## IV.

Some foreign passengers of note,
Had come that morning in the Boat,
And early saunter'd o'er the green,
Enraptur'd with the charming scene,
And still the word'ring party walk'd,
And still, with growing wonder talk'd,
And prais'd the beauty of the day;
But one there was, who thoughtfully,
Unmindful of the varying chat,
Upon a verdant hillock sat;
And while with sighs his bosom heav'd,
He thus his way ward fortune griev'd;

"Lover, village though thou be, Thy delights are none to me; Peaceful though the neighb'ring luke, I cannot that peace partuke,

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Ceaseless storm disturbs my breast;
Day or night I find no rest;

Then adien, tranquillity, Thou wert not design'd for me.

111.

Such a scene might joy impart To the gay, and cheerful heart; I prefer the desert drear To the smiling landscape here.

IV.

There I might pour out my grief; There I might expect relief; There I might indulge my sighs, And with dulf nature sympathize.

V.

Two summers have already pass'd, Since my Ellen breath'd her last; Still her image fills my mind; Oh! shall I ne'er contentment find!

VI.

Dreams of her disturb my rest; Still her mem'ry warms my breast; I will quit this life of sorrow, And join my Ellen's shade to morrow."

V.

Then, starting from his grassy seat, He rose th' advancing group to meet; He briefly spoke, the carriage stood; They enter'd; and, in sullen mood, "Drive to the Falls," was all he spoke; And none within the silence broke. Some gaz'd upon the fertile fields;