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THE HESPERIAN.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

THE UNRETURNING

Girl of my heart; but once I've seen
Your face, and you are years away;
Yet are you nightly in my every dream,
And with me day by day.

Girl of my heart, can I but dream
Your beauty and your angel grace?
Never am I to hear your singing voice?
Or look upon your fair face?

This is the world. What is my wealth
And all my name and fame to me?
My castle walls are prison walls for aye.
I may not come to thee.

Fair as the midnight lily's face
Pure as the moonlight on the snow
Sweet as the scent of clover fields at morn
In dreams of long ago.

Girl of my heart, but once I've seen
Your face, and years away you live.
Yet have I known you better day by day;
Yet would I give—

All that I have or hope to have,
All that I am or hope to be
To rest at last within thy two fair arms
At last to rest with thee!

—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO WEEKLY.