

AN AUNT'S LAMENTATION FOR THE ABSENCE
OF HER NIECE.

WRITTEN FROM HASTINGS.

LIKE as the dove I sit alone,
Dejected, pale, and wan,
Without a friend to hear me moan
The loss of Marianne.

Now on the raging deep I gaze,
And all its wonders scan,
Yet still my thoughts revert always
To thee, my Marianne.

Now o'er my book, my work I pore,
But do whate'er I can,
My book, my work will charm no more,
I've lost my Marianne.

The other morn the fifers play'd,
I to the window ran,
And as the mufic pafs'd, I faid,
Where, where is Marianne ?

Oft as I hear the failors bawl
For Susan or for Nan,
Alas, I cry, Oh that a call
Would bring me Marianne !

Now on the beach forlorn I stray,
Nor know the face of man,
Yet all would please, each fcene be gay,
Had I my Marianne.

With her each hour I could employ,
And ftill new pleasures plan,
For ev'ry hour 'twould be my joy
To please my Marianne.

Ah

Ah could I view her face I'd fly
From Beersheba to Dan,
No land, no sea beneath the sky
Should part my Marianne.

