

## MY BELOVED.

Eager, and blind, the world would know,  
 What charms in our "beloved" we find;  
 What beauties in his features glow;  
 What matchless form of grace or mind;  
 What music in his voice we hear,  
 That he, than others, is more dear.  
 We've seen the landscapes bloom afresh,  
 Leaping from death's relaxing hand;  
 We've seen them clad in varied dress,  
 From vernal bud, to wintry band;  
 The fields aglow with flow'rets bright,  
 The meadows decked in living green;  
 The stars dance through the azure night,  
 The moon float through the lifts of sheen;  
 The morning scatter pearls of light,  
 And tinge with gold the eastern sky;  
 The heavens entrance the raptured sight,  
 And earth charm the admiring eye:  
 But not the fairest flowers that grow,  
 Nor charms of earth, or sea, or sky,  
 Nor evening tints, nor morning glow,  
 With "Sharon's lovely rose" can vie.  
 The bow may span the clouded arch,  
 Pencilled with bright and beauteous hues  
 The sun through fields of ether march,  
 Sparkle earth's myriad diamond dews;  
 These may inspire the raptured ken,  
 But O, for burning words to pen  
 His beauties, who has thrilled the heart.  
 Nature's are tame, including though,  
 All charms, to ear, touch, taste, and eye,  
 To "My Beloved," "whom to know  
 Is life," love, bliss, that never die.  
 The flowers we nourish, bloom and fade,  
 And friends we've loved with ashes blend,  
 Fadeless, "the lily of the glade,"