

Down which the cattle went to drink
 In summer, from the river's brink.
 "The river! Hope within them sank;
 The fatal thought that drew her there
 They knew, before, among the rank,
 White-blossomed weeds upon the bank,
 They found the shawl she used to wear,
 And on it pinned a little note:
 "Oh, blame me not!" it read, "for when
 I once am free, my soul will float
 To him! He cannot leave me then!
 I know not if 't is right or wrong—
 I go from life—I care not how;
 I only know he loved me once—
 He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black,
 Funereal pine-trees on the hill,
 The poor, worn form the stream gave back
 They laid in slumber, cold and still.
 Her secret slept with her; none knew
 Whose fickle smile had left the pain
 That cursed her life; to one thought true,
 Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,
 Secure from all, hid safe from blame,
 In life and death had kept his name.
 Yet, often, with a thrill of fear,
 Her mother, as she lies awake
 At night, will fancy she can hear
 A voice, whose tone is like the drear,
 Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make:
 "I know not if 't is right or wrong—
 I go from life—I care not how;
 I only know he loved me once—
 He does not love me now!"