

May all life's pain, like those few tears that spring
For me, glance off as raindrops from my white dove's wing.

May you live long, some good man's bosom flower—
And gather children round your matron knees!
Then when all this is past, and you and I
Remember each our youth about as an hour—
Of joy—or torture; one, serene, at ease,
May meet the other's grave yet steadfast eye,
Thinking, "He loved me well!"—clasp hands and so pass by.

"Brightly the stars are gleaming above thy princely home
Softly their beams are falling upon its gilded dome;
Gently the winds are sighing among the dewy leaves,
And my song is mingling with the music of the breeze.
Bright as the sky above thee, fair lady, be thy way,
May joy's sun shed over thee full many a gladdening ray,
And when on such an evening thou comest forth to gaze
On the beauty of the earth and the stars' tiny blaze.
Then deign, O deign, fair lady sometimes to think of me,
For ever, ever surely, shall I remember thee!"