

*MEMOIRS.*

It grieves me that the golden time is dead ;  
The amber-tinted flower-scented June  
Haunts all my memory, as one, fancy led,  
Sees rose leaves faded, in some sacred room.

That night I wove a garland for thy waist,  
Of poppies rare besteepled in moonlit dew ;  
Thy lips rich crimson often did I taste,  
For all my life was colored with their hue.

The distant hills were peaceful, O my Love !  
The moon had kissed them with her sil'vry sheen,  
One tiny star was shining far above,  
Whose light, reflected, was in yonder stream.

Glad Nature spoke, and all things answered her :  
The night's sweet music made the rose unfold ;  
The lily swayed, to catch the faint sweet stir  
Of pinky petals from each other curled.

My heart is weary with its restless pain ;  
My life is grey as yonder sobbing sea ;  
Its yearnings kill me, for the dream is vain,  
The dream I dreaméd of thee.