

TRUE LOVE.

Come sing again to me, dear one,
The song you used to sing ;
Ere storm-clouds o'er our pathway broke,
Or other shadowing.
For now my heart is very sore,
And vainly does regret
That I did not then love thee more,
Or else could thee forget.

For thou to me wast all along
So tender, kind and true ;
And yet withal, I felt my heart
I could not give to you.
The other one I cared for most,
Was far away from me ;
But still I hoped. ere very long,
My dear love he would be.

The days rolled on, sweetly you sang
Your pleading song again.
At times I hear it in my dreams—