

March 1868

For better choice and love but one

Some ninety of a hundred I
Have found will never be alone
But first to join the high or low
And fail to find a favorite one

Though changes in themselves must bring
Vain hope the nurslings of an hour
Which tries to love the newest thing
But fails at last to passion's power

When victory crowns the gratest wish
And all we ever asked is done
The hope which now completes our bliss
Shall link our gates to us alone

But if desponding instinct seem
Drooping o'er some fondling dream
Uprising hope flies to redeem
A heart which long must love but one

O Thou immortal Gods who hold
Powers unlimit And control
Ten thousand worlds still at Thy will
Numbers countless deeds were done
Make this my hope immortal still
To ring eternal unto one

Shall I retrace with inky lines
The theme so often done in calms
And again the same old story tell
To ocean of my lost General

That I shall love in future years
To mount the path which memory wears
And hang on the leaving tide
Wayworn again I rise
Whilest through the blast with spreading sail
I fly triumphant with the gale
Striking in the lowering storm
So recklessly I dash along

Perchance to mourn departed scenes
Which in memory wildly gleams

Though milder scenes may yet recall
The while the gentler zephyrs fall
While the orange trees wanton bloom
Pastures me and a tropic noon
And fairy forms, flit round the tower
To end this charms enchanted hour

When ocean's greatest joys prelude
And memory brightens a perreade
Let hope return whine not alone
I bless contentments happy home