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Transcriptions by Center for Digital Collections staff.
The Aspiration

My bark is on life's troubled sea,  
I care not where it goes;  
What matter life's wild storm to me?  
What matter where its close?

The best of earth its hopes and joys,  
Are dreamy, fading things;  
We wish, we sigh, we grasp some prize  
It flies on magic wings.

It is not that I hate the world,  
Or it hath hated me,  
It is not that no eye hath smiled,  
To light my weary way:

'Tis not because whatever I loved,  
That death has loved it too:  
No, 'tis not this that makes me sad,  
And careless where I go.

I've madly loved yet all in vain:  
Still madly still unblest,  
I love, and nurse the growing pain,  
That burns within my breast,
My heart must weep it will not break
My soul must writh and bear
And none shall know the inward [inserted text] ache [end inserted text],
By word, or sigh, or tear.
Unloved I came unloved I go,
What is there left for me?
What bitterness is yet to know,
When gone far aye from thee?
When driven down lifes dark abyss,
And death is hanging o'er,
I will not wish [deleted text] [inserted text] I'd [end inserted text] love thee [inserted text] less [end inserted text]
But thou had'st loved me more.
Tom Reynolds
Love Unrequited

Oh tell me true if thou dost [inserted text] feel [end inserted text]
Within thy heart no pain
When viewing the wrech thou [inserted text] made
[end inserted text]
Of one who loved but lose [illegible]
[illegible]
in which my image though [inserted text] unsought
[end inserted text]
fill now that little past
Oh tell me ere tis too late
and keep me not in doubt
for I would easily course my fate
and thrust this vision out
though chrushed and dead
my heart will be.
and dark the world will seem
I'll think no better thought of thee
but bear along this troubled Dream