

I ask you, kind friend, to remember
A maiden, both earnest and true,
Who treasures, within her fond bosom,
A kind recollection of you.

And, O if thy soul, so exalted,
Is all that it seemeth to be,
Thou'lt cherish the heart that would offer
Sweet gratitude's tribute to thee.

Thou'lt scorn not the gentle affection,
Which bindeth my spirit to thine;
And snap not the delicate tendril,
That fain would thy bosom entwine.

But, think of me, Jane, as a being
Who dwells in a region of love,
Who seeks for the radiant reflection,
That shines from the temple above.

Who loves what is lovely and gentle,
Who scorns what is cold and untrue;
Who rarely has met with the kindness
She daily discovers in you.

Who came to your dwelling a stranger,
But not as a stranger departs;