



THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

ENDUED with all that could adorn
Or blest thee, first and fairest born !

A soul ! that looks superior down,

Let giddy Fortune smile or frown ;

With Age's wisdom, not her years,

Stella, all excellence appears ;

Then, who can blame me if I blend

The name of Lover with the Friend,

Like Noah's dove, my busy breast

Has rov'd to find a place of rest !

Some faithful bosom, to repose,

And hush the family of woes.

Then, do I dream ? or have I found

The fair and hospitable ground ?

Ah ! quit your sex's rules, and lend

A Lover's wishes to the Friend.

Absence I try'd,—but try'd in vain !

It heals not, but upbraids my pain ;

For thee ! I'd bear the reaper's toil ;

For thee ! consume the midnight oil ;

Then, to your judgment wou'd I owe

All that I read, and write, and know.

Can

Can those who wish like me, pretend
To part the Lover and the Friend ?

Come, then, and let us dare to prove
Disinterested sweets of Love;
For generous Love no dwelling finds
In poor and mercenary minds :
Laugh at Life's idle fluttering things ;
Look down with pity upon kings ;
Careless ! who like, or discommend,
Blest in the Lover and the Friend !

Oh ! come, and we'll together haste
O'er Life's uncomfortable waste :
Bear the sharp thorn, to find the rose,
And smile at transitory woes :
Keep the bright goal of Hope in view,
Nor look behind, as others do ;
'Till death, and only death shall end
At once the Lover and the Friend.