

The spring's first tint. Thy new-born foliage will  
Assume a darker hue, for it will be renewed  
From the sepulchral mould ; and it may be  
That I shall rest with him, and mingle then  
With him in dust, where nought can alienate  
Or aught divide. Then will the breath be hushed  
Which waves thy leaves now with its mournful sigh—  
Then will the snow remain untrodden—o'er  
*Our* blended grave will no lone vigil keep  
The silent hour—the tender moss will not  
Be bruised with crushing steps.

But when my spirit hath  
Burst from its bonds away, then wilt thou wave  
In solitary exile o'er the lonely tomb ;  
And the sad mystery of thy voice will grieve  
In murmuring requiem ; and the twilight stars  
Will watch through thee ; and evening dews will fall  
With noiseless tears, and strew their glittering gems  
Upon our rest. Then will the mourner find  
Her last long home beneath thy tribute shade.