

And the music she loved—the companions she prized—
 The parents and friends she had long idolized—
 One by one were forsaken—neglected—forgot—
 Even scenes that went merrily gladden'd her not,
 For the charm and the cheering of friendship or art,
 Like rain on a rock, met her desolate heart ;
 While the fire and the faggot of love and despair
 Burn'd stayless—and reckless—and vehement there !
 And aye as her sorrows ascendancy won,
 Oh, the work of destruction went sweepingly on ;
 For she hoped no remead—and she sought no relief—
 But she pined in the pride of magnanimous grief—
 Till something drew wayward her manner and mien,
 Like a mind where the wand of weird women has been.

Night fell—and the tears of the dewy eye flowed,
 As the day, like a dying saint, swoon'd to repose ;
 And the lonely moon, swathed in a silvery cloud,
 Like Innocence mourning for Beauty arose.
 'Twas a soft, silent night—but to sadness inclined,
 For each star in a little white cloud was enshrined,
 And the stillness that hung o'er the bonnie green earth,
 Had more of attraction for sorrow than mirth—
 For the sigh of the bursting heart melting the sky,
 Than the tumult of pleasure when gladness is high.
 But hark ! there arose on the silence beneath,
 A sound which the angel of music might breathe ;
 It came from a glen where the wild berries hung,
 And the lost Lady-love was the seraph that sung ;
 For her feelings were sear'd to the sorrows of time,
 But her soul gather'd joys from a mystical clime,
 And her heart beat serener the faster it waned,
 Her bosom heaved gentler the deeper 'twas pain'd ;
 When grief was supremest her blue eye was meekest,
 And swan-like the lady sang sweetest when sickest ;
 But so melting, so wild was the strain that she sung,
 That it awed while it charm'd like a seraphim's tongue ;
 And savour'd of sweets beyond death and the grave,
 Like angel-notes borne o'er Eternity's wave.

The song died—the moon set—the night pass'd away,
 And the glorious morn flash'd on creation's repose,
 While the green earth unfolded her charms to the day,
 And the spirited hum of her millions arose.
 But Martha woke not with the million—her sleep
 Was soothingly tranquil, and dreamless, and deep,
 And the morn missed a ray from the Lady-love's eyes,
 And the breezes the balm they inhaled from her sighs,
 And the birds floated lonely and long on the wing,
 For the voice was unheard that enticed them to sing—
 Aye ! the sweet voice was still'd—and the bright eye was dim,
 For her soul bore to heaven the last note of her hymn,
 While her heart at one bound sprang the region of ill,
 And the pulse of affection for ever stood still.