

There's a tittle in the candle,
It points direct to me;
How the little spark is shining
From whomever can it be?
It gets brighter still, and brighter,
Like a little sunny ray,
And I dare to guess the writer,
For it drives suspense away.
2nd
Chorus

Hope and fear at times perplex me;
Oh! superstition spreads;
How many ill fancies
You conjure in my head.
When those we love are absent,
How wantonly you play,
Even shadow seems a substance
And it drives suspense away.
3rd
Chorus

Here a letter in the bundle
December 1876