

SONNET XXIV.

By the same.

MAKE there my tomb beneath the lime trees' shade, |
Where grass and flow'rs, in wild luxuriance wave ;
Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
Or point to common eyes the lover's grave !
But oft at twilight morn, or closing day,
The faithful friend, with fault'ring step shall glide,
Tributes of fond regret by stealth to pay,
And sigh o'er the unhappy suicide !
And sometimes, when the Sun with parting rays
Gilds the long grass that hides my silent bed,
The tear shall tremble in my CHARLOTTE'S eyes ;
Dear, precious drops ! they shall embalm the dead ;
Yes ! CHARLOTTE o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
Where her poor WERTER, and his sorrows—sleep.
