

Fair Spring ! now no longer these grief-faded eyes
Thy rich glowing beauties with pleasure can see ;
Thy pale sickly hues, chilly Autumn, I prize,
They suit blighted hopes, and are emblems of me.

WHERE dost thou bide, blessed soul of my love !
Is ether thy dwelling, O whisper me where !
Rapt in remembrance, while lonely I rove,
I gaze on bright clouds, and I fancy thee there.

Or to thy bower when musing I go,
I think, 'tis thy voice that I hear in the breeze;
Softly it seems to speak peace to my woe,
And life once again for a moment can please.

If this be phrensy alone, 't is so dear,
That long may the pleasing delusion be nigh;
Still Ellen's voice in the breeze may I hear,
Still see in bright clouds the kind beams of her eye!