

For me her charms are vain,
The heart that once hath loved like mine,
Can never love again.

The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd by me unheeded by;
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath severed been
Since thou hast ceased to be;
Our hearts the grave hath closed between,
And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below?
A vain regret - a cherished woe -
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whenever I think of thee.

M-