

It is not that I'd have thee stay
Where sorrow does oppress,

It is not that in selfishness

I'd bar thy happiness,

But oh! to see thee cold and dead—

That form, that face, so loved,

What wonder that my tongue could not

To joyous strains be moved!

To listen for those tones of thine,

But listen all in vain,

To watch thy mouth for that sweet smile

That ne'er may come again,

To see no more the light of love

Shine bright within thine eyes,

Oh! that were agony too great,

Too deep for aught but sighs.