

But scarcely knew what passed around—
Or how I got from off the ground.

That dancing paper on the wall—
I think that paper I'll remove—
I could not add it up at all,
Or if I did it would not prove !
I hate a pattern which will go
Diagonally to and fro !

A clock there was that struck the hour,
And seemed to strike them all the same,
And, somehow, had a sort of pow'r
To make them strike a person's name.—
That name in one sweet cadence fell,
And it was always—Rosa Bell.

From all these troubles, vague and true,
I woke to find dear Rosa mine !—
And were the thing again to do
I'd do it, and would not repine !
Better the sickness o'er and o'er,
Than lead the life we led before !

I TOLD my darling wife to day
Of all the trouble and the pain
In that dark time, now far away,
When love could find no love again ;—