

My own! remember all the joy and bliss
That hath been ours in time now past and gone,
O'er months and years, since I thy dear heart
won.

Aye, too, forgive my seeming thoughtlessness—
I know thy worth the better now I miss
Thee from my life, and am left sad, alone.

Wilt thou me censure if I feel distressed
That thou art now beneath a roof with one
Who gains thy praise for every small thing
done?

Because I feel that thou I have caressed
So oft, art near to him—not me so blest—
Have I no cause for sadness? None?