

THE DYING POET.

Translated from LAMARTINE, for the Museum.

(Continued from page 467)

Yes, I attest the Gods ! my lips did ne'er
 Since first I breathed—utter without a sneer
 That great word—offspring of man's phrenzied brain,
 I've prest it oft, still found 't was but of wind,
 And cast it from me,—like some juiceless rind
 My wearied lip would press in vain.

Man, in the barren hope of doubtful fame;
 On the fleet stream that bears him casts a name
 Which less'neth daily as it speedeth on ;
 From age to age the bright wreck to and fro,—
 Sport of Time's wanton wave—is swept ;—and lo !
 T' oblivion's deepest depths 't is gone.

Another name I hurl upon that sea
 Which laves no shore,—and, shall I greater be
 Whether it sink, or ride upon the surf ?
 As tow'rds the throne of light eternal springs
 The proud swan, asks she, think you, if her wings
 Fling yet their shade o'er the vile turf ?

Why sang'st thou then ?—Ask Philomela why,
 'Mid night's mysterious shades, her melody
 Blendeth she with the sounds of rushing rill ?
 I sung, my friends, as man breathes,—as doves sigh—
 As plaintive moans the blast that sweepeth by,—
 As wails the cascade on the hill.

My life was only love, and prayer, and song.—
 Mortal, of all that lures the mortal throng,
 Nought at this farewell hour with grief I part,
 Nought,—save the sigh that fire-wing'd sped above,—
 The lyre's rapture,—and the silent love
 Of a heart prest into my heart.

At Beauty's feet to wako the trembling lyre,
 To see from strain to strain the heavenly fire
 Flow with the sound and pass into her breast,—
 From these ador'd eyes make the tear-drops shower,
 As rain Aurora's from the brimming flower,
 When the wind's breath hath wak'd its rest.