

## SONGS AND LYRICS.

---

### AND EVEN I.

THE lark lies dead upon the plain,  
The wood-bird sits with folded wing,  
Leaps in my breast the old refrain,  
Still must I sing, still must I sing.

Nay! not because Parnassian height  
Seems nearer now or less sublime,—  
High, high indeed, his muse's flight  
That soars beyond the lapse of time,—

But that my songs, when I have passed  
The shore-line of the Stygian Sea,  
May be in some man's heart at last  
What other songs have been to me.