

# Lucy

By Gray and Mason

Cold was the night, and drear the heath,  
And high the ocean roll'd,  
And shrill upon the frighted gloom,  
The tortur'd spirits howl'd.

Around the Abbey's ivy'd wall,  
The boding owlet flew,  
By fits upon the moulder'd bone,  
The moon-beam flash'd to view.

When hapless Lucy left her cot,  
And wander'd forth unseen,  
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast  
Her sleeping babe did lean.

“Ah cruel,” cried she, “was the youth,  
“That could this bosom fly,  
“Ah cruel left these faithful arms,  
“Nor breath'd one parting sigh!”

Then rush'd she madd'ning o'er the heath,  
Deep heav'd the swelling storm,  
The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,  
And shrank her gentle form.

“Where shall I fly,” she oft exclaim'd,  
“Where shall I seek for aid?  
“Ah! would that in the narrow cell  
“This broken heart were laid.”

“Hark! hark! thro' yonder cloister'd isle,  
“How shrieks the northern blast!  
“See, see! oh saw ye not my babe?  
“Thy ruthless father past!”

Thus said she, and with sudden step,  
Sprang forward to pursue,  
When, dreadful, from her heedless grasp  
Her little infant flew.

Ah me! upon the rocky ground,

See gor'd its tender breast!  
It scream'd ~~dit~~-writh'd, then stretch'd its arms,  
And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah Lucy, then how swell'd thine heart,  
How did thy breast heave high!  
Pale grew thy feature, pale thy lip,  
And pale thy sinking eye.

"Tis past," she cried, "and I will go  
"To my eternal home;  
"To where thy little spirit's fled,  
"I come, my child, I come!"

Then wildly to the sounding surge,  
And shrieking did she fly,  
Despair upon her pallid cheek,  
Distraction in her eye.

"I come, my child, my lovely child,  
"I come," was heard once more,  
And loudly roar'd the tumbling tide,  
And lash'd the rocky shore.

Then Lucy leapt from off the cliff;  
Her eye was bent on heav'n,  
And sure as Mercy dwelleth there,  
Shall Lucy be forgiv'n.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,  
And louder groan'd the storm,  
And white upon the turbid wave,  
White floated Lucy's form.

"Forgive my Love," she faintly cried,  
As wild the waters swept,  
And deep beneath the billow's rage,  
In peace poor Lucy slept.