

A NIGHT SCENE,

SEE Night, all majestic, lean over the hill,

Dark dæmons recline on her breast ;

Fond memory cease, or a moment be still,

For sweet PHILOMEL sleeps in her nest.

She restless, like me, still laments for her mate,

A stranger to pleasure and sleep ;

But her sorrows have been of so lengthen'd a date,

She's forgot both to sigh and to weep.

That voice which so softly I heard from a cloud,

Was surely the voice of my swain ;

Be quiet, ye winds, if ye whistle so loud,

I never shall hear it again.

Oh, hark ! it is he—'tis MARIA he cries !

How sweet stole the sound on my ear ;

Like ÆOLUS' harp now it vibrates and dies,

And leaves me to doubt and to fear :

Return

Return, gentle spirit, in pity return ;

From death would you borrow a dart :

I'm weary at midnight to wander and mourn,

Then strike me at once to the heart.