Apology. 46

No, no – the harp I dare not wake,
So long neglected lain;
My heart – my heart, would surely break,
To hear its voice again;
The tones that once so sweetly threw,
Oblivion o'er my cares,
Would only bring to memory's view,
The woes of vanished years.

To love's celestial, higher home,
My life's enchanting light,
Hath on the wings of morning flown,
And left my soul in night;
Yet sometimes from that lovely sphere,
All beautiful and blest,
A gentle Seraph comes to cheer,
The Minstrel's lonely breast.

O, whilst that Seraph dwelt on earth,
It was her smiles alone,
That gave my Lyre its wonted mirth,
And sweetened every tone;
Its light was borrow'd from her bloom,
~~It perished with her~~ away,
And how can I my songs resume,
Unkindled by her ray?–

(turn over)

Then blame me not that I decline
The song thou must disdain;
The love and hope which once were mine,
With me no more remain;
And how couldst thou, with genius crown'd
Endure the bard of ills
Whose souless harp, would only sound,
Like Winter on the hills.

The Envious Rose.

The Rose I saw on Mary's breast,
I deem'd the happiest of its race;
In such a world of beauty blest,
How could it wish a brighter place;—
But all its hues departed soon,
Like fading clouds at closing day,
It could not brook superior bloom,
And sank in Envy's pale decay.

Then lady let me still withhold,
The Song to beauty due;
My heart, my heart is all too cold,
To strike the chords to you;
For how couldst thou with genius crowned, &c.

Then Lady, let me still deny
The Song thou must disdain
I have no heart, I have no sigh
To offer with my strain;
And how couldst thou with Genius crowned,
Endure the Bard of ills,
Whose souless harp would only sound
Like Winter on the hills.

And how couldst thou the Bard endure,
Whom love no longer thrills—
Whose souless harp would only sound
Like winter on the hills.