

And friendship be destroyed by time
And no my friend that cannot be
While memory's potent powers are mine
And oft at twilight I'll think of thee
That sacred hour so dear to me
Beneath some lonely silent bower
I'll think of thee

And when the weary are at rest
And all are lost in sleep but me
When friends are gone far to the West
I'll think of thee

And can I ever forget thee, never
Though parted we may ever be
Till death and earthly ties shall sever
I'll think of thee

And when the storms of life are past
And we are hurried to the tomb
On some happy shore at last
I may I meet with thee

Mary Angeline

May 30 1837 Wednesday