

Little thou dreamest, thou dear one,
 Of the sad truth,
 How thy priz'd flower, thy sole one,
 Blighted in youth,
 Droopingly lieth, all faded,
 Never again
 To lift up the head, all so jaded,
 'Neath sun or rain ;

Never again to give answer
 Back to thy love.
 Loud though thy dear voice may call her,
 It cannot move,
 It may not thrill her cold pulses,
 Once as it thrilled,
 Nor make the fond heart beat quicker
 That death hath stilled.

Faster the shadows are falling
 Dear one, adieu !
 This grief, which will be so appalling,
 God temper to you.
 Above, where there enters no sorrow,
 I'll still watch for thee ;
 Adieu, my beloved, no morrow
 There dawneth for me.