I might forget her melting prayer
When wild'ring pleasures madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by.

The stars again, the scornful stars! Oh, Heaven,
Why let thy cold lights mock a mourner so?
See how they smile—and I am not forgiven—
They smile, they smile—and she is sleeping low!

In gloom, in dust—the dark, dark eye's glad splendor,
Dim, dim—the lip's warm crimson chill and pale,
The young, pure heart—so tried, so true and tender,
In gloom? in dust? it is a fearful tale!

I, the world's idol, I whose praise is ringing
In princely halls above the banquet-wine,
I, on whose shrine young hearts their loves are flinging—
Hearts? Hers is dust—and what is earth to mine?

What chills me thus? Ay, this magnolia blossom,
Given by a fair hand in yon bower's dim light—
Like one she prest to her impassioned bosom,
Pledge of the faith—I broke: that fatal night.

Is not the blush of praises burning yet?
Why gaze I wildly on this lovely river?
They won her from its wave—why not forget?

Sweet air of night, why is your calmness fearful?
Far skyes, why should your silence madden me?
Most splendid stars, how can your spell be tearful?
Winds, do ye truly whisper:—Where is she?

Loved one and lost forever, ay, forever—
Years, years ye will not bring her love again—
In time—oh, in—eternity I'll never
Gaze on her once—I know my tears are vain.

Is there no peace? Father, heart-broken, lonely,
Bowed with remorse I ask Thee to forgive—
Yes, there is peace—and thou, my God, thou only
Canst bid the dying to look up and live.