

To Josephine

Oh may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
With joy's sweet tides ever gushing to thy heart;
May all the promises of thy beautiful spring,
True bright ever beyond hopes imagining.

A beautiful landscape is before thee past,
With scenes ever brighter than the glowing past,
With countless buds and murmuring fountains flowing,
And all the scene with rainbow radiance glowing.

Oh may no cloud ever dim thy sunlit way,
No blast ever leave those flowers to decay;
And may each prayer that's fondly breathed for thee,
Be heard by Him who rules thy destiny;

Thine

Excuse the haste in which I have written this
as I entirely forgot my promise