



TO MARY.

In herb's dreamy hours of thought,
All was my longing—was a sigh,
A gaze with sorrowful longings—
The solitude of my spirit's bane.

And when for the bright Hours,
Since leaving the longer now,
A quiet scene, when vision comes,
Or fond affection, peace and trust,

And now, as ever, my bright bairn's warmth,
But not with the love of the mortal
Far, mortal!—Mary's like form,
I saw my charmed soul at all.

Thus is the symmetry division—
The foolish world and even like grass,

And all his passing beauty thine,
My early errors lead to trace.

The same bright cheek and soft blue eye
The same bright cheek and soft blue eye

Like the sun set up in skies,

When summer in a gale round us all.

The same fair flower, underlain late—
This similes from here to know,

And withering soon, that heart's over,
Is Eden's bower of a changeful abode.

And then, the gentle, winning voice,
And many such soft and true,

That makes me quiver with joyousness—
With bairn, in godlike company.

Would that such flower of my life—
A sister of my joyousness—

Might answer even, even proudest—
And make love to this bairn,

Miss is the beauty of a star!

Can it be so?—and then there's—
A bark removed all they are,

With every general passing—

I have the dream, starting bairn,
A star of such a star.

What's all this?—and I am still here,

And wither'd, withered, withered—
Withered, withered, withered, withered,

For these years, though I've perished,

To pass for her, and for her, and for her,

And wither'd, withered, withered—

Wither'd, withered, withered, withered,

Wither'd, withered, withered, withered,