

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flow'ry bier,  
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender-tear.

There to the awful shade due homage pay,  
And softly thus address the sacred clay :

" Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,

Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold ?

Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung ?

Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue ?

Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile,  
Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile,

You rob'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep,

You taught me how to love, and how to weep."

No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale.

No blossom trembles to the dying gale,  
No flow'ret blushes in the morning rays,

No stream along the winding valley plays,  
But knows what anguish thrills my tor-tur'd breast,

What pains consume me, and what cares infest.

At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,

Her pale-ey'd phantom swims before my sight,

Sits on the border of each purling rill,  
Crowns ev'ry bow'r, and glides o'er ev'ry hill.

Flows the loud riv'let down the moun-tain's brow ?

Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough ?

Or sips the lab'ring bee her balmy dews,  
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues ?

Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn

The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn ?

My Laura's voice in many a soothing note  
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float.

" Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lone-ly bow'r ?

Why down thy bosom flows this endless show'r ?

Complain no more ; but hope ere long to meet

Thy much lov'd Laura in a happier seat.

Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade,  
Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade :

Through chrysal skies I wing my joyous flight,

And revel in eternal blaze of light,

See all thy wand'rings in that vale of tears,  
And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears ;  
Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,

And op'd these brighten'd eyes to sleep no more."

She ends : the fates, that will no more reveal,

Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

" Rejoice, sweet shade ! I wake and fondly say,

O, cheer my gleom with one far-beaming ray !

Return, thy charms my sorrow will dispel,  
And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell :

Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,

And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return :

Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.

Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have borne,

Ye murmur'ing brooks, that learnt of me to mourn,

Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay,

Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray,

You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew  
Your strains melodious, and your bloom-ing hue ;

But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,  
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain !

Henceforth, to sing in smoothly-warbled lays

The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays ;

To see the morn her early charms unfold,  
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold ;

Lied by the sacred Muse at noon to rove  
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove ;

To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,  
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll ;

To hear the tender nightingale complain,  
And warble to the woods her am'rous strain ;

No more shall these my pensive soul delight,  
But each gay vision melts in endless night,

Nymphs, that in glimmering glades by moonlight dance,

And ye, that through the liquid chrysal glance,

That oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan,

Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.

Ah ! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies :

Clouds, fold me round, and, gather'd darkness, rise !