

That we have met.
Thou wilt forget!
The short yet pleasant hours,
Fate-woven, all of flowers,
When we have met;
When friendship's holiest feeling
O'er the young heart came stealing
Thou wilt forget!

"Dreams and no dreams."

O there, are moments when the soul sees all
Too much of heaven: when tranced in ^{dreams} roseate
It knows no past; nor for the morrow cares;
Celestial music floats on perfumed air
And shapes ethereal flit in bright array
Athwart the curtained vision. Myriad harps
Chime in a silver prelude, and the lips
That erst while closed upon the dear old strain,
"I love thee," and grew white and cold beneath
O'er-lips, seem to whisper once again
"I love thee, how I love thee!" and once more
Dear hands are ministering, fond arms enfold