

POEMS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DYING HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

- W. ALAS my love, you're pale and wan,
Death's Image in your face,
Oh, let me kiss those dear, dear lips,
~~And take the last embrace!~~
- H. Oh, kiss me not, my dearest Wife,
Lest you infected be,
And take the Cholera Morbus too,
And leave our family.
- W. Our family, ~~alas poor things!~~
Since you and they must part;
Oh, that I could die with you now,
I wish with all my heart.
- H. Oh stay with them, and I'll go down
To the cold grave alone;
This heart that beats with love to you
Will soon be cold as stone.
- W. Oh yes, I fear that warm ~~and~~ heart,
Will soon be in the dust,
~~'T~~ would give me joy to yield you ease,
~~'T~~ would make me almost blest.
- H. To give me ease, is out your power,
Though well I know your love,
My only hope is soon to be
In peace and rest above.
- W. Oh tell me truth, my dearest dear,
Are you afraid to die;
Or do you hope with Jesus soon,
To be above the sky?
- H. Oh yes, I do—his precious name
Is music in my ears—
Rejoice with me, I'll soon be blest;
Oh, wipe away your tears.
- W. I do rejoice at you being blest,
But then when you are gone,