

TO HENRY.

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THY fatal form, where'er I go,  
Still swims before my sight ;  
It dooms the day to restless woe,  
Of sleep it robs the night :

While thou art wandering far away,  
From all such sorrow free ;  
Forgetting her, who, night and day,  
Can think of NOUGHT BUT THEE.



Yet, be it so ! I would not cloud

Thy days in gloom like mine ;

No....though my life to grief be vowed,

May constant bliss be thine !

I'll ne'er by looks, or language, speak

The pang that preys on me ;

Nor shalt thou, if my heart should break,

Suspect it **BREAKS FOR THEE.**