

## TO MYRTLE.

SWEET, in thy thoughts I dwell securely,  
Passionately, purely.

In my thoughts the want of thee is strong;  
For thee I long:

And soon thou comest, if no more delays  
Stretch out the days;

Let my close clasping then speak out to thee  
How dear thou art to me.

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## "AL, AL, APOLLO"!

A song like the wind that comes, and is gone,  
And comes no more!

Like the sky in the dawn

In faintest delicate tints, gold-drawn,

That come no more!

Even so my song in the April of youth,

Renewed no more,

Ne'er as before

Will gladden my soul in beauty and truth!