

AT THE BRIDAL



H ! but the bride was lovely,
 Oh ! but the scene was bright,
 And why was the bridegroom's face
 as pale
 As his lady's robe of white ?

Did you not see beside him
 A guest unasked, unbid ?
 Who came up the aisle with silent feet
 And gazed at him ? he did !

He saw her eyes upon him,
 He felt her icy breath ;
 And under the bride's warm clinging hand
 There crept the touch of death.

And above the low responses
 There fell upon his ear
 A voice forbidding the nuptial banns ;
 But no one else could hear.