

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.