



SONG

'He loves me—loves me not.'

WHO would not love,
Were Love the simple boy,
Wing'd like the harmless dove,
The child of Mirth and Joy?
Who but would love?
Not I, dear maids, not I!

Wing'd like the harmless dove,
Love yet has wings to fly!

Who would not dream—ah, who,
Were waking free from pain?
Who would not dream? but few
Who wake may dream again!
And oh, sweet friend!
I tremble even in sleep,
To dream that dreams may end,
And dreamers wake to weep!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.