
 Thy home is not in this dark land,  
 'T is in a brighter sphere.

And when I watch thy alter'd brow,  
 And see thy languid eye,  
 Methinks, almost, I'd see thee go  
 Without one tear, one sigh.

#### THE SEASONS.

I LOVE, I love the Spring time,  
 When the sweet, sweet v'lets blow,  
 And the cowslip casts away its shroud  
 Of white and fleecy snow ;  
 And the budding trees and springing grass,  
 A pure, fresh fragrance yield,  
 And the bleating of the tender lamb  
 Resounds from ev'ry field.