

Dreams of friendship haunt my slumbers,  
 Sad day-thoughts obscure my brow;  
 And though my tongue's unfit for numbers,  
 Still my troubled numbers flow.

Oh God, nip off this bitter blossom,  
 Ere, 'set to fruit, it weighs me down;  
 Infuse forgiveness in her bosom,  
 Or pour oblivion o'er my own.

Tuesday morning.  
 April - , 1829.