

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER.

1805.

BROTHER beloved! if health shall smile again
Upon this wasted form and fevered cheek;
If e'er returning vigour bids these weak
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain;
Well may thy brow the placid glow retain
Of sweet content, and thy pleased eye may speak
Thy conscious self-applause: but should I seek
To utter what this heart can feel, ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet, kindest friends, as o'er
My couch ye bend, and watch with tenderness
The being whom your cares could e'en restore
From the cold grasp of death; say, can you guess
The feelings which this lip can ne'er express?
Feelings deep fixed in grateful memory's store!