

RENOUNCEMENT.

I built mine altar on thine Heart:
Each morn I burned Love's incense there:
And thou the hallowed sacrifice
Blest with thy dear commemorative eyes.

Now thou art gone into the Night,
And Sorrow sits alone with me:
Her dumb cold lips she will not open
To call thee from the sepulchre of Hope.

The darkened house within is still:
And though I wistful vigil keep,
The winds without cry mournfully
That thou, alas! wilt not return to me.

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Ah, though the days that are to come
Bring not thy lost form back to me,—
Yet will I for Love's sake arise
Each morn and on thine Image sacrifice!