To a Lady.

On being requested to write her

A song.

O, let my Harp like Judah's lyre,
To silence be consigned;
Each sound extorted from the wire,
Brings madness to the mind;
It wakes a train of painful thought,
Beyond my strength to bear,
Reviving scenes with misery fraught,
In days of my despair.

I may not breathe her name adored
My life's lost paragon,
For whom my early strains were poured,
Herself the soul of song.
In all my notes she bore a part;
She sang them o'er and o'er,
Delighted with my minstrel art,
But with the minstrel more.

And shall that harp – that favorite harp,
She lives no more to hear,
Be touched to win another's heart?–
To please another's ear?–
No, no – to break its tranquil sleep,
Would break my life's repose;
Its voice would only make me weep
Afresh, o'er former woes.

Then ask me not my hand to fling,
Acrofs the Lyre again;
To thee, it could no rapture bring,
To me, consuming pain.
Soon may it wake in yonder sphere,
The Heavenly Choir among,
Responsive to the voice of her,
For whom it first was strung.