

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn,  
 When the sun's first beams appear,  
 Oh, sweet is the shepherd's strain,  
 When it dies in the listening ear,  
 But sweeter far,  
 By yon pale star,  
 With our true Love to roam.—*Scott.*

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Love's fire ne'er goes out,  
 Change and transition round the altar pass,  
 But vanish as the breath-stain in the glass,  
 Noontide and day and night,  
 Burns on the holy light,  
 It goes out,—never.—*Harriett Annis.*

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To die for what we love ; oh there is  
 Power in the true heart for this. It is  
 To live without the vanished light, that  
 Strength is needed. —*Hemans.*

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Love may be increased by fears,  
 May be found by sighs,  
 Nursed by fancies, fed by doubts,  
 But without hope it dies.—*Landon.*

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Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,  
 When the dew-drops glisten,  
 Then should lovers plight their vows,  
 Then should ladies listen.—*Landon.*