

^{on} The Bride.

The bridal veil hangs over her brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger;
Her lips have breath'd the marriage vow;
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade?
Why dim her eyes when doubt is over?
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean trembling on her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For vows so lately spoken?
It is a fear scarce owned as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh, no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's passing swiftly over her!
Here's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who now, her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly thriven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years,
That to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears,
And over her face a shade is flinging

It is the thought of duties new,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving;
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do;
Of all she loves, and all she's leaving.

It is the thought of by-gone days;
Of them, the good, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her tearful gaze—
The dear, the absent, the departed!

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping;
On who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keeping

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps: for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no hiding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles re-light her eye with gladness;
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, her transient sadness.