

ON THE SAME.  

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## I.

I long and fondly loved him,  
Yet, though in the tomb he's lain  
I would not for this world's wealth  
Call him back to earth again.

## II.

His soul was pure as the gushing stream  
That bursts from the mountain's head ;  
His heart was after God's own heart,  
With every virtue fed.

## III.

Alas! the withering blast came soon  
And closed his eyes in sleep ;  
Snatched from me my much loved one  
And left me here to weep.

## IV.

Like some fair flower which sweetly  
Reigns queen of all the bed ;  
But the ruthless blast comes quickly  
And bends her lovely head.