

DISTURB IT NOT.

(Translated from the German of Geibel.)

Where'er a heart with love o'erflows,
Disturb it not, but let it be :
The spark divine should not be quenched.
In sooth, it were not well with thee.

If e'er upon the wide earth's round
An unpolluted spot be found,
It is a young fresh, ardent heart
In love's first raptures deeply bound.

Oh, grant to it the sweet spring-dream
That blooms with rosy flowers bright :
Thou know'st not what a Paradise
Is lost, when this dream takes its flight.

For many a stout heart has been broken
When love was rudely torn away ;
And long endurance oft has turned
To hatred and despair for aye.

And many a lonely, aching soul
In direst need has loudly cried,
And thrown him down into the dust,—
The lovely god in him had died.

In vain, then, dost thou weep and grieve ;
For no repentance on thy part
Can make a withered rose revive
Or reawake a deadened heart.