

*CARE.*

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O CARE ! the lines which thou canst trace,  
With thy sharp pencil, on man's face,  
No gentler artist can erase—  
Not even Love. Thou dost efface  
Each fair lineament, and write,  
Where hope was written on the bright  
Unfurrowed brow and tearless eye,  
Thine own long, mournful history.