

A maid of sorrow. To the cloistered scene,
 Unknown and beautiful a mourner came,
 Seeking with unseen tears to quench the flame
 Of hapless love : yet was her look serene
 As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle ;—
 Her voice was gentle and a charm could lend,
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend ;
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile !—
 Now, far removed from every earthly ill,
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

THE RIVER CHERWELL.

CHERWELL ! how pleased along thy willowed edge
 Erewhile I strayed, or when the morn began
 To tinge the distant turret's golden fan,
 Or evening glimmered o'er the sighing sedge !
 And now, reposing on thy banks once more,
 I bid the lute farewell, and that sad lay
 Whose music on my melancholy way
 I wooed : beneath thy willows waving hoar,
 Seeking a while to rest—till the bright sun
 Of joy return ; as when Heaven's radiant Bow
 Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below :
 Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
 Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
 Till eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

ON ENTERING SWITZERLAND.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow, from day to day
 I journey on, yet pensive turn to view,
 Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue,
 The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.