

POETRY.

(The original Hebrew of the following lines on the death of the Princess Charlotte, was written by an accomplished Poet of that nation, in London, and sung in the Synagogue on that occasion. The air to which it was adapted, and to which the English translation can also be sung, is perhaps the most ancient known, whose date is ascertained, it being the Lamentation for the Destruction of Jerusalem, and annually repeated to perpetuate the fatal day. We are told by all the ancient fathers the singular grief with which that event is remembered, and Gregory Nazianzenus and Thirom mention that they go on that day to weep over its ruins. The following translation was made by Mr. Coleridge, and arranged by Mr. Bishop of London.)

Mourn Israel ! sons of Israel mourn !
Give utterance to the inward throes !
As walls of her first love forlorn,
The Maiden clad in roses of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatched away
From life and light ascending sun,
Mourn for the babe, death's voiceless prey,
Earned by long pangs, and lost ere won.

Mourn for the universal woe,
With solemn dirge and faltering tongue,
For England's Lady is laid low
So dear, so lovely, and so young !

The blossoms on her tree of life,
Shone with the dews of recent bliss,
Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the Prince who rose at Morn,
To seek and clip the firstling bud,
Of his own rose—and found the thorn,
The point bedewed with tears of blood.

Long as the fount of song o'erflows,
Will I the yearly dirge renew ;
And mourn the firstling of the Rose,
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

(Original.)

To ———

Think not my R———
That words can e'er tell
The love which this bosom
For thee does conceal :—

Think not that actions,
Howe'er ripe in art,
Can ever convince thee
How dear to this heart.—