

No fairy hand, no Dryad's form
 That task of gentle duty plies,
 A heart with human pity warm,
 There yield's Love's latest sacrifice.
 And soft eyes wear the sadden'd gleam,
 That lights lost love's memorial dream.

Sweet sounds are round the Maiden now
 Beneath the wave is dancing clear,
 The fresh winds fan her placid brow,
 The fountain's music haunts her ear,
 And still her gaze the column seeks,
 To commune with the phantom voice,
 That from the letter'd tablet speaks
 Its legend "Victory, Rejoice!"
 And thoughts to mortal guess unknown,
 Wakes in her heart that spirit tone.

Now look again. 'Tis holy night—
 The maid her lonely vigil keeps
 When flowers are clos'd and stars soft light
 Upon the crystal river sleeps,
 And Fancy calls from stream and grove
 Shapes such as mourning eyes behold;
 And memory sings to listening love
 Music of lips long mute and cold;
 Murmuring over the happy tale
 That bless'd so oft that starlit vale.

Years fled on—the land was dark,
 The Persian swept the Attic hills,
 And thousands throng'd the flyers' bark
 And wail the mourning Athens fills.
 The eve before the woful flight
 A scant and melancholy train
 With dirge and wreath and funeral rite
 Came sadly to the rustic fane: