

In sad and ash - - y weeds I sigh, I groan, I

pine, I mourn; My oat - en yel - low reeds I all to jet and e - bon turn.

My wa - t'ry eyes, Like win - ter's skies, My fur - row'd cheeks o'er - flow: All

heav'n know why, Men mourn as I! And who can blame my woe?