

Poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Who is she, poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seems a heart overcharg'd to express?—
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains—but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled the day—
And she hop'd to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,

And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleasant,' cry'd one, seated by the fire side,
'To hear the wind whistle without.'
'A fine night for the Abbey,' his comrade reply'd:
'Nethinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,
'Who should wander the ruins about.'

I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
'The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
'And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
'Some ugly old abbots white spirit appear;
'For this wind might awaken the dead.'

I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cry'd,
'That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager, and lose, with a sneer' he reply'd,
'I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
'And faint, if she saw a white cow.'

'Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?'
'His companion exclaim'd, with a smile;
'I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
'And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
'From the alder that grows in the aisle.'

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And the way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

Over the path so well known, still preceded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

She moved her was silent, save when the noise that
drove a dimly round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed
And arrived at the innermost room at last,
Where the altar-tree grew in the aisle.

Woe gleamed and she wept it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear -
She trembled, and she listened, all eager to hear,
That her heart panted fearfully now.

She raised then, the leaves very thick over her head; -
The distance, - nought she could see there.
She rose slowly, her heart sunk in her down with dread,
And she heard in the noise distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half-breathed with fear
She croupt, to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon over a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two mystic officers,
And between them a corpse as they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood sudden cold;
Again the rough arms hurried by -
At then off the hat of the one, and a halo!
Even close to the feet of her Mary it rolled:
She felt - and expected to die.

"Gaze the hat!" - he exclaimed - "may, come on, and fast hold
"The dead body" his comrade replied.
She looked them in deadly passion by her side,
She seized the hat, fear her courage supplied
And fast through the stilling she fled.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door.
She cast her eyes, horribly round:

Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start:
For, oh God! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart;
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

^{my}Why I love ^{my}Thee.

I Love thee, not for that darkly brilliant eye,
I love thee, not for thy dark brown flowing hair,
No, nor yet for thy soft bosom swelling high,
I love thee, for the feelings dwelling there.

I love thee, not for that soft enchanting grace,
I love thee, not for thy kind bewitching smile,
Nor do I love thee for thy mild beaming face,
But I love thee for a bosom free from guile.

Nor yet for the soft tint of roseate hue,
Do I love thee, tho' I love to see it glow,
But I love thee, for those feelings pure and true,
In the bright that fall for others' wo.

I'll love thee, tho' fade the bloom that's on my cheek,
I'll love thee when gone is thy beauty away,
I have built my love on thy virtues meek,
And my love with my life shall only decay.