

Behold the modest virgin sadly raise
Tow'rds the blue vault of heaven her pensive gaze—
As thither with the sound to wing her flight—
And on thee drop that look with rapture full,—
While 'neath her downcast lids doth flash her soul
Like a quivering fire at night ;

Mark o'er her brow the shadow of her thought
Flitting ;—her lips refuse the utt'rance sought,
Then hear,—bursting the spell of ecstasy—
That word,—re-echoed by the heavens above—
That word—of Gods and men—I love ! I love !
Oh 'tis 'this that were worth a sigh.

A sigh ? a sad regret ?....no, no ! my soul
On Death's wing borne fast speedeth to that goal
Upon which instinct fix'd my ardent eye ;—
Thither I go where burns Hope's beacon light,—
Whither the breathings of my lute take flight,—
Whither hath sped my ev'ry sigh.

Like to the bird which see'th in Night's dark womb
Faith,—bright eye of the soul,—hath pierced my gloom
My Fate's reveal'd by her Prophetic power,
How oft my soul, to Eden's future shore,
On wing of fire upborne, hath dared to soar—
Anticipating the death hour !

No name inscribe on my dark earthen bed,
With a mausoleum's weight crush not my shade ;
I envy not a mound of mouldering clay.
Give solely to my couch sufficient space
That on it the lorn pilgrim's kneeling trace
May sink, ere he pursue his way ;

Oft, in the mystery of still and shade,
On the grave's turf fond Prayer her wings doth spread
And findeth Hope reclining upon Death.
Beside a tomb man's earthly chains half riv'n
Wider 's th' horizon and the soul to heav'n
With flight less cumber'd towereth.

Break—give to the winds my lute ;—its sound
Was but an echo *my* soul to respond.
The Angel's lyre shall vibrate to my song.—