

WOOING HIS VALENTINE

The angels walking at your side,
Methinks have lent their charms to you,
For in the world so big and wide,
There is not one so good and true.

If I had but the gift of speech,
Your beauty and your grace to prove,
Then might I find a way to reach
Your heart, and all its wealth of love.

Then, sweetheart, take the good intent—
Truth has no need of phrases fine—
Repay what long ago I lent,
And be to-day my Valentine.

