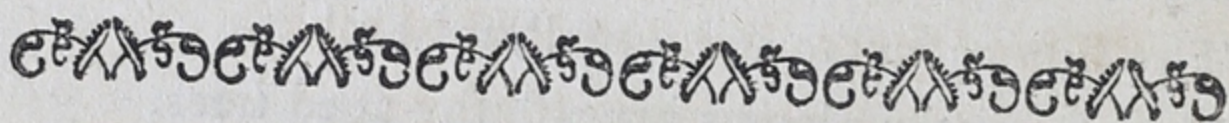


These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.



C O L I N A N D L U C Y .

By the Same.

I.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect a fairer face;

II.

'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

III. Ah!

III.

Ah! have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flatt'ring swains beware!

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespake
 The virgins weeping round.

VII.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 “ That cries, I must not stay;
 “ I see a hand you cannot see,
 “ That beckons me away.

VIII. “ Of

VIII.

“ Of a false swain and broken heart,
 “ In early youth I die ;
 “ Am I to blame, because the bride
 “ Is twice as rich as I ?

IX.

“ Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
 “ Vows due to me alone !
 “ Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kifs,
 “ Nor think him all thy own !

X.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed
 “ Impatient both prepare :
 “ But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 “ Poor Lucy will be there.

XI.

“ Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
 “ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 “ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 “ I in my winding sheet.”

XII.

She spake, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 She in her winding sheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts;
 How were these nuptials kept?
 The bride-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
 And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell:
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
 When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
 She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

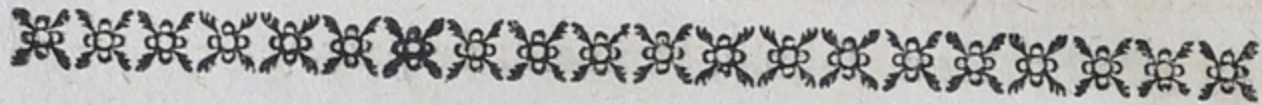
He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots
 They deck the sacred green.

XVIII. But,

But, swain forsworn, who'er thou art,
 This hallow'd ground forbear!
 Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.



A N

I M I T A T I O N

O F T H E

P R O P H E C Y O F N E R E U S.

From HORACE, Book III. Ode XXV.

*Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
 Exsomnia stupet Evias,
 Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 Lustratam Rhodopen. — — — HOR.*

By the Same.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
 (Whom some call earl, and some call duke)
 And his new brethren of the blade,
 Shiv'ring with fear and frost, survey'd,

On