

(1)

I have loved once.

A maiden happy in possession of such charms  
As win the admiration of impulsive youth  
First stole my heart. Reclining in her arms  
Yet all too soon I learned the sweetest truth  
Of love, in its first splendour bursting o'er my soul,  
Too soon the ecstasies of tender passion proved,  
Nor dreamt I then while greatly I was loved  
What future pain I'd yet have to condole.

O headstrong boy!

Or heart developed far beyond thy verdant years!  
The warmth and depth of thy pure, all-abiding love  
Will lead thee sadly through the vale of tears.  
Sorrowing long, calm comfort from Above  
Alone will heal the wound now rankling in thy breast;  
Drink deep of Love Divine, nor deem the star yet set  
On thy young life, full laden with regret -  
Once full of hope - for there there yet is rest!

O dearest love!

Do thou be true no blame. Of thee no hard word said.  
 Thou lovedst long and well - a hopeless sort of love;  
 Thy better wisdom told thee, as thou led  
 My own boy, innocent as any dove, -  
 Tho' deeply pierced with Cupids poignant dart -  
 Through all the mazes of his mystic art,  
 That thy sweet love and mine, could have but one sad ending,  
 Time banishing Romance, and Love with Time contending.

O roseate hues!

Beauteous, in bright simplicity, our schemes,  
 Gaudy, but empty, all our love-sick dreams!  
 Doom'd not to tread Life's joyous path together  
 So lightly then we trod o'er blooming heath.  
 Far, far apart our different lots are cast,  
 And sad to me that then we interwove  
 Young heart with younger heart in knots so fast  
 That separation means but blighted love.

O cherished memories!

Backward my thoughts dart through many a year  
 Where gladness was once, there is sorrowing here,

Mourning, forever the hopes that are dead

And have left but despairing to reign in their stead

Years that are wasted how vainly I mourn

While drifting away to my mystical bourn.

Broken vows haunt me, and broken hearts too

Pallid lips murmur of words oft untrue.

Thy love has long since gone

And mine is fading fast

Thoughts sadly tinged, yet sweet

I have of that strange past

Pining, I drift away

To my mystical bourn

Hopelless I live, and faint,

My chief joy is to mourn.

Mourning the joys that are dead

The heart that can no more beat  
In quick response to my own,

As I claimed your love, O sweet!

I called you my very own,

nor my passion did you deny

As folded fondly in your arms

I was often wont to lie.

And who but we can know

The intensesness of that pleasure

When life met life and in long embrace

We firmly clasped each other?

How you entered into my joys

Or wept at my school trouble

And trippingly to cheer my soul

Ran gaily through the stubble.

My hand in yours the while

My heart most wildly beatings

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nor stopped we e'en to yield to each  
Our usual tender greeting,  
Till past the field we came  
To our own heather bowers  
Where in low and loving converse  
we whiled the passing hours.

And shouts of boys at play  
Assailed the unwilling ear,  
Why they so madly gay,  
And I so sober here?  
Or why that flush subdued  
That hotness on my cheek, -  
The mad-cap, giddy headed boys  
How passionately meek?

Outward delights for me  
No more could have a charm,  
My chief delight now to recline  
My head upon your arm

Warm pressings of the hand  
 And warmer still embrace,  
 The longing, yearning of the eyes,  
 The gaze into the face.

Lip often joined to lip,  
 While chirrup sweet infuses  
 honours of life into our love,  
 Assurance else refuses.  
 No need now to renew  
 Pledges of love long given  
 The glance itself is proof enough  
 Of earth still turn'd to heaven.

For us the sky is clear  
 No dark thoughts of the morrow  
 Flit o'er our horizon,  
 Changing our joy to sorrow.  
 Distrust is far removed  
 And all is simple faith

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Clinging to each others love  
And weaving fond a wreath,

Of sweet affection tried,  
Innocent round heart and heart,  
We bound ourselves together  
In the bond of Cupid's art.