

Yis Past—

(Yis past—the fond—the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is over;
And sickly stabs life's troubled stream,
Unto the silent shore—

But still this broken heart of mine,
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.)

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot
In some far desert place;
Go me each scene where thou art not,
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair,
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest.

I bow no more at Beauty's shrine,