

# THE TRYST.

Fair Lady, I have watched thee now for years,  
 Taking thy stand beneath the almond tree:  
 When twilight fades, and the shy moon out-peers,  
 And stars steal out, then also cometh thee.  
 Yes, we are chosen friends, they watch with me,  
 They are so patient, and they watch so late;  
 They may have lovers too, however that be,  
 True love can wait.

Still thou art sinful, wasting strength and youth  
 Forgetting woman's duty, all thy friends  
 Loving a shade some other's love, forsooth!  
 Come drop thy veil, fate will make amends.  
 I will not slight my duty, nor life's ends,  
 My chief love makes my other loves more great  
 Can Love be loved too much? What me depends!  
 True love can wait.

But time is fleeting like the silver light,  
 The gentle light that leaves the river's breast;  
 The winds are robbing blossoms of their white,  
 And all how lonely is an empty nest!  
 Yet time and light and bloom touch not my quest,  
 I would not live unguarded, to its fate,  
 My rose of faith for all the world holds best.  
 True love can wait.



Sweet Lady! Let me seek thy dearest out,  
 Such love as thine the whole dull world must love;  
 Make me thy messenger and have no doubt,  
 How may I know him, hast thou looks given?  
 Yes, we were pledged when sunset skies were riven,  
 With gifts of roses, by this woodland gale.  
 Till night, till morn, till age, till death, till heaven,  
 True love can wait.

Perhaps thy lover all deserves thy trust,  
 What if another claims his wayward heart?  
 When if he treats thy passion in the dust,  
 Choose some one else, and quip play thy part!  
 Ah, no, for love with me is not an art!  
 Nor could I curse my lover in such state,  
 False lights may tempt my sailor from his chard,  
 True love can wait.

O Love! my boat is rocking on the tide,  
 I know the light that flashed between our eyes  
 So long ago, here by the riverside!  
 O dost thou know me, Love, my bride, my prize?  
 O Love, if I had dreamed such dear surmise,  
 My kisses would have made my tongue abate!  
 O write it on the gates of Paradise.  
 True love can wait!

Charles H. Randall.