

Let not the happy past all count for naught,
The harvest of our mutual joy be waste,
Most treasured! Come unto me, ah, haste
To share the nobler life by true love bought!
Canst thou forget the sweets our lips have
sought
And found, and the enchanted taste?

Beloved! keep on thy luscious lips a smile
For me, and take me to thy lovely breast
Each night, in feeling, when thou goest to rest,
And in thy prayers to Heav'n, ask awhile
That I may have the strength to reconcile
The things that are with what is for the best.