ELEGY Ton Hele Come back

While the celefical mymphs that proprietthe theme,.

TO THE MEMORY OF

LADY JANE GRAY AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

TO JUDITH LADY LAURIE.

Beyond the narrow bounds will dart his cyc,

YE fifter Queens, who early learn'd to weep,
Though now entomb'd in peace your ashes sleep;
Though now, sad pair, your gentle spirits stray,
Through the bright regions of eternal day;
Though now your tortur'd souls are hush'd to peace,
And gracious Heav'n has bid your forrows cease;
Pity shall call the tear from ev'ry eye,
From ev'ry heart the sympathetic sigh:
Your cruel woes shall unborn bards inspire,
Whilst they with forrow tune the warbling lyre,
And pour their curses on the bloody pair,
Who gave to early fate the regal fair.

When tender virgins shall your page peruse,

Their tear-dimm'd eyes will all their lustre lose;

Full many a willing tear they 'll pensive shed,

And pay that mournful tribute to the dead.

Whilst truth shall boast to many a suture age,

Your honour'd names in hist'ry's fairest page;

There, injur'd pair, your worth shall stand confess'd,

Your fate lamented, and your mem'ry bless'd.

Who mock the femman's fruitlefs toil,

To me reflere the favour devouth,

And Ocean glut with frequent fooil;

Who, kneeding, wow'd eternal truth; conf., and H.

Whole tenderstale, devoid of art, to stall aquil a

Has charin'd my toph, and wooden't heart; and

O! swift from India's venial franci, of guilling dans

Conduct hier to his native land? The rear of W

His weilith to you'l here felight of more life to

His tender beart alone be mineyor , besiden bash

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