

Tell me not of cheerful hearts  
Nor wild enthusiastic dreams  
Wherewith sorrow has a part  
To mingle with those brighter beams  
When you have told me of all these  
Think not till comes me to repine  
To see you lured in quiet ease  
For once those joys were also mine

Those few short seasons were to me  
Like bounties in adversity  
Which through the dismal hours of woe  
True happiness began to flow

Thou in the sunshine of a face  
Whose gloomy shadows had no place  
Whose long locks of raven hair  
Waved graceful over pure features fair  
Eyes large and dark whose meeting beam  
Seemed gazing on some far off dream  
And cheeks whose luster could reveal  
The child's freshness from the field  
Lips whose every smile was grace  
Reflecting brightness over the face  
A form which art may strive in vain  
And failing once shall try again  
With brush and pencil mark and tear  
Without a semblance shall dispair

Thou nature with minutes care  
Hast gathered all her gems most fair  
But fearing some should stray alone  
They all were melted into one

So search the secrets of thy mind  
And though in fancy thou shalt find  
Dramatic with affection's charm  
Which all thy former woes disarm  
And when in the object that shall shine  
Brightest in thy impartial mind  
Thou canst behold combined and single  
Beauty love and kindness mingle  
Then marvel not because I shun  
This world for these combined in one

But all is past let me submit  
And cheerfully bid my time but yet  
Rememberance over my soul doth steal  
Resurrecting pangs I shun to feel

Atlantic Ocean May 1864

Who shall urge the flight of time  
And choose to be alone  
Because the present does not shine  
Must ever grieve and mourn  
And count the moments day by day  
Musing over some mournful lay  
Fog lies and perdition  
Shunned of all away from home  
Because they never loved but me

Was it nature which beweeled  
That sent with inward pain  
And planted there a solitude  
Which must unbolder resign  
Or did affection ruling sway  
First brought beside one form of clay  
To ease that restless chain  
In absence all beside to shun  
Because he still must love but one

Affection ruling all the day  
Whilst gladness sheeth endure  
Nor nature ever meet her as way  
With happiness as a shire  
For in musing of the past  
On memory still it seems to last  
All tranquil and secure  
All pleasures stored for those alone  
Who ever loves and loves but one

A love which ends in still desire  
To change it for a penny  
Although the world we may admire  
Love but one if any  
And when the heart is in the flow  
The course is onward onward now  
Though others sigh for many  
And whilst they stumble on alone  
We'll ever love and love but one

As onward now we hand our way  
And plenty fills our measure  
We'll teach the heart no more to stray  
From home our only treasure  
And ever there no strings to find  
Love and friendship still combined  
Shall be a lasting pleasure  
To know when here our race is run  
We ever loved and loved but one