

BRIDAL BALLAD

The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow—
Satins and jewels grand,
And many a rood of land,
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now!

He has loved me long and well,
And, when he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,
For—the words were his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now!

And he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow—
But a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
“Oh, I am happy now!”

And thus they said I plighted
An irrevocable vow—
And my friends are all delighted
That his love I have requited—
And my mind is much benighted
If I am not happy now!

Lo! the ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow—
Satins and jewels grand
And many a rood of land,
Are all at my command,
And I must be happy now!

I have spoken—I have spoken—
They have registered the vow—
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream—I know not how!
And my soul is sorely shaken,
Lest an evil step be taken,
And the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now!

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