

*THE BLACK EAGLE.*

---

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,  
 His faithful bosom grief affails :  
 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

5 6 5  
3 4 3

1 1 1

6

6

grief af-fails: Last night I heard him in my dream, When death and woe were

6 #  
4

5 7 5  
3 5 3

1 1

5 6

6

6

all the theme. Like that poor bird I make my moan, I grieve for dearest

6 #

6

6

6

6

6

Delia gone With him to gloomy rocks I fly, He mourns for love and so do I.

8 6 5  
6 4 #

7 6

6 - 7 8 6  
3 - - 3

6

6 7 6 5  
3 # 4 #