And what shall I write in thy Album fair,
My heart must not leave its impress there
For sad is this heart's best feelings now,
And grief's own funeral is on my brow;
My once lov'd home is sad and drear,
For the forms of lov'd ones are not there—
He's gone, He's gone—to his own native land
And my spirits are clad in the deepest gloom
But why, should a tinge that heard of thine
With the sombre hue that darkens mine
Or why should I seek o'er that brow so fair
To cast a shade of harrowing care?
I should not dwell on so sad a theme,
Nor wake thy heart from the blissful dream
That a world so bright to thy young eye,
Should be sadly fraught with misery.

Oh! not for worlds!