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## Elegy

O snatch'd away in beauty's  
bloom!  
On thee shall press no  
ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the  
year,  
And the wild cypress wave in  
tender gloom:  
And oft by yon blue gushing  
stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping  
head,  
And feed deep thought with  
many a dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly  
tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step  
disturb'd the dead!  
Away! we know that tears are  
vain,  
That Death nor heeds nor hears  
distress:  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the  
less?  
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes  
are wet.