O THERE IS NOT A SHARPER DART.

O THERE is not a sharper dart
Can pierce the mourner's suffering heart,
Than when the friend we love and trust
Tramples that friendship into dust,—
Forgets the sacred, honour'd claim,
And proves it but an empty name!

I almost as a sister lov'd thee,
And thought that nothing could have mov'd thee!
But, like the dewdrops on a spray
That shrinks before the morning ray,—
Like the frail sunshine on the stream,
Thy friendship faded as a dream.

When sickness and when sorrow tried me,
Thy aid—thy friendship was denied me;
Thy love was but a summer flower,
And could not stand the wintry shower:
More for thyself than me I grieve
Thou could'st thus cruelly deceive.