
SONNET XLIX.

Supposed to have been written in a Church Yard,
over the Grave of a Young Woman of nineteen.

From the Novel of Celestina.

OH, thou! who sleep'st where hazle bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets drest ;
I would, sweet maid! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now, thy fondest hopes resign
E'en in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And ling'ring here, to Love and Sorrow true,
The Youth who once thy simple heart possest
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him shall faithful Memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.
