

For The Amaranth.

"THE BELLE."

BEHOLD in the hall where the lustres are throw-
ing

'Mid garlands of flowers, the blaze of their
light;

Where bright eyes are flashing and beauteous
cheeks glowing,

Expectant of pleasure are all met to-night.

And music's sweet sound thro' the hall is re-
sounding,

Their hearts and their feet keeping time to its
tone—

Fairy forms in the merry dance lightly are
bounding,

Oh! Pleasure!—this happy night, thine is
alone!

But one moves among them, in summer-like
beauty,

Resplendent o'er all there, in beauty's lap
nurs't—

To whom all the gallants pay homage and duty,
In the bands of the lovely, fair Fanny is first.

And gaily they render to her their devotion,
And gaily she answers their call to the dance:
And light is her step and graceful her motion,
Sweet the smile on her lip and her blue eye's
soft glance.

But the hour has arriv'd that this bright scene
must measure—

Thro' the richly stain'd window now dawns
the young day,

And the spirited steeds, to the votaries of plea-
sure

That brought the gay beauty, have whirled
her away.

Ah! why is her eye which so late shone in
brightness,

Now shaded and hid?—aye, and dimm'd by
a tear!

And why does her heart, which but late was
all lightness,

Now throb, and with pain beat?—oh, love!
thou art there!

That they lov'd her, tho' many had made the
confession

Amid the gay throng of last night, there
was one

Whose glance spoke his innermost soul's deep
expression—

Her heart own'd its power, and fair Fanny
was won.

But soon passes the pang and the tear, for the
morrow

Brings that youth to her feet, and by each
the vow past,

That between them thro' sunshine, gloom, joy,
care and sorrow,

Love and life shall go hand-in-hand while
life shall last.

Ah! little they dream what the future shall
bring them,

That the fates have decreed that estranged
be each heart:

That between them shall pass that, like scor-
pions shall sting them,

From each other at last they for ever shall
part.

Yet blind to the future, shall many an hour,

With each other be pass'd, while their hearts
beat as one,

Which indelibly stamp't on their souls, have
the power

To recall to their minds when those day-
dreams have flown,—

How hand clasp'd in hand, and how spell-
bound they wander'd,

Their love-language breathing, thro' wood
and o'er glade,

With joy in their hearts, how affection they
squander'd,

And weep o'er the ruin those affections are
made.

Ah, yes! the time's come, for see at an altar

Fair Fanny is kneeling, a beautiful bride,

And breathing those vows that, but death, none
can alter,

With pale lip and blanch'd cheek—but who
at her side?

Not the love of her youth, he who spell-bound
had held her

For years in affection and love's gentle band;

Not he, from the hour who when first he beheld
her,

Would have laid down his life to obey her
command.

And she too now thinks of him, tho' he's not
near her,

And gladly would change her attire of a bride
For the shroud, and, could he whom she thinks
of, but bear her

To, the grave, and in death's deep sleep rest
at her side.

Oh, Love! tho' thou boastest that all thou canst
vanquish,