
UPON A
YOUNG LADY'S

LEAVING

LOUDOUN CASTLE.

WHAT means this silent, solitary
gloom?

All nature in her dishabille appears;
Contracted flow'rets yield no sweet perfume,
And ev'ry grove a dismal aspect wears.

Nor do the joys of Autumn glad our plains;
Our landscapes are in fable weeds array'd;
No jocund sound is heard among the swains,
And nought but sighs from each dejected
maid.

Rude Eurus echoing through the distant
woods,

With harsh, discordant note, augments our
wo;

While rains, impetuous, from the bursting
clouds,

Our verdant walks and pleasure-grounds
o'erflow.

Incumber'd by their foliage now, the trees,
With leaves, untimely dropp'd, bestrew the
ground :

Because Matilda's presence does not please,
All bleak and dismal seem the fields around.

Her placid looks bespoke a mind serene,
Each feature wore an unaffected smile ;
Her's was the pow'r to beautify the scene,
And sweetly gay the languid hours beguile.

Her count'nance milder than an April morn,
When Phœbus first emits his infant rays ;
More radiant beauties do her mind adorn,
Than ere were brighten'd by his noon-tide
blaze.

Fair Virtue, cloth'd in all it's native sweets,
Celestial precepts in her breast inlaid;
And oft, as friendly intercourse invites,
In softest accents from her lips convey'd.

But now she's gone, a fullen sadness reigns!
Absorb'd in grief we still her absence mourn,
Or beg that heaven would smile upon our
 plains,
And grant a blessing in her swift return.