

SECRET LOVE.

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SECRET LOVE.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

RAISE me gently—gently, sister, that my brow may catch
the breeze

Softly gliding through the casement from yon grove of
orange-trees;

That mine ear may drink the music gushing forth in mel-
low lays,

Made by song-birds sweetly warbling their evening hymns
of praise;

That mine eye again may wander to the bosom of yon
stream,

Where the ripples dance as lightly as young fairies in a
dream.

Now bend your ear, my sister, for my life is ebbing fast,
And my heart must tell its secret before the dream is past;

It is all the grief I've cherished that thou hast never
known,

For, save this, my thoughts have ever found an echo in
thine own.

It were better not to tell thee, but my spirit spurns control,
And the words I would not utter seem escaping from my
soul.

Dost thou remember, sister, how in sunny youth we played
On the margin of yon streamlet in the orange branches'
shade?

Or, when the evening twilight threw its veil o'er stream
and wood,

And we saw the stars grow dizzy and tremble where they
stood,

How we twined the pure white blossoms in the ringlets of
our hair,

And wondered if the dew-drops would come to nestle *there?*

Hast thou forgotten, sister, life's bright, unclouded spring,
When thy thoughts were just as joyous as wild birds on
the wing,

When young Clarence stood beside thee, and the words he
dared to speak

Made thy spirit leap for gladness and sent blushes to thy
cheek?

I had worshipped him in secret; he knew not my distress,
And in secret I resigned him, but loved thee none the less.

In vain I tried to banish from my crushed and bleeding
heart

The image it had cherished long as of itself a part;

My will was weak, for when I came to breathe a sad good-
by,

I could not, could not smother on my lips the bursting
sigh.

None knew the wild, deep anguish, the torturing pangs of
grief,

That closed the fount of feeling and refused a tear's relief.

Thou hast often wondered, sister, why mine eye has lost its
light,

Why I've spoken of existence as a gloomy, starless night;
Thou hast sat for days together, and, in accents low, hast
told

How thy Clarence soon will hasten from the distant land
of gold.

Whene'er his name was mentioned, I have felt a strange,
wild thrill;

But I've learned long since, my sister, to suffer and be
still.

Nay, weep not; for, believe me, ere awakes yon setting sun
Earth's struggles will be over, and life's conflicts will be
done;

My disembodied spirit upon wings of love will rise
To roam with shining seraphs through the realms of Para-
dise.

My soul is only waiting till the silken cord is riven,
To burst its earthly fetters and soar away to Heaven.

Draw nearer to me, sister, on my bosom bow thy head,
And take my fervent blessing ere I'm numbered with the
dead;

And Clarence, he must never know the words I've breathed
to thee,

As a loving sister only let him learn to think of me.
Tell him I longed to see him, but could not wait his time,
For the angels came to waft me to a never-changing clime.

Thou wilt not forget me, sister, though long the parting
seems,

Yet, oh, believe me, often will I come to thee in dreams;
And, if I gain permission of the true, unchanging Friend,
I will be thy guardian angel till He calls thee to ascend.

Then, as here on earth we've wandered, through fields of
light we'll rove,

With our spirits joined together by the silken cord of love.