

Fly! tell her I lov'd her; she car'd not for me;  
 And tell her, I hate her for this in return:—  
 But ah! do not kill her, 'twere cruel to see,  
 The fairest assemblage of charms in an urn.

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### LINES.

Come back, come back, ye beautiful things,  
 That lent to the joys of my youth your wings;  
 Come back in your loveliest colors and hues,  
 That were steep'd in the light of Castalian  
     dews,  
 Too bright, it would seem, in this world to  
     stay;—  
 O! can I have lost you forever and aye?  
 Bright, beautiful truants, return from the past:  
 Ye come, and I'll hold ye while time shall last;  
 For I'll twine ye henceforth to each delicate  
     flow'ri,  
 That a poet e'er saw in his dreamiest hour;