

And the softest couch I seek, Ellie,
Is thy green and grassy bed,
And my choicest piece of sculptured art
Is the marble at thy head.

They filled the festal cup, Ellie,
And o'er the flashing wine
They praised the lovely girl I won
To deck the marriage shrine ;
Will God forgive me—o'er that child
No smile of love I shed,
For I drank in solemn silence
To the memory of the dead.

When I brought my child-bride home, Ellie,
The home that once was ours,
She praised the decorated rooms,
The birds, the founts, the flowers ;
But *one* sweet portrait from our walls
Had vanished by that night,
And she told me, with a fond caress,
She hid it from my sight.