

And there is one who drinks from those fond lips
Words of delight & accents of deep love;

Who reads entranced his soul's impassioned vows
From those deep, earnest, & most loving eyes;
For whom his every thought, his every wish
Is fixed, & chill or change shall never know.

And be it so! worthy are ye of bliss!
May Heaven its choicest blessings freely pour,
Strew all your earthly path with fragrant flowers,
And lead to realms of everlasting day!
My heart is rent, my inmost spirit seared,
But prayer & silence shall alone be mine.

I. H. R.