

THE BLACK EAGLE.

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief assails :
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird, I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone ;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast,
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest ;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly lov'd was dead ;
 With Delia's breath my joy expir'd,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd ;
 Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
 Naught can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
 That robb'd him of his darling mate ;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky ;
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heart-felt bliss he once cou'd boast ;
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
 An image of my soul's dismay.

The Black Eagle.

Violin

Slow

Hark! yonder Eagle lonely wails; His faithfull bosom

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