

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT
MALVERN.

THIS seems a spot to pensive sorrow dear,
Gloomy the shade which yields this ancient yew,
Sacred the seat of Death! soothed while I view
Thy hills, O Malvern, proudly rising near,
I bless the peaceful mound, the mouldering cross,
And every stone whose rudely sculptured form
Hath braved the rage of many a winter's storm.
Pleased with the melancholy scene, each loss
Once more I weep; and wish this grave were thine,
Poor, lost, lamented friend! that o'er thy clay
For once this last, sad tribute I might pay,
And, with my tears, to the cold tomb resign
Each hope of bliss, each vanity of life,
And all the passions agonizing strife.