

## POETRY.

(SELECTED.)

An attempt to give the meaning of Metastasio's beautiful "Partenza."

## THE PARTING.

On hour of anguish to my heart,  
 Adieu, my ROSA! we must part!  
 Ah! how shall pass my sunless day  
 When, Charmer, thou art far away?  
 Oh! I shall live in ceaseless pain,  
 Nor e'er of comfort taste again,  
 While thou, my ROSA, who can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

When Joy and Pleasure lead thy way,  
 To me shall once remembrance stray?  
 Say, shall my peace, for ever lost,  
 One sigh to ROSA's bosom cost?  
 While guided by thy foot steps dear,  
 I shall be ever—ever near.  
 But thou, my ROSA, who can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

I, from this joy deserted shore,  
 Shall wander forth the wide world o'er,  
 Call on each rock and mountain wild,  
 And ask if ROSA there has smiled;  
 From Tropic heat to Polar snow,  
 My ROSA seek where'er I go.  
 But thou, meanwhile, ah! who can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

How often shall I musing stray  
 O'er each dear path, each pleasant way,  
 Where I have lived so happily,  
 Where I have lived—have lived with thee;  
 While cruel memory, in vain  
 Past bliss recalling, gives but pain,  
 And ROSA, who alas can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

Here shall I say, this glassy rill  
 Has seen disdain her features fill;  
 Here—pledge of pardon and of peace,  
 Her lily hand has blessed my kiss;  
 Here Hope display'd her visions fair,  
 And here I've languished in despair.  
 But thou, my ROSA, who can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

At distance on my weary road  
 When I behold thy new abode,  
 And when again I dare impart  
 The homage of a faithful heart,