

POOR THOMAS DAY.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Slow. *Harrington.*

Look neighbours, look, Here lies poor Thomas Day, Dead, and turn'd to clay.

Does he sure what young Thomas, what old Thomas, what old Thomas lack! lack! a - day.

Poor soul! No! No! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

All is still,

A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song.
He crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful, that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

I know a grove

Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Where dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs, [full,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
Glist'ning, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.—

Of, a moment's space,

What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence: till the moon
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And I have watch'd
Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
On blos'my twig, still swinging from the breeze,

And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Just now the nightingales are wailing so sweetly around me! There are four of them here, and last year there were just the same number. How they breathe out their souls into that art of rapture—music—and as if all was thrown into a single tone—so pure—so innocent—so true and deep—such as no human creature can ever hope to produce, either with voice or instrument. Why must men *learn* to sing, while the nightingale, untaught, knows how to warble into our very hearts, so faultlessly in tune, so free from all failure? I have never heard any singing from human voices that moves me like the nightingales'. A minute since I asked myself, since I listen to them so intently, what if they would like to listen to me, as well? for just then they were silent: but hardly did I raise my voice, when all four burst out into such a warble of trilling—just as if they would say—leave us our own empire! Airs, and opera songs, are like the mere false tendencies in the moral world—the rhetoric of a false enthusiasm. And yet man is carried away by sublime music;—why should this be, when he himself is not sublime?—after all, it shows a secret wish in the soul to become great. It is refreshing like dew, to hear this better genius whisper in its natural language. Is it not so? O yes! and we then long to be ourselves like these tones, that dart onwards to their aim without wavering to either side. There they reach the absolutely complete, and in every rhythmical movement give out a profound mystery of spiritual form—this the human being cannot do! Surely melodies are beings created by the Divinity, that have a progressive existence of their own; every such idea comes forth at once in full life, from the human soul: it is not the man that creates the thought, but the thought creates the man.—*Bettine Brentano's Correspondence.*

WORTH CAN NEVER DIE.—Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good