

SONG.

I AM wearing away like the snow in the sun,
I am wearing away from the pain in my heart;
But ne'er shall he know, who my peace has undone,
How bitter, how lasting, how deep is my smart.

I know he would pity—so kind is his soul,
To him my affliction would agony be;
But never, while I can my feelings control,
The youth whom I love shall know sorrow through
me.

Though longing to weep, in his presence I'll smile,
Call the flush on my cheek the pure crimson of
health ;

His fears for my peace by my song I'll beguile,
Nor venture to gaze on his eyes but by stealth.

For conscious I am, by my glance is exprest
The passion that faithful as hopeless will be,
And he, whom, alas ! I can ne'er render blest,
Shall never, no never, know sorrow through me.