

Regret.

Darling, lying there so pale and still,
With the death-dew on thy quiet brow,
Shall I twine my loving arms around thee?
Kiss the lips that cannot answer now?

Through the rigid silence that enfolds thee,
In the shadow-land of spectres drear,
^{Could} would my warm caresses stir thy heart-beats?
Would my loving whispers reach thine ear?

Dearest, for the tender words unspoken
While thine eyes of azure met the day,
Now with aching heart I sue for pardon,
Weep repentance o'er thy lifeless clay.

Seldom can we guard from loss love's sweetness
In the cruel strain of mortal life,
With the tumult of the world around us,
And our souls distracted by its strife.

Only when the grave has sealed forever
From our gaze the faces that we loved,
Do we realise, with bitter heart-pain,
What a feeble staff our love has proved.

If we vainly cry across the silence,
Strain our feeble eyes into the night,
Listening, longing, praying for an answer
From the dear ones hidden from our sight.

Dearest, in the far-off world of spirits
Thou art safe forever from earth's pain,
Farther than my voice of grief can follow,
Thou art dwelling till we meet again.

Darling, on thy calm, cold brow I kiss thee
Kiss thine icy lips a last 'good-bye'—
This I sorrow over is but the casket,
In God's crown the jewel gleams on high!
