

Alcuin's Farewell to His Cloister.

[When Leaving for the Court of Charlemagne.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.



Sweet and cherished home—my humble cell,
Forever and forever fare thee well!
Those verdant woods whose branches wave above
Thy hallowed shade embracing thee in love,
The bright green fields with odorous herbs replete,
Thy streams where fish abound, thy orchards sweet,
Thy gardens where the lily and the rose
In sweet communion all their charms disclose,
Oh sacred spot! So full of bounteous store
Alas! these eyes shall gaze upon no more.
No more shall I hear those birds at break of day
Sing matins to the Lord in humble way;
Nor those sweet words of wisdom which increase
God's praise from lips and hearts so full of peace.
Dear cell! forever shall I sigh for thee
Regretting that home I ne'er again shall see.
Alas 'tis thus that all things pass away—
Winter succeeds to summer, night to day,
Storm to calm, and weary age to youth,
Nothing endures but the Eternal Truth.
And we whom the voice of conscience must reprove,
Why do we give this fleeting world our love?
'Tis Thou, O Christ! that makest all nature flee,
That we may place our trust alone in Thee,
'Tis Thy love only should our souls possess,
Thou, our glory, hope and happiness!

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.