

And from my sister's eyes will start
The emblems of a broken heart.

I know remembrances of me
Will linger on your memories' crest :
I prattling at my father's knee,
Or hanging on my mother's breast,
Or at some artless childish play,
Be seen to spend the livelong day.

Those thoughts will live when I am dead,
Still, still I pray you do not weep
For him whose bloom of life is shed,
For him who now in death must sleep ;
A lingering, longing last farewell
I'll bid you all—farewell, farewell.

ORLANDO'S LAMENT.

The gloom of night is 'round me now,
All, all is solitude to me ;
Though thou art wed, to thee I bow,
For there is none I love like thee.

I know thy heart did for me burn,
And thou didst shed fond tears for me ;
No heart but thine could e'er return
The perfect love I feel for thee.

And, fair, sweet girl, thou hadst been mine
If to thy will thou hadst been free ;
But gold did make another shine,
And took a priceless gem from me.

The bird that loves its little mate,
With it unhindered joined can be ;
But I, a sinless child of fate,
Must be, for aye, deprived of thee.