

## THE LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

"Smile of the moon!—for so I name  
That silent greeting from above;  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From Her whom drooping Captives love;  
Or art thou of still higher birth?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove!  
Yet how?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the Owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

"Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas,  
I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
Pondering that time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year;  
For years to me are sad and dull,  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.  
Unblest distinctions I, showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains;  
All that could quit my grasp or flee,  
Is gone; but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit;—for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

"—And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the furthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone;  
Me, unapproached by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.  
A woman rules my prison's key;  
A sister Queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me—doubtful of the event;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent!

"To-night, the church-tower bells shall  
ring,  
Thro' these wide realms, a festive peal;  
To the new year a welcoming;  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lull'd in sleep;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.  
Farewell for ever human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court!  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the pray, of hopes the sport,  
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

"Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low!  
Would that mine eyes had never gaz'd  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!—  
It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.  
Hark! the death-note of the year,  
Sounded by the castle-clock!—  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen  
Reposed upon the block!

## THE FALLING LEAF.

The leaf that falls from yonder tree,  
Full oft brings back the joys to me,  
Of Summer; deck'd in beauty's pride,  
When Eden bloom'd on every side!  
There was a time when I was blest,  
And of full many a friend possess;  
But blest with these may others be,  
Mine went like leaves from yonder tree!

But, ah! those happy hours have flown,  
And, like the beams of false renown,  
With many a heart once full of glee,  
Are as the leaves from yonder trees!  
Talk not what fortune's aid can do,  
That light that shines and mocks us too;  
The happiest hour will be to me,  
When like the leaf from yonder tree!