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THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH SONG.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Willst du Nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
Die mit seelenvollen melodie
Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen?
—Nur so lang sie liebten, wasen sie.”—SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
And die away, my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I too will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup's glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain's laughing flow?

A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning—“Where, oh! where?”

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou Bee, thou Lamb at play!
Thou Lark in thy victorious mirth!
—Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
The royal Rose is gone:
Melt from the woods, my spirit melt,
In one deep farewell tone!

—Not so!—swell forth triumphantly
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young Love and Life I go,
In the Summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze,
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly,
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me perchance in other lands
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
May these know nought of Death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart!
With Love, the Spirit of the Woods,
With Summer I depart!

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.—BY FELICIA HEMANS.

DREAMER! and wouldst thou know
If Love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
Wouldst *thou* bear hence th' unfathom'd source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That Power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
A Dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine,
Wouldst thou be blest?—too sleepless, too profound,
Are thy soul's hidden springs; there is no line
Their depth of Love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail,
When thou wouldst fill them with that ocean's power?
As thine own cheek before high thoughts grows pale
In some o'erwhelming hour?

Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*,
The burden and the shadow of thy life,
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss,
With earthly feeling's strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh no!
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,
That spirit of my soul should with me go,
To breathe celestial air:

But as the sky-lark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
So must Love mount to Heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessing *there*
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear head,
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
A joy of sunlight shed!

Let me then, let me dream
That Love goes with us to the shore unknown;
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown!