

This is love's message. May it not atone  
For some at least of my poor heart's concern?  
Oh, let me live to study and to learn  
Thy sweet desires, and make thy thoughts my  
own.

Come thou and trust me fully, me alone,  
That we in happiness may live as one.

Ah, loved one! to thee, to thee I sing  
This little song to ease my aching breast,  
I stand before thee free and full confessed.  
Aye, dear, I trust thee. Hast thou not my ring  
As pledge of this? Oh wear this sacred thing  
Each day and night as love's own manifest.