

Wooing His Valentine

IF I could speak in phrases fine,
Full sweet the words that I would say
To woo you for my valentine
Upon this February day.

But when I strive to tell you all,
The charms I see in your dear face,
A dumbness on me seems to fall—
O, sweetheart, let me crave your grace !

I fain would say your eyes of blue,
Like violets to me appear ;
Shy blossoms, filled with heaven's dew,
That throw their sweetness far and near.

How tender are your lips of red !
How like a rose each velvet cheek !
How bright the gold upon your head—
All this I'd say, if I could speak.

How warm your blushes come and go !
How maidenly your air and mien !
How pure the glances you bestow—
Wilt be my Valentine, O Queen ?