

### TO THE SAME.

If won were through a wizard's waving wand  
The warmest wish that haunts this heart of mine,  
Love's language would in a romantic land  
Flow from thy heart through those large eyes of thine;  
To nightingale would nightingale reply  
Among the bloom and foliage of their bower  
In moonlight, with their mournful melody  
Increasing in thy heart love's melting power;  
Where chirping, trilling, twittering, warbling birds  
In groves assembled would I stray with thee,  
My darling, listening to thy low sweet words;  
Less liquid tones from woods and waves winds free  
When Zephyr wakes the whisper of the trees  
And Auster wakes the murmur of the seas.

### TO THE SAME.

Dowered, in the cheering dreams of joyless night,  
With radiant robes and spotless innocence,  
Thou comest to my cares with recompense  
Of transport like the tumult of delight  
Which broke the sleep of Echo when the sight  
Of charms like thine on Adam's ravished sense  
In Eden beamed; and then my heart looks hence  
At places be thy presence filled with light;  
At places where our hearts were glad and gay;  
At places where our footprints in the woods  
And on the mountain by the lake shore lay;  
At places on which craving fancy broods;  
At places where with thee to be to-day  
Would from my heavy heart drive hopeless moods.