

They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,

How her hand to my bosom I prest,

Each tender endearment I try'd,

And I thought none was ever so blest,

But now the delusion is o'er,

These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,

Now Her Damon is pleasing no more,

And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.

May he that my fair shall obtain,

May He, as thy Damon, be true;

Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,

Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.



A B A H O L L I V A D,

B Y T H E S A M E.

**H**ARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,

Come, Lucy, it cries, come away,

The grave of thy Colin has room

To rest thee beside his cold clay.

I come, my dear shepherd, I come,

Ye friends and companions adieu,

I haste to my Colin's dark home,

To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;  
And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.  
All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
While stormy winds over her blew,  
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,  
How long must thy Lucy complain?  
How long shall the grave my love hide?  
How long ere it join us again?  
For thee thy fond shepherdes liv'd,  
With thee o'er the world would she fly;  
For thee has she forrow'd and griev'd;  
For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear  
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!  
Her face like the lily so fair,  
And eyes that gave light to the plain,  
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone;  
That face and those eyes charm no more;  
And Lucy forgot, and alone,  
To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
And mourn'd to the echoes around,  
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,  
And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

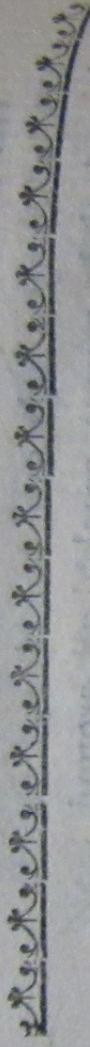
I hear

I hear the kind call, and obey,

O! Colin receive me, she cried,

Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,

She hung on his tomb-stone and died.



L O V E - E L E G I E S.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

E L E G Y I.

W H I L E calm you sit beneath your secret shade,

And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,

Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,

Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,

Lonely and sick on Death is all my thought,

O spare, Persephone<sup>a</sup>, this guiltless head,

Love, too much Love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,

My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,

No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,

Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

<sup>a</sup> The Goddess of Death.