

## CANTO II.

### I.

HUSH! heard you not a sigh? deep drawn it  
seemed,  
As if the aching heart which gave it birth  
Was overwhelmed with woe; can it be deemed  
Intrusion, o'er this weeping child of earth  
To sympathize? perchance, intrinsic worth,  
By sorrow stung, pours forth the silent tear:  
Perchance, the circle round this cottage hearth  
Is broken, and the pang is too severe  
For female tenderness—perchance, no friend to  
cheer.