

Hark !—'tis the lonely genius of the place
Sighs through the wind-stirred branches and bewails
Its desolation to the moaning blast,
That sweeps the ivy on the dark gray walls !—
No—'twas a sound of bitter agony
Wrung from the depths of some o'erburdened heart,
Which in life's early morning had received
A sad inheritance of sighs and tears.

Starting, I turned—and seated on the ground
Beside the broken altar I beheld
A female figure, whose fantastic dress
And hair enwreathed with sprigs of ash and yew
Bespoke a mind in ruins. On her brow
Despair had stamped his iron seal ; her cheek
Was pale as moonlight on the misty wave ;
Her hollow eyes were fixed on vacancy,
Or wildly sent their hurried glances round
With quick impatient gesture, as in quest