

Warm Springs Or Feb 14 1886

To Mary

I love thee my dearest, and Oh! could I know,  
Thy love upon me, thou couldst fully bestow;  
Nought think's the dark clouds would roll back from my way,  
And let in the light of a bright, golden day.

Oh! how sweet it would be, to be loved once again,  
To forget the long years of deep sorrow and pain;  
To know that one heart ever beats truly for me,  
As onward I journey o'er life's troubled sea.

O! sweet love, I would clasp thee with joy to my heart,  
And vow that no power, on earth shall us part;  
I would read the love light, in thy dear loving eyes,  
And hear the soft notes, of the love that I prize.

Oh! may I not hope that the future will bring,  
All the joys of that love life, whose praises I sing;  
And promise me love, that thou'lt surely bestow,  
Thus bringing sweet joy to thine own Valentine.