

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.

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### ORLANDO'S LAMENT.

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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.