

Must I not love thee? Lady, say not so—
Teach not thy lip such cruel words to speak—
Crush not the humble floweret that doth seek
In the warm sunlight of thy smiles to grow.
Why should the lofty frown upon the low?
The strong deny their shelter to the weak?
And though I whine no praises to thy cheek,
Nor swear thine eyes with tremulous lustre glow—
I love thee not the less; nay, this should prove
I love thee all the more, since I disdain
To praise thine *outward* beauty, seeming blind
To the more noble beauties of thy mind.
Ah! dearest lady, might I win thy love,
It would redeem all I have known of pain.