

### A Woman's Love-Letters.

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Nay I will tell thee all, I will not hide  
One thought from thee, and if I do thee  
wrong

So much the more must I be brave and  
strong

To show my fault. And if thou then  
shouldst chide

I will accept reproof most willingly  
So it but bringeth peace to thee and me.

I dread thy past. Phantoms of other days  
Pursue my vision. There are other hands  
Which thou hast held, perchance some  
slender bands

That draw thee still to other woodland ways  
Than those which *we* have known, some  
blissful hours

I do not share, of love, and June, and  
flowers.

I dread her most, that woman whom thou  
knewest

Those years ago,—I cannot bear to think  
That she can say: "My lover praised the  
pink