

May 3 1869

Though I have not intended to write
 this year still I wander
 off sometimes to ride from care
 and all most dream

The echo of this silent thought
 Flaps over the spreading sea
 To travel through etherial space
 In search dear friends of thee

Though coral caves and vaults below
 Invite that echo near
 Still may it reach my native lanes
 And light upon thy ear

And there perhaps it may recall
 The happy long ago
 With many half forgotten joys
 That only we may know

I sit me down alone to muse
 And thought goes on a race
 Which leads me where I after find
 In some old cherished place

The friends which move with me along
 Still fancy half as dear
 Shall almost claim to hear their voice
 Or feel their presence near

Much time has fled and you and me
 Perchance are not the same
 Though oft on longer newest page
 The world has read thy name

And whilst contentment is thy lot
 Alas my sadder fate
 Has dragged me o'er a dreary world
 And even now so late

Whilst hope has fled, I pause to note
 When pleasure on you waits
 If sometimes you will just bestow
 One thought on A. A. Bates