

LADY JANE GREY.



C. S. Carlos

3





2.

In vain they tried each specious art.
Each sophistry of anxious zeal,
Until the partner of her heart,
Made to her love a fond appeal.
She yielded then and who can blame
The youthful lord's exulting lone,
Which soon the heralds loud acclaim,
Announced them heirs of England's throne.

3.

Dim was their star and short their hour,
And weak their friends and fierce their foes,
For captives soon to Mary's power,
The towers of Julius round them rose.
She died, that glory of her age!
As never woman heroine died,
And Briton's his'try has no page,
More dear to British woman's pride!

1865

Grave par Webb.