

AN OLD SONG.

[After Heine].

Thou art dead, nor knowest night;
Quenched thine eyes' translucent light,
Pale thy baby mouth of red—
My dead baby, thou art dead.

A summer night with wild storm fraught,
To thy grave, oh! thee I brought;
The nightingales did dirges sing,
The stars went to thy burying.

Through the wood, as we went by,
Resounded slow thy litany;
The waving firs, in solemn guise,
Moaned masses—dim sad melodies.

As by the willowed pool we sped,
Where elves in rings their measures tread,
Lo! they stayed their revelries,
To gaze at us with mournful eyes.

And when unto thy grave we come,
The silver moon, no longer dumb,
Mounts high the skies . . . A deep sob swells;
Far in the distance toll the bells.