

LESSON 135.

ORAL COMPOSITION.

LUCY GRAY.

1. Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray ;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.
2. No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !
3. You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.
4. "To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."
5. "That, father, will I gladly do !
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"
6. At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.
7. Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.