

THE SOLITARY.

I lie where oft your rare swart tresses lay
And oft your sweet voice called me in the night.
But all the slow blank hours in their flight
Do mock me as I call and vainly pray
That your fond vivid vision long may stay
In my dear dreams and with the dawning light
Bring realer dreams of days 'mongst vales bedight
With flowers of Joy when we the winding way
Of Love trod carelessly. Dear Heart, alas!
The lone, long, lingering trail of Life must I
Forever unaccompanied take and pass
Forever disinherited by Hate?—
O hear me, Heart of mine, O hear my cry:
'Still do I love thee, still do I love—and wait!'