

If I am a dreamer,
 Who—who is awake ?
 I've suffer'd, repented,
 Aspir'd to be thine ;
 And thou hast consented,
 Oh ! yes ! to be mine !

MAN'S INSUFFICIENCY.

Amidst the world's abusive mocks,
 And soul-subduing guile ;
 The heart may bear a thousand shocks,
 And still affect to smile ;
 How vainly ! for it must be cast,
 Nay, *beaten* to the dust at last !

The pride of Birth, of Wealth, of Pow'r,
 In all their gorgeous hues,
 May triumph, as they do, their hour,
 And Heav'n and Earth abuse ;
 But He who loosens binds as fast ;
 And shall He not avenge the past ?