

Alas that I must cause the pain - I know that thou
wilt grieve -

For O, thou art all truthfulness; thou never couldst
deceive;

And as I have, wept when anxious care sat heavy on thy
brow,

I have wept when others wounded thee; and I must
wound thee now.

It may be that in after-years we yet shall meet again
When time has cancelled every trace of this dark
hour of pain.

O, may I see thee happy, blest, whatever my lot may be,
And as a sister and a friend, I shall rejoice with thee.

L...

x

NR

x