

Lines to

Does life with thee propitious glide?
Or Sorrow mark thy days,
And by her Ebon Clouds divide
Thy form from sunny Illumined Ways?
I trust not - yet this heart of mine
By many a Sorrow hath been wrung,
And where my dearest hopes could twine,
I knew they but despairing clung.
Yet may the Angel Smiles of peace
Around thy passing day be strew'd;
May fleeting hours but Bliss increase,
Nor on thy heart one care intrude.

John G. Putton