

SONG.

YES....though we've loved so long, so well,
Imperious duty bids us part ;
But though thy breast with anguish swell,
A pang more lasting tears my heart.

My grief is dumb,....loquacious thine,
The mournful hoard I sacred keep ;
Thou seekest crowds, alone I pine ;
My eyes are dry, but thine can weep.

Then, whatsoe'er thy lips have vowed,
A truer sorrow sways my soul ;
For shallow streams run bright and loud,
Deep waters darkly silent roll.