

'REMEMBER ME.'

BY ESPERANCE.

REMEMBER thee? Ere yet the sun
 Has its diurnal race begun,
 Thy name is on my lips, in prayer
 That I thy future lot may share;
 For thoughts of thee come with the light
 To supplement the dreams of night.

Remember thee! When in the sky
 The noontide sun is riding high,
 And up and down the busy street
 I hear the tramp of many feet,
 My poor heart yearns with quickened pain,
 To hear *thy* footstep once again.

Remember thee! When in the west
 The glowing sun has sunk to rest,
 And kindly twilight stoops to lay
 A mantle o'er the sleeping day,
 I stand and watch the paling sky,
 And think how brightest hopes may die.

Remember thee! When day is done,
 When evening's shadowed hours have run,
 When midnight's banner is unfurled
 And silence cloaks the sleeping world,
 I clasp my hands in tearful prayer,
 Committing thee to Heaven's care.

Remember thee! From break of day
 Till night again has passed away,
 In weal or woe—on memory's shrine
 Reigns one dear image, that is thine!
 Small need to say: 'Remember me!'
 When *every hour* I think of thee!

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'Remember me!' Ah, now these words,
 Which once you spoke and seemed to mean,
 Are but to you a hollow form,
 And that you spoke them but a dream!
 Whilst I—through all the years to be—
 Shall evermore remember thee!