

But down comes the misty vapor,
 Down comes the pattering rain,
 And the artist and maiden have parted—
 Never to meet again!

Thus are the fond hopes satter'd,
 That o' t' young hearts unite;
 Thus is their bright sun darken'd,
 And sets in the mists of night;

Thus, ere a heart was treasured,
 All that a heart could know,
 The gloom of life's dreary winter,
 Drifting its wreaths of snow,

A sadness brings to the bosom—
 A feeling akin to pain—
 Telling us, "Never, oh, never
 Will spring buds blossom again,

For the heart, by the frosts of winter,
 Is stripp'd of its early bloom,
 Till the form, in immortal beauty,
 Comes from the mouldering tomb."

Halifax, May 1, 1863.

ak, break,
 t of thy crags, O Sea!
 er grace of a day that is dead