

A slandering tongue can poison love and truth,  
Can set a curse upon the brow of youth,  
Destroy the faith that made earth seem so bright,  
Make death a bitterness and life a blight.

A slandering tongue can ruin virtue's name,  
Sully and darken her reproachless fame,  
For all the heart's best feelings sound a knell,  
And for its owner pave the way to hell.

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DEAD.

Dead—she is dead—and must I still live on,  
And in life's surging crowd go forth *alone*?  
*Live*—after all the light from life has gone,  
And all its music changed into a moan  
Of anguish, echoing through the future years,  
Wild with the agony of unshed tears!

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WEARY.

I am weary of the watching  
And the waiting all in vain—  
Waiting for life's olden pleasures  
That will never come again.

I am weary of the striving  
To be calm and strong and brave;  
Loved one, when thy friend is resting,  
Wilt thou sorrow o'er her grave?

I am weary—oh, so weary  
Living without hope or faith,  
An existence disappointed  
Ending in an early death.