To

Mary-Ann.

Written at Velasco.

O, Mary, when we parted last,
Beneath our favorite tree,
You bade me watch the evening Star,
And strike my harp to thee. —
That harp is not what once it was;
Confusion o'er it reigns!
The chords have caught my own despair,
And breathe bewilder'd strains;
There is no gladness in their voice,
They shed no welcome balm,
They only deepen my lament,
For thee my Mary Ann.

Then be my Lyre in silence laid,
'Till brighter days shall bloom;
And should no future morning break,
Its spirit to relume —
O, should it waft no more, my fair,
Its wonted strains to thee,
Thou must not deem thyself forgot,
Or less beloved by me;
But let the tones with which it once,
In happier moments rang,
Interpret still its master's love,
For thee, my Mary Ann.

Long have I been, my lovely one,
A worshipper of thee;
Long hast thou been a pure and bright
Divinity to me;
And tho' denied by fortune now,
To bow before thy shrine,
My heart beats on all warmly still,
Untouched by space and time,
And never can, while life shall last,
In tempest or in calm,
Refuse to pour its orisons,
For thee, my Mary Ann.

Why should I change ?– I know the flowers
Are bright in Texan dells ;
And brighter still the sparkling eyes
Of Texas' sprightly Belles ;
But in this land of light and love,
On earth, the fairest clime,
There is no flower or living thing,
Whose charms can equal thine ;–
O'er all that's bright and sweet and pure,
Thy beauty bears the palm ;
Thou art the Rose of all thy race,
My blue-eyed Mary Ann.

That matchless Rose – that matchless Rose,
That bloomed for me alone –
Can I forget its loveliness ?
Or cease its loss to mourn ?–
No, loved one, no – by day and night,
My thoughts are turned on thee,
And every recollection wrings,
A silent tear from me ;
For mine's a love, that's full of grief,
A life-consuming pang,
That will not let me cease to weep,
For thee, my Mary Ann.

I soon shall seek the battle-field,
Where freedom's banners wave;
For mine is still the path that leads
To glory or the grave;—
The hope of thy approving voice,
Will fire each flaging vein;
Will pour fresh valor in the heart,
And light me on to fame;
But O, the wreath that valor wins,
On danger's stormy van,
Is not so welcome as one smile,
From thee, my Mary Ann.

Adieu, adieu, thou cherished one!
Beloved of early years,
Whose beauty threw a rainbow-light,
O'er all my cloud of cares;—
When fortune failed, and friends fell off,
And foes came trooping on,
I found a refuge in thy smiles,
A solace in thy song;—
Then be thy life prolong'd and blest,
Thy death, serene and calm;
And mayst thou rise a Morning Star
In Heaven, my Mary Ann.