

## XII

Sudden, again—the tremb'ling lyre  
 Its sound, to sorrow's notes surrender'd ;  
 Lost was remember'd rapture's fire,  
 And woe seem'd in its strings engender'd.

## XIII

Why changed the sound? ah why! no more  
 Did rapture wake th' inspiring measure?  
 Why jar'd despair the accents o'er,  
 Dark'ning each scene of vanish'd pleasure?

## XIV

Wild shrieks the blast of heaven, round  
 The grave, where all her beauties wither ;  
 The Yew-tree moans in solemn sound,  
 When gently stirs the ambient æther.