

While glowing, timorous love now fills each breast,  
As yet untouched by Passion's poisoned breath.  
And Nature lends Her aid these souls to knit  
In ties, that give the human some of that  
Which is Divine ; but, being human still—  
The fond embrace, the burning glance, the kiss,  
And all their pure and happy joy is turned  
To bitter fruits for reaping by and by.

Another round of Time's persistent course,  
And Spring again hath decked in gay attire,  
The forms of Nature fair. Beside a hedge  
Of evergreens that skirts the highway broad,  
O'er which the drooping elm trees graceful bend  
To listen to the songs of love and praise  
From all the throng of feathered songsters gay,  
That in their covert flit from bough to bough,  
There stands a *youthful* form of maiden fair.  
The sun has sunk to rest, while in *his* track  
Are sleeping cloudlets bathed in seas of gold ;  
And Nature, hushed in evening's sweet repose,  
Glides gently into Night's deep dreamless sleep.  
Expectantly she stands. Upon her cheek,  
Fair as the lily's white, two bright red spots  
Of fevered thought now burn. Eyes of the blue  
That oft at morn the Zenith's dome bepaints,  
Or looks forth from the violet's meek gaze  
As to the Sun it turns for wakening life—