Breathe not his name, my heart would be,
Free from the vivid-like past;
Then bring not here one memory,
A shade o'er my brow to cast.
Another claims one for his own,
I must from thought be free:
My voice must bear an unfaltering tone—
Breathe not his name to me.

Through life Another's bride I rove,
Another's, but in name,
He has not won my soul's deep love,
Although my hand he claims.
Oh there is much I must forget—
So many a memory!
His name perchance may wake regret,
Then breathe it not to me.

Yes, there is much I must forget,
The witchery of his tone—