

Of some loved object, present to her mind,
But shut for ever from her longing view.

The sun went down. She slowly left her seat
And cast one long sad look upon the wave ;
Then poured the anguish of her breaking heart
In a low plaintive strain of melody,
That rose and died away upon the breeze,
The mournful requiem of her perished hopes :—

Hark ! the restless spirits of ocean sigh ;
I can hear them speak as the wind sweeps by.
See, the ivy has heard their mystic call,
And shivering clings to the broken wall,
The dark green leaves take a sadder shade,
And the flowers turn pale and begin to fade ;
The landscape grows dim in the deepening gloom,
And the dead awake in the silent tomb.