

THE POET'S EYE.

To me a never failing font
Whence oft I drank a balm for woe ;
A soothing spell, a blessed glance,
At once deep, languid and serene
Whose sunny flash could well enhance
The joy of each surrounding scene.

Whene'er on woman's brow he gazed
There sure was beauty to be sealed ;
The laughing blush of youth was raised ;
A lovelier glance her eye revealed .
And oft as he to love attuned
His lyre, the unpresuming lay,
No envious nature e'er impugned,
So gently soft, so quaintly gay.

But ah ! no more this Poet's lyre
Shall its enchanting influence yield ;
His eye ! Death scarce could quench its fire,
Which true at last the grave conceal'd.
He was my comforter, my hope,
With whom 'twas bliss to smile or sigh ;
He was my friend—in life that prop,
And wherefore, wherefore did he die.

From England's shore yon Bark so fleet
Had scarcely found its moorings here,
When I beheld the doleful sheet
Which told the fate of one so dear ;
Too dark was its funereal seal—
Words sadder ne'er were writ or spoken ;
And now what shall my anguish heal—
His eye is closed, his Lyre is broken.

THE END.