I hear the murmur of the brook
Like music from above
I hear the robin in the wood,
Call sweetly for her love.
But, ah! my heart calls for its love,
I'm thinking but of thee;
O, leave me not, my heart will break!
Come back, come back to me!"

L. "Harry."

"Why don't he come"?

"How many days of weariness
I've been a watcher here,
With but the glimmering ~~light~~ light of hope,
My lonely heart to cheer?
And why should disappointment thus,
Invade my peaceful home
His absence drives me to despair;
O! why – why don't he come?