

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire.")

[Bk. II. iv., May, 18--.]

Speak, if you love me, gentle maiden!

Or haunt no more my lone retreat.

If not for me thy heart be laden,

Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Ah! tell me why so mute, fair maiden,

Whene'er as thus so oft we meet?

If not for me thy heart be, Aideen,

Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Why, when my hand unconscious pressing,

Still keep untold the maiden dream?

In fancy thou art thus caressing

The while we wander by the stream.

If thou art pained when I am near thee,

Why in my path so often stray?

For in my heart I love yet fear thee,

And fain would fly, yet fondly stay.

C.H. KENNY.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CRUCIFIX.[1]

("Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu.")

[Bk. III. iv., March, 1842.]

Ye weepers, the Mourner o'er mourners behold!

Ye wounded, come hither--the Healer enfold!

Ye gloomy ones, brighten 'neath smiles quelling care--

Or pass--for this Comfort is found ev'rywhere.

[Footnote 1: Music by Gounod.]

DEATH, IN LIFE.

("Ceux-ci partent.")

[Bk. III. v., February, 1843.]

We pass--these sleep
Beneath the shade where deep-leaved boughs
Bend o'er the furrows the Great Reaper ploughs,
And gentle summer winds in many sweep
 Whirl in eddying waves
 The dead leaves o'er the graves.

And the living sigh:
Forgotten ones, so soon your memories die.
Ye never more may list the wild bird's song,
Or mingle in the crowded city-throng.
 Ye must ever dwell in gloom,
 'Mid the silence of the tomb.

And the dead reply:
God giveth us His life. Ye die,
Your barren lives are tilled with tears,
For glory, ye are clad with fears.
 Oh, living ones! oh, earthly shades!

We live; your beauty clouds and fades.