

SONNET VII.

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

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**S**WEET poet of the woods—a long adieu !  
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !  
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,  
 And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.' 4  
 Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await, 5  
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,  
 The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate, 7  
 And still protect the song she loves so well.  
 With cautious step the lovelorn youth shall glide  
 'Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest ;  
 And shepherd girls, from eyes profane shall hide  
 The gentle bird, who sings of pity best .  
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,  
 And still be dear to sorrow, and to love !

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