

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its
flowing

Under my eye ;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are
blowing

Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are
fleeing ;

Every heart this May morning in joyance
is beating

Full merrily ;
Yet all things must die.

The stream will cease to flow ;

The wind will cease to blow ;

The clouds will cease to fleet ;

The heart will cease to beat ;

For all things must die.

All things must die

Spring will come never more.

Oh ! vanity !

Death waits at the door.

See ! our friends are all forsaking

The wine and the merrymaking.

We are call'd—we must go.

Laid low, very low,

In the dark we must lie.

The merry glees are still ;

The voice of the bird

Shall no more be heard,

Nor the wind on the hill.

Oh ! misery !

Hark ! death is calling

While I speak to ye,

The jaw is falling,

The red cheek paling,

The strong limbs failing ;

Ice with the warm blood mixing :

The eyeballs fixing.

Nine times goes the passing bell :

Ye merry souls, farewell.

The old earth

Had a birth,

As all men know,

Long ago.

And the old earth must die.

So let the warm winds range,

And the blue wave beat the shore ;

For even and morn

Ye will never see

Thro' eternity.

All things were born.

Ye will come never more,

For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the
broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming :
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only
the far river shines.

Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers
of rose-blowing bushes,

Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble
and fall,

Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly ; the
grasshopper carolleteth clearly ;

Deeply the wood-dove coos ; shrilly the
owlet halloos ;

Winds creep ; dews fall chilly : in her
first sleep earth breathes stilly :

Over the pools in the burn water-gnats
murmur and mourn.

Sadly the far kine loweth : the glimmer-
ing water outfloweth :

Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to
the dark hyaline.

Low-throned Hesper is stayed between
the two peaks ; but the Naiad

Throbbing in mild unrest holds him
beneath in her breast.

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hes-
perus all things bringeth,

Smoothing the wearied mind : bring me
my love, Rosalind.

Thou comest morning or even ; she
cometh not morning or even.

False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my
sweet Rosalind ?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

O GOD ! my God ! have mercy now.
I faint, I fall. Men say that Thou