

## L'ENVOI

(From the Author's first volume, published in 1859.)

Go forth, my little book—go forth alone;  
I may not journey with thee; thou must be  
Thine own defender. Let thy youth atone  
For aught of imperfection friends may see  
Within thee. Much in sorrow hast thou grown,  
And much in joyousness, till thou of me  
Became the counterpart, and ever true—  
Showing upon thy face each varied hue.

My frequent solace through long weary years  
And solitary hours,—and when to pour  
Such wayward thoughts as vagrant Fancy  
bears,  
My only pleasure! Now, these seasons o'er,  
The dead Past with her changing beam appears  
A broken rainbow arching a dim shore!  
And yet I would not quench this feeble flame,  
Though hopeless of youth's hope—a poet's fame!

Strange thoughts have visited my soul, like sails  
Upon the far horizon's misty verge;  
But, anchorless, they passed;—the gales  
Of cold reality arose—the surge  
Of Life's unrest—that over all prevails,  
Till the torn bark in heavenly seas emerge,—  
Swept wildly o'er them; and the clouded night  
Came swiftly onward hiding all from sight!