

## XII.

Who could have listened longer to the tale,  
And yet the sympathizing tear repel ?  
As well might Alwin strive to check the gale,  
Or stay the ocean's wild tempestuous swell ;  
Yet, sorrow so severe, he knew full well  
Where hope, extinct, had left a frowning shade,  
No power on earth, no eloquence could quell.  
He hastened onward, o'er the deep'ning glade,  
Where silence flapped her wing, and all her sweets  
displayed.