

## SWALLOWS.

*From the French of JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN, A. D. 1755-1794.*

## LES HIRONDELLES.

How I love to see the swallows  
To my window, year by year,  
As the gentle Spring approaches,  
Come the welcome news to bear!  
"The same nest," they seem to tell me,  
"The same loves again shall see;"  
"T is for faithful lovers only"  
"To announce fine days to thee."

When, at touch of frosty weather,  
In the woods the first leaves fall,  
All the swallows, met together  
On the roofs, each other call:  
"Let us start at once," they chatter,  
"Fly from piercing blasts and snow:"  
"Faithful hearts should know no winter,"  
"They have Spring where'er they go."

If by sad chance, on the voyage,  
Victim of some cruel child,  
Caught and pent in narrow bird-cage,  
Rest of mate and freedom wild,—  
Grief for joys she can't recover,  
Frets a swallow's life away:  
Near that spot her constant lover,  
Broken-hearted, dies that day.

*From the Greek of Anacreon.*

## 'ΕΙΣ ΧΕΛΙΔΟΝΑ.

Dear Swallow! you, a friendly comer,  
Returning every year,  
Build your nest here in the summer,  
In winter disappear.

For Nile or Memphis far you leave:  
But Love within my heart  
His downy nest doth ever weave,  
And never will depart.

One passion is just getting wings,  
One hatching, one an egg:  
A clamorous cry unceasing springs  
From gaping mouths that beg.

The older Loves quick zeal display  
The younger brood to feed;  
These, brought up, in their turn straightway  
Another nestful breed.

What remedy, therefore, have I?  
Since every effort proves  
I have not power, how'er I try,  
To drive away such Loves.