



The Chautauquan,

Meadville,

Pa.

She thrilled under its
touch and when the
sure earnest victory of
feelings he could be
tender and thoughtful
all day the long passion
and making and busy
doing the little better
But with night again
grew fervent thinking of
trigler's night - It came
~~and~~ over his bosom
he felt swept with a
brides touch. Was not
the passion of his love
was not the thrill of
the day was the
passionless pure second
heart long ~~the~~ gave
then ~~the~~ his thousands
7 years have faded

at night he sought a
another in a vale in
his lands
the vale grew sad and true
she longed for a gentler
love. She dreamed of
a love like the moon-
light that went to the
hill to her left, of a
light like the nightingale
deep with the reclining
and. Sounded and sudden
one night as she lay
in sorrow, she felt a
soft kiss on her cheek
was the mist that nightly
came to unfold itself
and spread a dew on
her eyes and a whisper
her cheek with his cold
hair.
could it be gone without

The earth was a ~~dark~~ bare
beaten madam
There was a vale ~~there~~ over
yonder in whose heart lies
a secret deep
A romance I guess I ask
waited her
through the horns of adieu,
use night.
The vale was wed to the sun
God thousands of years ago
A faithful wife he made
and smiled and laughed
with her at his kisses
of that hot heated passion
which he poured upon her
face but the sun was a
warmer love and
left her many a day and