

# **TO THE NIGHTINGALE.**

Ann Radcliffe



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Child of the melancholy song!  
O yet that tender strain prolong!

Her lengthen'd shade when Ev'ning flings,  
From mountain-cliffs, and forests green,  
And sailing slow on silent wings,  
Along the glimm'ring West is seen;  
I love o'er pathless hills to stray,  
Or trace the winding vale remote,  
And pause, sweet Bird! to hear thy lay,  
While moon-beams on the thin clouds float;  
'Till o'er the Mountain's dewy head  
Pale Midnight steals to wake the dead.

Far through the Heav'ns' aetherial blue,  
Wafted on Spring's light airs you come,  
With blooms, and flow'rs, and genial dew,  
From climes where Summer joys to roam,  
O! welcome to your long lost home!

'Child of the melancholy song!  
Who lov'st the lonely woodland-glade  
To mourn, unseen, the boughs among,  
When Twilight spreads her pensive shade,  
Again thy dulcet voice I hail!  
O! pour again the liquid note  
That dies upon the ev'ning gale!  
For Fancy loves the kindred tone;  
Her griefs the plaintive accents own.  
She loves to hear thy music float  
At solemn midnight's stillest hour,  
And think on friends for ever lost,  
On joys by disappointment crost,  
And weep anew Love's charming pow'r!

Then Memory wakes the magic smile,  
Th' impassion'd voice, the melting eye,  
That won't the trusting heart beguile,  
And wakes again the hopeless sigh!  
Her skill the glowing tints revive  
Of scenes that Time had bade decay:  
She bids the soften'd Passions live—  
The Passions urge again their sway.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Yet o'er the long--regretted scene,  
Thy song the grace of sorrow throws;  
A melancholy charm serene,  
More rare than all that mirth bestows.  
Then hail, sweet Bird! and hail thy pensive tear!  
To Taste, to Fancy, and to Virtue dear!"