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The Solemn Dirge, in Romeo and Juliet

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The Solemn Dirge, IN ROMEO and JULIET.

AH! hapless Maid!

Doom'd to the gaping jaws
Of a cold, comfortless, and dreary tomb.
Thy marriage-song is chang'd to mournful dirge,
Thy bridal bed to a black funeral hearse.

GLEE.

Come mourners, and follow the hearse,
For ne'er was so lovely a Maid,
Her virtues shall live in our verse,
To them shall due tribute be paid.
No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear,
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And Winter discolour the year.
The warblers no longer shall sing,
The warblers so vocal before,
Since she that shou'd welcome the spring,
Shall hail the gay season no more.

Hark! hark! She was her parent's sole delight,
They had but one, one only child;
Since death has torn her from their arms,
With grief and sorrow they are wild.
Their grief and sorrow ev'ry bosom shares,
Witness our sighs, our groans, and falling tears.

Hark! how with awful pause,
The solemn bell in death-like sounds,
Tolls her untimely knell,