SONG.

SPRING returns, the flowrets blow;
Will hope return? ah, no! ah, no!
With the dreams of youth she flies,
And like the rose, her emblem, dies.
Fancy droops beneath the shade,
And all the gay delights are fled.
Spring returns, the flowrets blow;
Will hope return? ah, no! ah, no!

THE

SPIRIT'S SONG.

HARK what I tell to thee,
Nor sorrow o'er the tomb,
My spirit wanders free,
And waits till thine shall come.