

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT  
MALVERN.

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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.