

## TO MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
 I might not weep for thee ;  
 But I forgot, when by thy side,  
 That thou couldst mortal be :  
 It never through my mind had past  
 The time would e'er be o'er,  
 And I on thee should look my last,  
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,  
 And think 'twill smile again ;  
 And still the thought I will not brook  
 That I must look in vain !  
 But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;  
 And now I feel, as well I may,  
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
 All cold and all serene—  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been !  
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own ;  
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
 And I am not alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me ;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
 In thinking too of thee :  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore !

—C. Wolfe.