

Seems ev'ry care but ours, to calm;

Fond - ly I thought, but now, all is o'er;

Too soon we part, love, to meet no more.

SECOND VERSE.

Oh, I had thought, my love, with thee to stray,
 Hop'd, fondly hop'd with ceaseless prayer;
 But the wild dream is past—all, all is o'er,

Strewing with roses thy onward way; ¹
 Blessing and blest thy path to share:
 Farewell, my only love! We meet no more.