

To a Lady Sighing

Ah, again your eyes with glee are shining!
 Now come dance amongst the lightest,
 Make of days to-day the brightest,
 Scatter care,
 And everywhere
 Make the welkin ring with songs that scout despair.

Love is mirth and music, love is laughter,
 Love will bless to-day and bless hereafter,
 Happy, then, thrice happy are the hearts that love!

TO A LADY SIGHING

WHY are thy looks of sadness eloquent,
 And why have smiles quite vanish'd from thy face?
 Thy constant sighs to my heart have sent
 A pang of pity which evolves apace
 To love-born misery.

Is it that thou hast found some cherish'd friend
 Unworthy of a trust thou didst confide?
 Is it that broken hopes thy heart doth rend?
 Or is that heart a home where doth abide
 A love-born misery?