

TO MARY.

"Nay, I shall live while the rose may live,
"And sing till the birds be dumb,
"And the thought of me in the memory
"Like a sweet, old scent shall come."

"In your joy and pain, in your loss and gain,
"In your song shall I have part,
"And keep my home, and find my room
"Forever in your heart."

THE END.