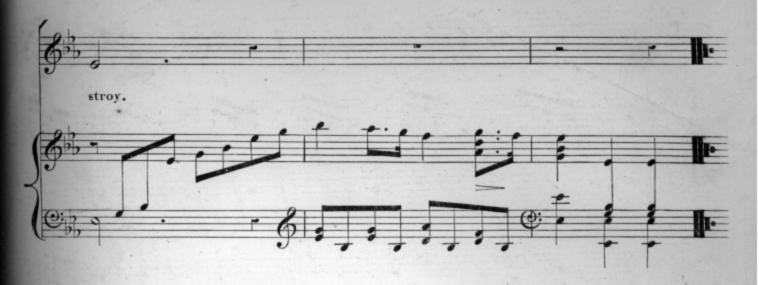




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2

As one too dear to love,
As one I think of but to bless,
As wretchedly I rove;
But oh! when sorrows cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think,
It holds no drop for thee.

3

And now my dreams are sadly o'er,

Fate bids them all depart,

And I must leave my native shore,

In brokeness of heart;

Then oh! dear one, when far from thee,

I ne'er know joy again,

I would not, that one thought of me

Should give thy bosom pain.

G. W. Quidor Eng VI