

# THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

BONDS OF LOVE.

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A STRAIN of the heart's music ! yet one more,  
Though it be low and broken in its tone,  
And feeble as an infant's dying moan,  
For thee, beloved, I pour.

A strain of the heart's music, full of love,  
Tender and grateful,—love the tried and true,  
Yet mingled with a touch of sadness too,  
Like voice of pining dove.

For past is now life's glad and joyous spring,  
When every breeze my busy pulses stirred,  
And my heart carolled, like a forest-bird  
Rising on new-fledged wing.

Now through life's summer-time we journey on,  
Bearing the heat and burden of the day,  
Finding, at every footstep of the way,  
Some loved companion gone.

Hope weaves no more her wild fantastic measure,  
But wraps herself in memory's mantle gray,  
And chaunts with quiet voice, truth's simple lay  
Of mingled pain and pleasure.

Yet in my bosom joy doth still abide,  
Aye, joy as pure as ever earth has proved,  
For am I not still loving and beloved?  
Still, dear one, at thy side?

The happiness we have together known,  
The bitter tears we have together shed,  
The gentle memories of our blessed dead,  
Cherished by us alone:

These are the links that bind our wedded hearts,  
These are the bonds that make me love thee more,  
As years, like spent waves, die upon life's shore  
And youth departs.