

And when along the green-clad shore,
At evening's close you oft may stray,
Ah ! tell me, shall e'en one thought more
Be turned to him who's far away ?

Shall memory point to each blest hour
So sweetly spent, untinged with care,
When oft we sought the hawthorn bower,
To sigh love forth and ramble there ?

Then high raised rapture filled the eye,
And melting fondness filled the heart—
Nor dreamed we that an hour was nigh,
To wrench our mutual souls apart.

But that cursed hour too quickly came,
And robbed me of my purest bliss—
Nor left me aught, except the name
Of life, to feel the pang of this.