AN ELEGY.

MATILDA was mild as the morn,
   Yet gay as the Goddess of Youth;
No gems did MATILDA adorn
   But innocence, virtue, and truth,
She came from the banks of the THAMES,
   Her looks her soft passion expresst
For FELLEN, the youth of her dreams,
   The solace and pride of her breast.

His eyes were as bright as the sun;
   Her form was all graceful and gay;
Scarce equall'd, and rivall'd by none;
   His voice was the nightingale's lay.

He lov'd his MATILDA a while,
   But soon she discover'd, too late,
That men can deceive while they smile,
   And go without shame or regret.

From
From Cupid he borrow'd a dart,
    And long it seem'd lent him in vain;
But when he had wounded her heart,
    He instantly quitted the plain.

She stood by the side of a brook,
    When left by her Fellen alone,
And cast such a pitiful look,
    Might have melted the heart of a stone,

The Heavens were wrapp'd in a cloud,
    All nature dejected did seem;
Then calling on Fellen aloud,
    She suddenly plung'd in the stream.