

THE ORPHAN'S GOOD-BYE

WHEN my heart was sad and lonely,
And had closed its inmost cell
Over the impulsive feelings
That rule my nation's hearts too well.

When the tie was cut asunder,
That had bound me to a home,
And I felt the desolation
Of being in the world alone ;

When I first, the veil assuming,
Masked before a treacherous world,
And the hopes romance expanded
Reality had sternly furled ;

And the touch of disappointment,
Blighted what was green and fair ,
And the spirit's bright revealings
Are not so hopeful as they were.

Precious are the words of kindness,
Falling on the heart like dew,
Freshening though, alas for weakness,
They cannot make things new.

Thoughts come warm from that deep fountain
Where the hidden feelings dwell,
First to thank thee, noble stranger,
Then to say a kind farewell.

1846.