

ALONE [TO—]

1

O! I care not that my earthly lot
Hath—little of Earth in it—
That years of love have been forgot
In the fever of a minute—

2

I heed not that the desolate
Are happier, sweet, than I—
But that you meddle with my fate
Who am a passer-by.

3

I heed not that my founts of bliss
Be gushing, oh! with tears
That the tremor of one kiss
Hath palsied many years—

4

'Tis not that the flowers of twenty springs
Which have wither'd as they rose
Lie dead on my heart-strings
With the weight of an age of snows.

5

Nor that the grass—O! may it thrive!
On my grave is growing or grown—
But that, while I am dead and alive
I cannot be, love, alone.

[1829]