

PART I.

"THE BEGINNING."

"Dear John," she said, "You'll not go out,
And leave me here alone."

The snow is falling thick and fast,
The wind begins to moan.

"I've made the fire burn up so bright,
The room is neat and warm ;
Oh, what can tempt you out again
In the cold wind and storm ?

"Surely your love for me 's grown cold !
Surely your home 's grown drear !
Because you seldom stay at home,
But leave me lonely here.