



HAVE I NOT CALLED THEE ANGEL-LIKE AND FAIR?
WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE? 'TWERE PERILOUS TO GAZE.
LONG ON THOSE DARK BRIGHT EYES WHOSE FLASHING RAYS
FILL WITH A SOFT AND FOND YET PROUD DESPAIR;
THE BOSOMS OF THE SHROUDED FEW WHO SHARE
THEIR LOCKED-UP THOUGHTS WITH NONE: THOU HAST THEIR PRAISE;
BUT BEAUTY HEARS NOT THEIR ADORING LAYS,
WHEN BUT WHISPERED IN THE AIR.
YET; THINK NOT; ALTHOUGH STAMPED AS ONE OF THOSE
AH! THINK NOT THOU THIS HEART HATH NEVER BURNED
WITH PASSION DEEPLY FELT AND ILL RETURNED.
IF, ICE-COLD NOW, ITS PULSE NO LONGER GLOWS,
THE MEMORY OF UNUTTERED LOVE AND WOES
LIES THERE, ALAS! TOO FAITHFULLY INURNED

