

## LAMENT

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### I.

Sweetheart, most treasured of all earthly joys,  
Why am I thus neglected and forgot?  
Why all these days and days should pass, and  
not  
A word from thee should come? Oh, when I  
poise  
My faith on hope one day, the next destroys  
That faith, and misery is to me begot.

### II.

Though firm my trust, my love both true and  
strong—  
On such my life is now indeed sustained—  
Yet is my soul distraught, my heart is pained,  
And every day of waiting seems too long.  
Can I, unwittingly, have done some wrong,  
And doubt engendered where pure faith hath  
reigned?