

IF I COULD KNOW

If I could know your heart was still my own,
And that your thoughts and hopes converged to
mine,

I should not in my loneliness repine.
If I could know your bonds had dearer grown
With every month that has forever flown,
My haunting fears should speedily decline,
And Love's pure, precious flame would brighter
shine,
And Happiness for Misery atone.

Then breathe some word to cheer me, and the winds
Will bear it over sea and over plain,
And I shall cease to murmur and to moan.
I can be brave to wait if meeting finds
Affection and blind trust were not in vain,
And that your heart was, and is still, my own.