



To Miss Lizzie

I met thee, and the joy that broke
Into my bosom when you spoke,
Thy smiles hath banished all despair,
And in its stead delight sits there.

I met thee, and how sweet thine eye
Gleamed on me as you passed me by,
And now, now, now, I thought, like you
Thou smother'st of those smiles were true.

I met thee, Oh! I'll never forget
That thou'rt a fond devotee yet
For this love become mine of mine
And that devotion Lizzie's thine.

I met thee, O, the joy, the bliss,
An angel would have loved to kiss
Thine lips, that seemed to smile on me—
A sweeter smile could never be.

I met thee since that joyful time
Love finds me in its mighty power,
Imagination pictures me
An angel in it, and—thou'rt there.

Faint their May we meet again,
Oh let thy faithful swills remain
To cheer my heart, to sooth my brow,
I loved thee then - I love thee now

Wm. W. W.

To Lizzie

"I'll think of thee, Lizzie when the landscape is still,
And the soft mist is floating from valley and hill;
When the mild, rosy beam of the morning I see,
I'll think of thee, Lizzie, and only of thee!

I'll think of thee, Lizzie when the first sound ^{of}
Passes the bright pinion'd bird from its covert away;
For the world's busy voice has no music for me—
I'll think of thee, Lizzie and only of thee!

I'll think of thee, Lizzie when the dark shadows sleep
On the billows that roll o'er the emerald deep;
Like the swift speeding gales, every thought thou wilt be—
I'll think of thee, Lizzie, and only of thee!

I'll think of thee, Lizzie, while thou art afar,
And I'll liken thy smile to the night's fairest star:
As the ocean shall breathe of its home in the sea—
So in absence my spirit will murmur of thee!

A friend,
A.....

Bowling Green Ky