

HEART HUNGER.

Oh ! Love, to press thy bosom to my own,
To lose my lips among the tress and tress
That touch thy brow with many a soft caress,
And reap a score where one love glance was
sown,
To stand before thy soul's majestic throne,
Nor find thee, as to others, pitiless ;
That only for this draught of wretchedness,
Fate-forced I drink in exile, can atone.

Nor day nor night brings peace since we twain
parted.

By day I but lament my joyless plight ;
And when I dream, and find thee at my
side,

And waking, seek thee, still my love is
thwarted,

For cruel darkness tears thee from my sight,
And vainly grope my void arms for my
bride.