

THE BRIDAL MORN.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grave,
And men below, and saints above."

I



MOTHER, wake ! The day is dawning,
The bright, white light is creeping in,
I cannot sleep !
Through curl'd tendril, vine clad awning.
Pale clustering rose, and Jessamin.
Oh, I must weep !

II

My heart is full, imagining
The future in the misty years ;
I cannot see
Where trends the road, determining
'Tween peace and pain ; oppressive fears
Obtrude on me.

III

Dear Mother, wake ! How sleep so calm !
My brain is worn with ceaseless thought,
Oh, pity me !
Where can I find a soothing balm,
To still the tumult love has wrought
Serenity !

IV

O, simple maid ! O, silly heart !
Hold fast thy golden treasure trove,
In artlessness.
Let not a doubt, a shadow, part
The thread that binds thy crystal love,
Sweet trustfulness !