

Patience, maiden! men may bind
And dissever,
But the cords by angels twined
Twine forever!

Wearily the days had passed;
Now her lover—
Long a captive—~~came~~, at last,
To receive her.

Homeward bearing her (no care
Might he borrow)
Would his birchen vessel fare,
On the morrow,

Down the river's shining track,
Under springing
Buds and pinioned legions black,
Seaward winging.

In his heart the Hope-star beamed
So transcendent,
That the night, with glory, seemed
All resplendent.

But, alas! how soon are marred
Brightest fancies,
Under Fate's relentless, hard,
Sullen glances.