

The Welcome Back

Sweet is the hour that brings us home
 Where all will spring to meet us
 Where hands are shivering as we come
 To be the first to greet us
 When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath
 And care been sorely pressing
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path
 And find a friendly blessing
 Oh joyfully dear is the homeward track
 If we are but sure of a welcome back

What do we seek on a dreary way
 Though lonely and benighted
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay
 And eyes that will beam love-lighted
 What is the worth of your diamond ring
 To the glance that flashes pleasure
 When the words "welcome back" be heard
 We find a heart's chief treasure
 Oh joyfully dear is our homeward track
 If we are but sure of a welcome back

Lines to Mary

Can I ever cease to love thee
 Forget thee Ah! no
 Though nations divide us
 And seas swirl as flow
 Thy beauty is given
 Oh deep in my heart
 Is fancy that near me
 Wherever thou art
 All nature seems fairer
 Whichever thou art nigh
 The sunshines more brightly
 More blue is the sky
 When absent thy form

Continued

Why should I love thee

Why should I love thee thou so altered
 So cold so passionless The hand
 Which erst so much at parting faltered
 The cheek which blushed at meeting and
 The eyes whose eloquent depths of jet
 No ring of silence could redeem
 They haunt me with their sweetness yet
 But oh how changed they seem

Why should I love thee thou falsehearted
 Thou smilest but smilest no more for me
 The bloom hath not thy lip retained
 Thy voice hath still its witching
 But looks and words though they bewitch me
 Can paint no love where love is not
 Thy very kindness but teach me
 How much I am forgot

Why should I love thee that inspire
 Thy lips some other fond lips presser
 Thine arm some other arms embrace
 Thy cheek some other cheek caresses
 And though to part with thee be sadness
 Oh God how difficult to bear
 To hope to win thee now were madness
 To love thee were despair

In each object I view
 And every thing round me
 Reminds me of thee