

Translation of the foregoing.

ORIGINAL.

In melting strains that sweetly flow,
 Tun'd to the plaintive notes of woe,
 My eyes survey with anguish fraught,
 A loss beyond the reach of thought ;
 While pass away life's fairest years
 In heaving sighs and mournful tears.

2

Did cruel destiny e'er shed
 Such horrors on a wretched head ?
 Did e'er once happy woman know
 So sad a scene of heartfelt woe ?
 For ah ! behold on yonder bier,
 All that my heart and eyes held dear.

3

Alas ! ev'n in my blooming hours,
 Mid op'ning youth's resplendent flowers,
 I'm doom'd each cruel pang to share,
 Th' extremest sorrows of despair,
 Nor other joy nor bliss can prove,
 Than grief and disappointed love.

4

The sweet delights of happier days
 New anguish in my bosom raise ;
 Of shining day the purest light
 To me is drear and gloomy night ;
 Nor is there aught so good and fair
 As now to claim my slightest care.

5

In my full head and streaming eyes,
 Pourtrayed by woe, an Image lies,
 Which sable robes but faintly speak,
 Or the pale languor of my cheek ;
 Pale as the violet's fading leaf,
 The tint of love's despairing grief.

6

Perplexed by this unwonted pain,
 No place my steps can long detain ;
 Yet change of scene no comfort gives,
 Where sorrow's form forever lives ;
 My worst and happiest state of mind
 In solitude alone I find.

7

If chance my listless footsteps leads
 Thro' shady groves or flow'ry meads,