

TO \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

THOU lov'st me not, and seldom have we met,  
Nor ever have thy dreams mine image borne.  
Some other hand thy loving tasks shall set,  
Some other lip shall bless thee night and morn.  
Yet have I dreamt such happy fate was won—  
To be with thee forever, still to hear,  
Adown the pathway of each fading year,  
Thy gentle voice like music lead me on.  
Ah, generous dream of unsubstantial joy,  
Go with me where my star shall rise or set!  
For, though thou imagest but to destroy,  
And ever mock'st me with delusive art,  
I would no charm to teach me to forget  
The still and silent worship of the heart.