

TO MISS SUSAN B.——S.

There was a time I loved to gaze
 Upon thine eyes of deepest blue,
And fancied all their beaming rays,
 Were but thy pure soul shining through.

But fancy often points a way,
 Which calm reflection disapproves,
And reason brings a choicer lay,
 Than what the poet often loves.

Yet—while the wildness of my song
 Has freely caught thy list'ning ear,
'Twas rapture ever to prolong
 Such notes as thou wert pleased to hear.

And, SUSAN! I have thought that heart
 Was but the steady home of love—