

## BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

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ROUND youthful Henry's restless bed  
His weeping friends and parents pressed ;  
But she who raised his languid head  
He loved far more than all the rest.

Fond mutual love their bosoms fired ;  
And nearly dawned their bridal day,  
When every hope at once expired,  
For Henry on his death-bed lay.



The fatal truth the sufferer read

In weeping Lucy's downcast eye :

“ And must I, must I, then,” he said,

“ Ere thou art mine, my Lucy, die !

“ No....deign to grant my last, last prayer ;

’T would soothe thy lover’s parting breath,

Wouldst thou with me to church repair,

Ere yet I feel the stroke of death.

“ For trust me, love, I shall my life

With something like to joy resign,

If I but once may call thee wife,

And, dying, claim and hail thee mine.”



He ceased : and Lucy checked the thought  
That he might at the altar die,....

The prayer with such true love was fraught,  
How could she such a prayer deny ?

They reached the church....her cheek was wan  
With chilling fears of coming woe....  
But triumph when the rites began  
Lent Henry's cheek a flattering glow.

The nuptial knot was scarcely tied,  
When Henry's eye strange lustre fired,  
“ She's mine ! she's mine ! ” he faltering cried,  
And in that throb of joy expired.