

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,  
 I grave your Thomson's name ;  
 And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad  
 To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount  
 Dark themes of hopeless woe ;  
 And, faster than the dropping fount,  
 I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,  
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground ;  
 And Spring will then again be seen,  
 To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,  
 Once more, His social hour ;  
 Ah Spring ! thou never canst repair  
 This loss, to Damon's bow'r.

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# S O N G S.

By the Same.

## I.

**I**N a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,  
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,  
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care ;  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As



As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung;  
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue  
 And if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear  
 With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd;  
 Allusions to none but the nymph I ador'd;  
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impressions she made on my mind.  
 Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,  
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew:  
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,  
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

## II. DAPHNE'S Visit.

**Y**E birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,  
 With melting lay salute my love:  
 My Daphne with your notes detain:  
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.  
 Ye flow'rs before her footsteps rise;  
 Display at once your brightest dyes;  
 That she your opening charms may see:  
 Or what were all your charms to me?  
 Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,  
 And shed its odours round my bow'r:  
 Or never more, O gentle wind,  
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.