

REPENTANCE

Beloved, I have wronged thee, and I plead
And ask forgiveness on my bended knee,
For those base fears that came to me,
And did by their intent mislead
My better self to doubt my heart's true creed,
Of friendship's perfect trust in thee.

Oh! I am filled with sorrow for my sin;
But this I promise: Never will I more
Thee doubt, nor fail thee in my faith most sure
For well I know there ne'er can enter in
To thy most noble heart, aught that is mean,
Nay, naught but what is just, and good, and
pure.