

By
Go

"Thine image still in memory glows,
And bids my heart its homage pay,
Nor till life's fittful dream shall close
Can ever its impress fade away.

A lonely seed, which chance may wed
Remote from culture and from care,
May on the desert rear its head,
And bloom amidst the wilderness there.

Thus even from that cherished hour—
When, first, my eyes thy features traced,
Thou hast been fated like that flower—
To bloom — alas! on memory's waste."

S.