

100 The Poet to "Miss Wrentham"

Lady, by the stars that glisten
In yon conscious arch above,
By the viewless forms that listen
To my plighted vow of love,
By this heart which fondly clings
All its incense on thy shrine,
Speak the word that rapture brings,
Whisper, dearest, thou art mine.

Delay not; - bitter sorrow
For thy coyance have I borne;
Let me not, another morn,
Tear within the fastening thorn;
Ah! that gentle smile thou wear'st
Speaks of pity for my pain;
Bless thee! Bless thee! sweetest, dearest,
Let me see that smile again.

Look, do thou withering glance
And that brow's gentle swell,
And the soft blush that entrances,
Sign a joy words cannot tell:
Speak they not the first of bliss,
Seal the holy bond with kisses -
Holy - for the Lord's love.

To Miss

I will remember thee, though we are parted
And may not meet for many a weary day;
Think not though I am careless and light hearted,
My roving thoughts will never from thee stray.

I knew her when but sixteen years
Had ripened o'er her head,
Her heart was guileless as the dove's,
Her mind by virtue led

For she did love him - for she knew
His heart was all her own
She knew he loved her for herself
And for herself alone

And he saw her his heart first love
In its pure and holy state
He knew it - all that man might prize
Or woman boast on earth

And she did love him for she knew
The value of that heart
Whose love, in life, would know no change
Or even death could part