

## POOR THOMAS DAY.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Slow.* *Harrington.*

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

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

3

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 trin 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,  
 Whose 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.—

— Oft, 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 sing-  
 ing from human voices that moves me like the night-  
 ingales'. 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 be-  
 come 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