

SONG.

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Some hours bring,
Sweet hopes that fling
Around thy path a ray of gladness ;
But time's swift flight,
May shroud their light
In heavy, sable, hues of sadness.

February 3rd, 1854.

S O N G .

ONE word from thee, one kindly word.
'Tis long since last we met ;
But thy last fond look, thy cheering smile,
Are lingering round me yet.

My heart has treasur'd thy last farewell,—
The tone of thy cheerful voice,
Like a spell, it has driven my fears away.
And caused me to rejoice.

To be in thy presence, to share thy smile,
Or charm thy grief away ;
To strew bright flowers along thy path,
And gladden thee day by day :

To make the ills of life more light,
And ever be near to thee,
Would make my path on the earth as bright
As I would have it be.

January, 1854.