

Their suff'ring neighbours flock'd to offer aid,  
 And all they had of comfort, there convey'd :  
 But all in vain—life's vital spark had fled ;  
 Like a sweet broken lilly hung her head ;  
 On the cold snow—as cold her corse was laid,  
 A bier and cradle, that same snow display'd.  
 I can no more describe the wretched tale,  
 And steal to cover it the Grecian veil.

.....

*In Continuation.*

.....

I paus'd awhile—no longer to pursue  
 The fatal bier, that still was in my view.

The grief we cannot soothe, corrodes the heart,  
 If of the mourner's woe, we take a part,  
 If not, the bosom closes ; pity's eye,  
 By tales of wretchedness is render'd dry.

Thus the fair novelist, while fancy glows,  
 Is robb'd by sympathy, of her repose :  
 The high wrought tale, matur'd in fiction's brain,  
 Closes the ear, to sorrow's feeble strain :  
 The wretched mendicant may pass her door,  
 She wept for nothing, 'till she feels no more.

But turn again to where the sufferers stood  
 Devoid of shelter in the leafless wood ;