

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound

30 Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give

35 While she and I together live

Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!

She died, and left to me

40 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;

The memory of what has been,

And never more will be.

'SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT'

She was a Phantom of delight

When first she gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely Apparition, sent

To be a moment's ornament;

5 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;

Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn

From May-time and the cheerful Dawn—

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,

10 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,

A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household motions light and free,