

The memories of pleasures past
Are sad to ~~to~~ think of now,
They cast a grief about my heart,
And gloom upon my ~~heart~~ brow;
'Twas pleasures once, through glen & grove,
By his dear side to rove,
But now he stays so long away,
O why - why don't he come?"

I...

~~Answers have been false to thee.~~

~~I never have been false to thee!~~
~~The heart I gave thee still is thine;~~
~~Though thou hast been true~~