

Album.

Be still, fond heart.

"Be still, fond heart: hush all thy wild, wild beating,
Rest, calmly rest!

Bow meekly, head, thro' all Prime's moments, fleeting
To Fate's behest.

What if for ever thy wild, wild restless yearning,
Be unfilled?

And love-gems to thy breast are ever returning,
Cold, cold and chilled?

O! rise proud heart: and teach the eye to sparkle
With joy's soft light,
Though in thy silent depths despair may dwell,
In waves of night.

O! wreath the lips with bright, bright ^{smiling,} sunny,
And gaily wake.

Sweet joyous strains, e'en though the hours beguiling
The harp-strings break.

(over)