

May 1868

To Annie Darling

When spring tines newest flowerets
Are blooming, fresh and gay
I dream with Annie roaming
Through meadows far away

When the moon is over the ocean
And tides gently glide
I dream that Annie Darling
Would love the dancing tide

What listening to its murmur
Though lovely it is true
Still there my Darling Annie
Hope ever points to you

When midnights darkest mantle
Hangs over the silent sea
By sweetest dreams are dragging
Sweet Annie unto thee

Though elements are storming
And mountain billows roll
I am dreaming still of Annie
And happy days of old

When shadows of night are fleeting
From daylight on the main
A white sail in the distance
Streams out upon the plain

A whirl of joy sweeps over me
Hope silent and alone
Asking tidings sweet Annie
From our New England home

When stars gaze over the ocean
I wander my way along
Still Annie's name as ever
Is foremost in my song

But you'll not think when you hear
Of what names I worship thee
Sometimes dear and sometimes darling
Still you are the same to me
Youthful bloom may pass away
Let a thorn watch ~~it~~ slow decay
And sigh at every withering leaf
To build at last a mountain grief
Far better than upon the plain
When your good grace sweetly again
Nor shift to view through folies glass
Those fancied walls you cannot pass
Is not that eye shall mark the change
Nor me dream of love estrange
Yes Annie should be unto the end
My Girl my Hope my Dearest Friend