

Thy spirit blended with thy voice,
 Whether you bade the heart rejoice,
 Or touch'd the cords of love and fear,
 Or dim'd the eye with pity's tear,
 I've listen'd while my young heart beat
 Most wildly, held communion sweet
 In that delicious dreamy mood,
 When all we know of pure and good,
 Is with us ; what a piteous wreck,
 Low humming, as thy heart would break.
 Thy mournful tones have hush'd to rest
 The famish'd infant on thy breast.
 Now thou tun'st thy voice to gladness,
 Tho' thy soul's surcharg'd with sadness,
 The theme is love ; thy tones aspire
 To something of their former fire.
 But e'en in this rebuff to care,
 I recognize thy voice, despair.
 Poor Anna ! thine eyeballs are dim,
 And reason is wavering within ;
 Yet still thy lineaments retain
 The glow of female pride and shame.
 Thy frenzy's of an holy cast,
 Born of, and living on the past,
 For him to whom thy heart was given,
 From thine arms, and his country driven
 To fight the battles of the few,
 Who will not deign to look on you ?
 Hope, for awhile hush'd these alarms,
 All but restored him to thy arms ;
 Then, with a woman's pride, you strove
 For that dearest offering of your love.