

The New York Ledger
XIII:11:5, May 23, 1857

TO ONE I LOVE.
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Long have I listened for thy trembling tone,
Oft do I sigh to gaze upon thy brow;
At twilight's hour of love I dream alone—
Stranger, sweet stranger, where—oh, where art thou?
Why wilt thou linger thus away from me?
Mine own, my bright one, let me look on thee.

Thy brow is pale, ay, strangely pale and proud;
Thy voice is music and thy heart is high;
Thy spirit's eagle-wing is all unbowed,
And love, deep love, is in thine earnest eye;
But does that eye shrine blue and dreamy light,
Or flash electric fire from gloom like night?

Is thy rich hair warm with a golden glow,
Or dark and heavy as the storm-cloud seems?
And does it wander in a wavy flow?
Most wildly worshipped idol of young dreams!
And is the lip whence such high words are shed
Proud with a classic curve or sweet with red?

Tell me, sweet stranger, where thy head finds rest;
When the wild wood-bird's weary wings are furled—
Oh, art thou clasped to some devoted breast,
Or art thou lonely in a crowded world?
Thou whom I love so deeply—thou, oh, thou
For whom my heart is beating sadly now.

Say, art thou floating on the storied seas,
Or by the Gaudalquiver or the Rhine,
Or mid wild winds that war with Alpine trees,
Or where Italia's stars above thee shine—
Or in mine own land?—but this could not be:
Wert thou thus near, might I not gaze on thee?

We have not met—alas! we may not meet
On this our earth—but I will give my love
To winds and birds and flowers, to bear a sweet,
Rich incense to thee here—and, oh, above,
Past night's deep blue and stars—mine, mine alone—
[Th]ou'lt be mine *there*, sweet stranger, all mine own.