

To L. H. W.

Dear friend, come let us call to mind
 The more than happy past
 Where memory marks the golden time
 Too glorious to last
 And there perhaps I'll point to thee
 New features in that memory
 For one might think too fast
 On years so long over some bright theme
 That brighter ones should pass unseen

Well I remember those young days
 Also thy cheerful smile
 As I watched you in your busy place
 So happy all the while
 Though I was older after there
 I called you some-one's little fair
 Just looking into style
 But never a word did you reply
 But sought to pass me quickly by

I left you there a happy girl
 And time rolled on its way
 I lost you in the busy whirl
 Until one summer day
 When fate or fortune seemed to guide
 Me from Atlantic's distant tide
 For what here who shall say
 But seeking friends I knew before
 I met you at your father's door

In you with all that growing grace
 Which moves in beauty's train
 We thought I saw thy sister's face
 And called you by her name
 The rogue within thy winning smile
 Spoke out too plainly all the while
 The reason why I came
 Now smiling whilst I bowed and stole
 Then showed me one without mistake

Those glorious days are far away
 Enchanted though they were
 On memory we may look to stay
 And see them sparkle there
 And whilst we never can forget
 Still may the pleasant hour us get
 With gems as bright and fair
 Whilst we move in the car of time
 And leave those sparkling gems behind

I would please my Anne best of all
 To have her sister near
 In winter, summer, spring and fall
 She always would be dear
 And ever welcome night or day
 Though all things else should pass away
 Except that you could cheer
 And when life's lamp shall flickering wane
 To live to meet beyond the grave