

4
To my Dead Love.

The sunbeams fall upon the gleaming river,
And all the dew-wet blossoms faintly quiver,
Raising their starry eyes to greet the morn;
Each pulse of nature throbs with life new-born;
Yet out of all for me the light has fled,
Since in thy grave all hope & joy lie dead.
Long, weary days have passed since last I saw thee,
Since ere sad Death, victorious, came to woo thee,
and bore thee far away to realms of air.
Love, bend thee down if my voice reach thee there
In that far heaven, and whisper in my ear
The tender words that I was wont to hear.
In all the lonely days that yet must be,
Ah, lean thee down, dear love, and comfort me.

Regret.

My love is dead, and I am left alone
Here in this weary world of jar and fret,
This stricken world, where misery's ceaseless moan
Pays cruel usury for Adam's debt.
Where souls that would aspire are penned in clay,
And hearts that dare to love are seared with loss,
Where sorrow reigns from dawn till close of day,
And weakest shoulders bear the sorest cross.
There is no light or joy in all the ~~world~~ earth,
No brightness anywhere to cheer mine eyes,
Until I turn from sombre nature's dearth
And unto Thee, my God, by Faith arise.
The earth is Thine, — O Father, hear my prayer,
Send comfort to Thy suffering children there.
