

Such may be the words he might say,

But what words can his passion impart ?

Or how shall he form the soft lay,

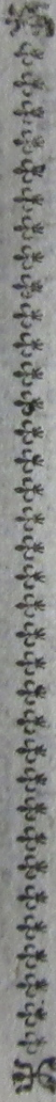
To express what he feels at his heart ?

Tho' thy voice, gentle shepherd, was clear,

Tho' the bower of Contentment was thine,

Yet thy shepherdes was not so fair,

Yet thy love was not equal to mine.



T H E H E R M I T.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;

'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,

An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,

Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,

He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,

“ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?

“ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,

“ And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain ;

“ Yet



SITED

Such

“ Yet if pity inspire thee, ah, cease not thy lay,

“ Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;

“ O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away,

“ Full swiftly they pass, but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,

“ The moon, half extinct, her wan crescent displays;

“ Yet lately I saw, where majestic on high,

“ She shone, and the stars were conceal'd in her rays;

“ Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

“ The path that conducts thee to splendor again;

“ But man's faded glory no change shall renew,

“ Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

“ 'Tis dark, and the landscape is lovely no more,

“ I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

“ For morn shall return, all your charms to restore,

“ Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew;

“ Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn,

“ Kind Nature the embryo blossoms shall save;

“ But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?

“ Oh, when shall it dawn on the gloom of the grave?”

DEATH: