

It is left me to think what a woman might be,
Had she your eyes, your laugh of glee,

Your hair too—spirals of glossy brown,
I remember the day you took it down—

With just this difference—hear me, Sweet,
Am I hard who yesterday knelt at your feet?—

Her mind should be pure and her heart be young,
With trust in her eyes and truth on her tongue.

Once will I crush your hands in mine,
(I had thought my mother's ring not too fine

For the dear third finger, but back, my pearl,
You were meant for a purer if plainer girl!)

And once will I kiss you, you'll let me, I know,
(And that is bitter) before I go.

What! you move away! Well, perhaps it is best;
Your lips are not made to make men rest.