

Song for Phantasmion.

Ere I lov'd thee what hue did the May Blossoms wear
And how were the Rose and the Woodbine attired?
When the notes of the Nightingale floated in air
Did I list to the music as if 'twere inspired?
I ask not, blest Lover - nor seek to recall
That season of dearth and wintry cold.
The sun is now shining - it shines over all
And all things are painted with purple & gold.

Were the sun of my Love blotted out from the sky

PHANTASMION

How then would the Rose & the Woodbine appear?
When the Lark sang his song as he mounted on high,
How would his ^{melody} ~~carolling~~ sound in mine ear?

Till surely I know not - my senses would fail,
Could I truly depicture that blackness of gloom.
Ere it comes may this joy-illumed cheek
Have grown pale
And dark with the shadows that fall from the tomb!

July 2nd 1846.

Well, I cannot think how Mrs H. V. C. can spend
time in writing such nonsense, fit only for Herbert!
How do you spend your time Mr Higgin and Dry?
Is every spare minute of your life worthily employed?