

“ Dear maid I have a wounded heart,
Pierced by those eyes of thine,
And I would ease its troubled throb
By pressing thine to mine.

I cannot *swear* to be thy *love*
Because I am a *Friend*,
But I will solemnly affirm,
If that will serve the end.

And canst thou wed so plain a lad,
Oh, how I wish thee could !”
She laid her little hand in his,
And said, she would, she would.

He took her to his Quaker home—
White house, and barns of red,
With wide-spread verdant fields around,
Where many cows were fed.

Where orchards to the friendly sun
Held up their ripening fruit,
And when they wearied with the weight,
Let fall about their root.

And now she rides on cushions soft,
With horses sleek and fat,
And by her side, two loving eyes
Beneath a broad-brimmed hat.