

THRICE happy were those tender years of thine,
So full of promise in a gracious spring,
That even now there gathers round thy shrine
The image of what future years would bring.
For thine was beauty hourly ripening
On this dull earth for some more lovely sky.
O dream beyond fond love's imagining
I weep not, for thy soul may never die
Though in the silent grave thy perfect form must lie!

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