

## TO AN ALBUM.

DEAR book, wherein I often view  
The faces of the loved and true,  
With whom I've wiled sweet hours away,  
And held sweet converse by the way.

Where are the friends whose silent forms,  
Enclosed are within thy bonds,  
Have they all gone—I left to mourn?  
And wander on life's way alone.

Yes, some to heavenly homes have gone,  
Their work on earth is finished and well done,  
And some are travelling yet in life's rough way,  
And hope bespeaks for all a happy meeting day

Dear Album! of no intrinsic worth art thou,  
That I so fondly o'er thee bend,  
It is fond memory that gives back the sigh,  
For each beloved, departed friend, once nigh.