

And yet I love.

Upon my cheek youth smiles no more;
No more with hope my pulses move;
For my life's summer hours are o'er;
And yet I love!

My brow is stamped with many a care,
Whose withering influence I prove;
Within my breast reigns cold despair;
And yet I love!

My heart is like a broken lute,
Whose strings no more to rapture move;
The voice of joy in me is mute;
And yet I love!

I have no witching skill to charm—
No spell a kinder flame to (mine) move;
Powerless am I the heart to warm;
And yet I love!

Still keep thine image fresh and warm,
And ever hail thee from afar,
Thy morning flower, thy evening star.

Afflictions.

The seabird's wing is never wet;
Although high the spray be drifting;
The fair ship that the tempest met—
Speeds bravely o'er the crowned waves yet,
E'er now the gale is shifting:
Hope whispers, "Forward, and forget!"
Near so: the clouds are lifting.

The stars—forever on the sky—
Are brighter for the storm gone by;
O, long tried spirit—look on high,
And cast away thy sorrow.
Although more than midnight round thee close,
Let trusting faith bring calm repose—
The sun may shine to-morrow.

What should the coming dawn prove dim,
Still trusting, raise thy churing hymn,
Remembering that a storm more dark
Raged forty days around the ark;
Thrice forty yet, save ten, it rode
The mountain main, alone with God,
And then it melted: so shalt thou,
Although wide the deluge waft thee now,
Loose, starless, tempest-driven, — —