

## ELEGIAC BALLAD.

TO HENRY M'KENZIE\*, ESQ.

**D**IMM'D were the beamy stars of night,  
The moon had veil'd her temp'rate light;  
The gale was rude, the gale was high,  
And cheerless shew'd the low'ring sky;  
All hous'd within an aged yew,  
Whose boughs were dank with midnight dew,  
Night's lonely bird, with sadd'ning strain,  
Awoke the echo of the plain;  
Whilst still the sweet responsive maid,  
From forth her dark, unnotic'd shade,  
Repeated slow the doleful tale,  
And faintly gave it to the gale.

\* Author of "The Man of Feeling," &amp;c.

'Twas then the church-yard's hollow sod  
With frantic step poor Nancy trod;  
She sought the spot where Henry slept,  
And o'er his grave in anguish wept.  
Fond Friendship's hand had planted there  
Such flowrets wild as woodlands bear;  
The cowslip sweet, the violet blue,  
There drank soft Pity's falling dew;  
The pansy pale, the wild rose red,  
Were cluster'd round her Henry's head;  
And, waving o'er the thorn-bound grave,  
The woodbine there its fragrance gave.  
Beside the spot a willow grew,  
Of love, like her's, the emblem true;  
From that one votive branch she broke,  
And thus the lovely mourner spoke:  
" Who can the friendly charm impart  
To heal poor Nancy's broken heart?"

On this green grave she rests her head,  
To weep her friend, her true-love dead.  
Then from the tomb, dear youth, return,  
Nor longer let thy Nancy mourn;  
In pity quit the cheerless grave,  
And from despair thy Nancy save.  
He comes, he comes; I see him now  
On yonder mountain's spiry brow;  
At Nancy's call I knew he'd come,  
To soothe her grief, and lead her home.  
Ah, me! he's gone; he shuns these arms.  
Can Henry scorn his Nancy's charms?  
Ah, no! ah, no! my Henry's dead.  
Then be this grave my bridal bed."  
All o'er the grave her form she threw,  
Her tresses sleeping in the dew;  
On Heav'n she fix'd her azure eyes,  
She sigh'd, she sunk, no more to rise.

Ye favour'd few, who know to love,  
 Who Sorrow's sacred pleasures prove;  
 To where these lovers sleep repair,  
 And Pity's self shall meet you there.