

Untaught by flattery, unsustain'd by bliss,
Breath'd to the spirits' ear,—her tale was this:—

I cannot think the love of years ;
The hope unquench'd by many tears,
Which Time's dark wing has ne'er obscur'd,
Nor other love one day allur'd ;
Nor absence taught to e'er resign,
Nor all that sorrow could combine ;
Nor doubt, nor coldness, could estrange,
Nor pride could mar, or break, or change ;
I cannot think such love will rest
A sunless stream in this true breast ;
Some power of the mind discerns
The fragrance in true friendship's urns :
And *thou* must know that none to thee
Return so true, unchang'd, as me.
The gentle whisper ne'er departs,
Repeating Time shall join our hearts ;
And I to all may proudly prove
The truth of chaste and changeless love.

L I N E S .

From cruel scorn protect me, Lord,
And give me wisdom, grace, and power ;
Oh let me not offend in word,
But live to praise thee every hour.