

The Absent One.
By Annie Grey.

"The mild and fragrant summer breath is falling ^{down} on my
Refreshing with a holy touch my gladdened spirit now;
The murmur of each playful breeze, the streamlets' whisper ^{low},
Wakes in my heart a melody I would not cast away;
But there's a voice I miss for aye, a smile that greets me ^{not}—
Oh! best beloved, absent one, thou never art forgot!

Nathinks this world is beautiful; the skies see very bright,
That hang an azure veil between our world & Heaven's ^{light};
I love to watch the floating clouds that flock the arching blue
Deeming that with sereneest gaze, some seraph eye looks ^{through};
And then I yearn to look beyond, and catch a distant gleam
Of those far-hills that gild my sleep with their celestial beam.

Oh! there's a void wherever I turn, a wish for one thrice dear,
And oft I start unconsciously, and sigh that thou wert here.