

TO MISS MARY CLARK,
ON HER APPROACHING MARRIAGE.

MAY the rosy flush of pleasure
Ever rest upon thy cheek ;
And may this, thy new-found treasure.
Give thee joy no words can speak.
In the labyrinths of sorrow
That thy feet may have to trace.
May his strong arm ever fold thee
In a pure and true embrace.

May the bond of love, unbroken,
Like the golden circlet be ;
Pure and bright, a lovely token —
Lasting as eternity.
Hand in hand, go on, united ;
May thy way be strewn with flowers ;
And the love, so fondly plighted,
Strengthen with the fleeting hours.

Every day a sweet renewal
Of the bliss already flown,
And thyself the brightest jewel
Of thy husband's earthly crown.
At the household altar kneeling,
Songs of thankfulness arise —
Happy hearts and homes revealing —
Angels waft them to the skies.

December 3rd, 1865.

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