

VIII.

How much I owe to thee! — From that still time
 Of starlight, when, as tendrils twined, we stood, —
 Silent or sighing — drinking the sweet elime
 That trembled from the spirit-land — a flood
 Of melody, that whispered of the clime
 Where now thou ever livest with the Good!
 Yes; thou art gone with this fond hope! But
 Heaven
 A surer Trust and holier Hope hath given!

IX.

Go, then, my little one! I bid thee go!
 What to thy sire thou mayest return is naught, —
 If thou shouldst cause an earnest tear to flow;
 Or plant in any mind a nobler thought;
 Or chase one wrinkle from the brow of woe! —
 No more he seeks, nor deems this vainly sought.
 Then go! — while cherish'd thoughts of thee shall
 dwell
 Long in his heart who bids thee now — Farewell!