

## 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,

# Elegy

Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

by Lord Byron