

THE
WIDOW OF THE ROCK.

(From A Real Occurrence.)

I.

YOUNG Lucy, fairest flower of Springfield plains,
Was fresh as blossom of the young may-morn ;
And Reuben, blithest of the village swains,
For Lucy and for love alone seem'd born :—
To them joy-wing'd was every hour's return,
While sorrow, that on true love ever waits,
Lay ambush'd ready to obey the Fates.