

# WILT THOU GO?

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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Thou hast wandered with Eustace o'er mountain and wave  
Thou hast closed his blue eyes, and wept o'er his grave,  
Thou didst lift this bright curl from his beautiful brow—  
For thy friend's sake, young stranger, leave, leave me not  
NOW.

Ay, speak not of madness—I know thy unrest,  
A train of pale phantoms haunts ever thy breast,  
Scenes of shadow and wildness may suit thee, and yet  
'Mid the storm of the mountains thou wilt not forget.

Then stay with me, Arthur—oh, stay with me long,  
Stay, and oft in the twilight I'll sing thee each song  
That my Eustace once loved, and at night the still tide  
Of yon lonely blue lake shall be stirred where we glide.

Stay—the young moon is rising above the green trees,  
And the night-bird's sweet singing floats faint on the  
breeze ;

Oh, stay, I implore thee, for Eustace is gone,  
And his spirit would frown didst thou leave me alone.

Ay, I see thou dost weep—by the mem'ry of him—  
By each tear of that eye whose dream-azure is dim,  
By each kiss of that lip, whose young crimson is stilled,  
Leave, leave not the heart that fate's autumn has chilled.

Alas, can no pleading arrest thee, wild one?  
Wilt thou rush to the mountains all quiet to shun?  
For the sake of thy friend thou shouldst answer me no ;  
Farewell—but I love thee—now, say wilt thou go?

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