



THE KISS

WE stood within her father's hall,
Which one lamp dimly lighted;
And as I clasped her fingers small.
I wished our vows were plighted.
My love, as yet, was unconfessed;
Thought I, "Shall I wait longer?"
And while that dainty palm I pressed,
Fast grew my hope, and stronger.

She kissed me once, and once again!
Oh, may I be forgiven
For thinking that there opened then
To me the gates of heaven!
'Twas love's first kiss, and all unasked—
I had not dared to ask it,
And now that kiss lies treasured fast
In memory's golden casket.

I kissed her hand; I rose erect;
I caught her eyes' soft glancing;
Then, ere I knew what to expect,
Mine was this joy entrancing:
She raised to me her blushing face,
And, with sweet lips a-quiver
(The memory of that time and place
Shall live with me forever),

I hastened then to tell my love;
Alas! she bade me to forget!
She said, 'twas friendship she would prove;
But no—that scene is with me yet—
Her fair young face, her golden hair,
Her sweet, red lips upraised to mine,
Her deep and lustrous dark eyes, where
I thought I saw love's fervor shine.

Foundation

Ah, well, that day is long since gone,
And she has never missed me:
But never, till my last day dawn,
Can I forget *she kissed me!*

CHARLES HAMPTON.

