

THE OLD LOVE.

'Tis in vain we appeal to the old love,
Asleep in her shroud of the snows;
She was good, she was true, she was hopeful—
Time's bridal, white, beautiful rose.
Then away with the pain and the anguish
Of parting, that ev'ry heart knows.

Let us then, for the sake of the old love,
Gaze long in those passion-warm eyes;
They are tearful and know not the rapture
Of anxious, bright, amethyst skies
That now lie, in the lap of the morning,
To greet the sad world's precious prize.

O poor heart! We are done with the old love,
And, on the fresh wind's mighty breath,
Comes a whisper of life, that is rosy,
And now a fond joy lingereth—
She has passed, through the portals of midnight,
From out the cold shadows of death.