

A N E L E G Y.

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 expreſt

For FELLEEN, 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 equal'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 FELLEEN 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 FELLEEN aloud,
She suddenly plung'd in the stream,

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