

THEN

IN girlhood's bright alluring days
I thought my love a king;
He seemed to my adoring eyes
The crown of life to bring.
He used to praise my rippling hair,
And whisper low to me,
"Fairer, dearer, than aught on earth
Are you, sweetheart, to me."

Met thought in blissful comrade
To sail upon life's sea;
There came no thought of lonely isles,
Or rocks ahead of me.
I dreamt each cloud would silver show,
And love would ne'er depart,
And that forever, and for aye,
I'd be his dear sweetheart.