

LEONORE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"And 'twas well that when she died
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide."

Sleep thou by the storied sea,
Though my heart should break for thee,
Idol early lost to me,
Lovely Leonore.

Spirits of the dark blue wave
All the night watch o'er thy grave,
Lest the winds that rudely rave
Wake thee, Leonore.

And the angels of the sky,
Bending from the stars, reply :
She is blessed now ! why sigh,
Fated Leonore ?

Oh, thy mournful brow was fair ;
And the fatal genius there
Was so splendid and so rare,
My poor Leonore.

Often in the lonely night,
Comes there, through the misty light,
Some pale form, in robes of white,
Like thee, Leonore.

Sadness on the cold brow lies,
And the mournful, hazel eyes
Gaze all tearful on the skies—
Wherefore, Leonore ?

I have planted o'er thy grave
Fairest flowers—but soon the wave,
Rising, swept them to some cave
From thee, Leonore.

Ah, while thou wert doomed to weep,
Thus did fate's black billows sweep
Passion-buds from o'er thy deep,
Young bosom, Leonore.

So sleep on beside the sea—
It were well if all, like thee,
Rested now as peacefully,
Gifted Leonore.