

" Not quite forgotten "



Not quite forgotten, tho' the years endeavour
To fling a veil between thy soul and mine;
~~Days in mine heart thy memory liveth ever,~~
By tears & smiles unaltered is thy shrine.

Not quite forgotten, Oh thou first and fairest
Still my day dreams! Thou who yet must be
Trusted in longest and still loved the dearest
Forgotten! There is no such word for thee.

Not quite forgotten, for thy dear reflection
Undimmed in memory ever must remain:
And there are times when all the old affection
Which I have borne thee surges back again.

To, not forgotten, for a chance resemblance,
A voice that rings as thine hath rung of old,
Will often bring thee back to my remembrance,
And reproduce the past a thousand fold.

Faint as the fragrance of a flower long gather'd—
Such is the love I bear thee, and no sin
I count it, for its passion long since wish'd,
And now 'tis love with nought of earth therein.