



1855



To My Wife



ADAPTED FROM AN OLD POEM
OF 101 YEARS AGO.



I PLAY'D with you, 'mid wild flowers blowing.
When I was seven and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more;
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together
Six and sixty years ago.

You grew a dark-eyed thoughtful maiden.
Our early love was very strong;
Still with no cares our days were laden,
They glided joyously along.
We loved each other very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show;
I knew your heart was touch'd as nearly
As mine was—sixty years ago.

You grew a matron, kind and comely.
As olive plants our children grew;
Our earthly lot was sweet and homely,
Contentment made our union true.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow
Than when our youngest child was christen'd,
Eight and twenty years ago.