

XXI

O be thy spirit ever near !

Attend my rude course to its closing ;

Melvina !—still thy name is dear,

A thousand past delights disclosing.—

XXII

Thou wert to me, a kindred flower—

In nature's garden, nurs'd together,—

We grew, till in a stormy hour

Thy vernal charms were doom'd to wither.

XXIII

But gladness still, shall mark the strain,

And hope shall point to brighter pleasure,

When our torn hearts shall meet again,

In hallow'd transport's fullest measure.