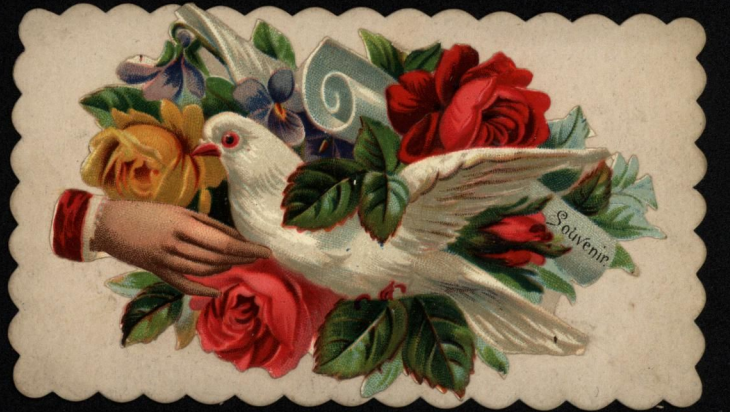
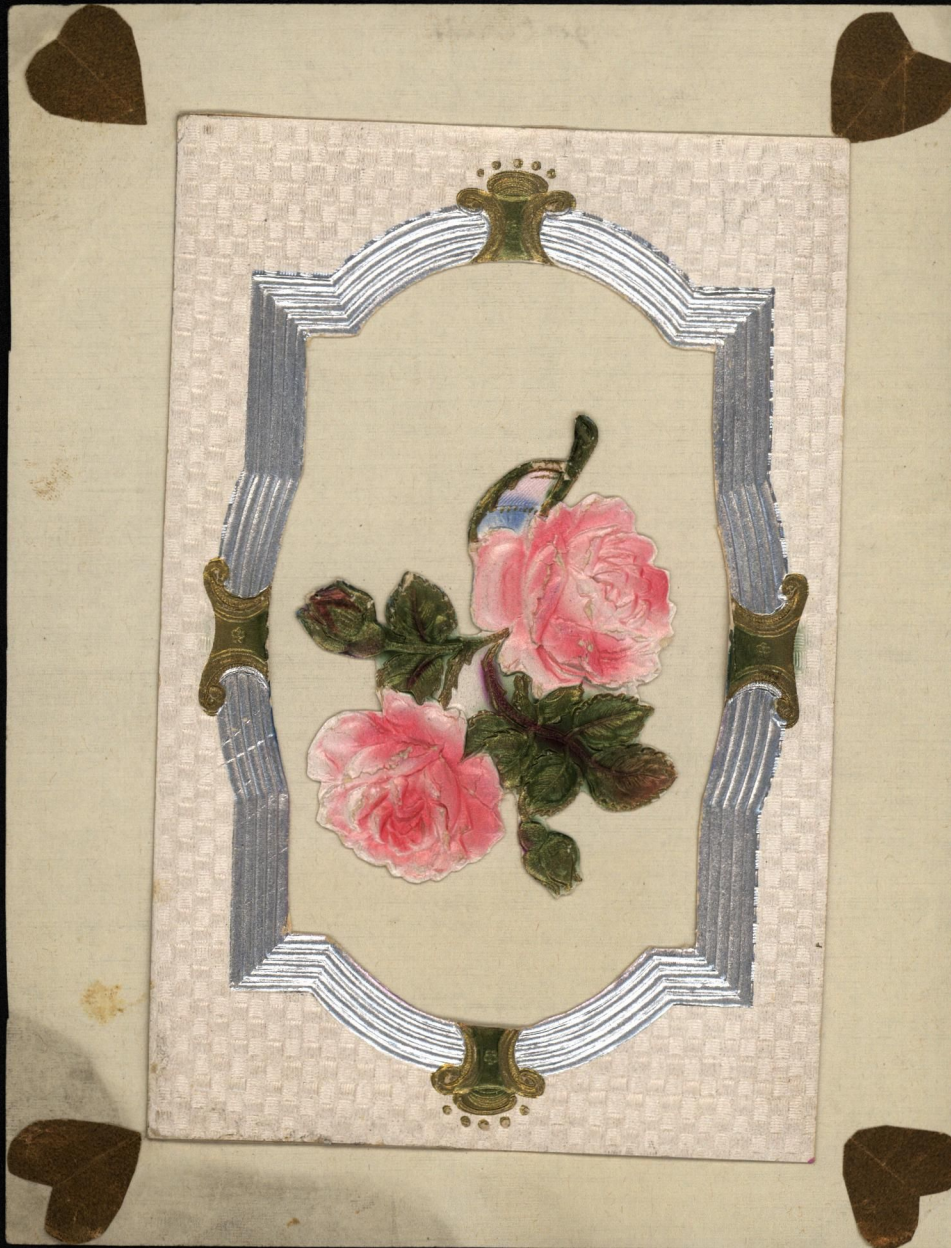
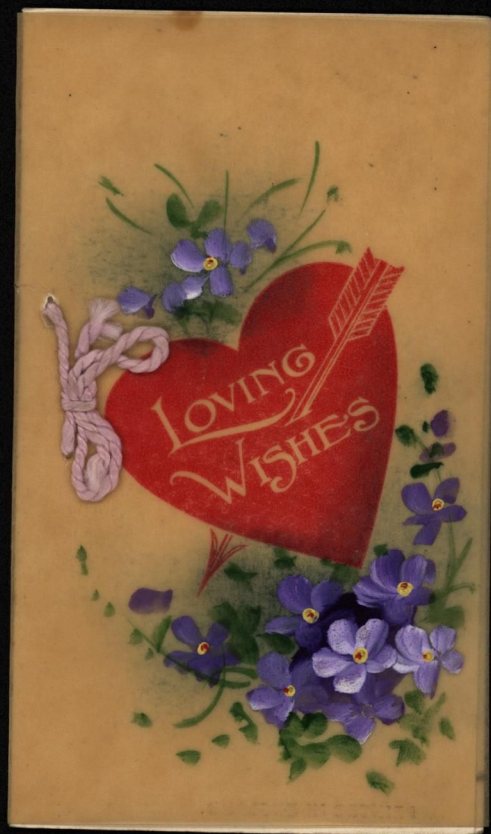




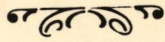




Nora Byrnes,
April 26, 1903

Miss galbrith.
Miss galbrith

Happy Memories.



Best Wishes

and

all Happiness

From

Albert.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND





TRUE LOVE.

When friends applaud thee,
I'll sit by,
In silent rapture gazing;
And O! how proud of being loved
By her they have been praising!
But should detraction breathe thy
name,
The World's reproof defying,
I'd love thee,—laud thee,—trust
thee still,—
Upon thy truth relying.

I think of thee my sister
In my sad and lonely hours
And the thought of thee comes o'er me
Like the breath of morning flowers

Like music that enchants the ear
Like sights that bless the eye
Like the verdure of the meadow
The wave of the sky

Like rainbows in the evening
Like blossoms on the trees
Is the thought of thee dear sister
Is the tender thought of thee





True Love

When others speak thy praise,
And seek thy love to gain;
They think I love thee not,
Since silent I remain.
My lips scarce breathe thy name,
Sealed in a silent spell;
But love lies in my heart,
Too deep for words to tell.





A Heart Offering

Oh, happiest moment of my life when first thy face I saw!
It filled me with such rapture as I ne'er had known before.
And deep indeed is now my joy whene'er I
 chance to see
That fairy form and sweetest face worth
all the world to me.





My Valentine



In Love's Chain

With Cupid's trap your love I'll snare
And take it with me everywhere
To hold forever. So beware!
No use to struggle, I'll
hold you there.

