To my Daughter
on being requested to write in her Album.

O, do not ask me now for rhyme,
For I am lonely-hearted,
And lost are all the dear delights
The Muses once imparted.
I sigh no more for Hybla's dews,
Nor Helicon's bright water;
I only crave a sable wave,
Of Lethe's stream, my Daughter.

And wouldst thou share thy father's woes,
And weep because he's weeping?
Then seek with him yon valley's shade,
Where beauty's wreck is sleeping;
For in that sad and lonely place,
Death's solemn, silent quarter,
Was laid the pride of all her sex,
The mother of my Daughter.

She was all bright and beautiful,
A floating Star before me,
Whose lustre was my guiding light,
Forever shining o'er me.
So much of Heaven was in her ways,
How often have I thought her,
Some Seraph sent us from the skies,
To bless this earth, my Daughter.

It was from her alone I drew,
My minstrel inspiration;
But when she died, and left me here -
My soul in desolation,
I broke the Harp she loved to hear,
Destroyed the Songs I wrought her;
Nor can my voice, again rejoice,
In cheerful strains my Daughter.

Then name some other boon my child,
Thou knowest I can deny thee
No gift thy innocence demands,
Whilst thou art smiling by me;
But should I dare restring my harp,
By Chattahoochee's water,
The bitter tears of other years,
Would flow afresh my Daughter.