

That peradventure he may live,  
And yet return at their command.

For well they knew that the disease,  
Could not be reached by mortal power,  
Except that Oswald had some balm,  
To save her from the fatal hour.  
They read to her one happy morn,  
That Oswald was not really dead ;  
That he had only been too ill,  
To leave his long afflicted bed.

But that his health was better now,  
And that in three short days he'd come,  
To see his Hattie Thornton yet,  
Around his dear adopted home ;  
And orders many then were given,  
For Oswald Grey rooms to prepare ;  
And her own hand would pluck the flowers,  
To adorn them with such beauty rare.

And then she wrote her thought of love,  
And pinn'd them to the rose's leaf ;  
And told him how she waited long,  
And spent her days and nights in grief ;  
And that the flowers that he brought,  
From lady Bibby long before,  
Was left him as a type of love,  
That lasted till this life was o'er.

But that the flowers she had plucked,  
Were but a type of fading bliss ;  
That she had withered as these flowers,  
Whose beauty for his own she'd kiss ;  
Then Oswald Grey came through the gate ;