

Having known Love's smile, and wept his tear divine,
Pressed on thy lips the kiss that sealed them mine
I cannot live as though this had not been.

For 'tis a bitter thing and hard, I ween,
To cease from loving and renew again
The thralldom of intolerable pain.

But do thou go thy perfect way ; God knows
Thou art more pure than any flower that blows.

I too had dreams that high Ambition fed,
And o'er the future a fair light was shed.

But now I have small joy in any thing—
The weary years in sad succession bring.

To-day I saw the sun flame bright in Heaven,
But o'er his steep, ascending path were driven
Dark clouds and envious mists, that all the day

He fared a dubious and uncertain way,
Till with the twilight star he sank to rest

Beyond the portals of the smiling west.

And I across the darkness onward spread
Must seek a blind way for sad feet to tread,
Though there be comfort that each path of gloom
Leads at life's sunset to the welcome tomb.