

## ODE TO POETRY.

MY charming maid, I love you well,  
To sit alone with thee  
And listen while thy tongue doth tell  
True love—is ecstasy!

Some hidden treasure every night  
Thy heart unfolds for me,  
Some gleam of hope or ray of light  
Upon thy face I see.

Some rapturous tune that dwells within  
The recess of the heart  
Thou play'st upon thy mandolin  
Each eve before we part.

O, may I with thee fondly linger,  
Sweet maiden chaste and fair,  
And place a diamond on thy finger,  
A rose within thy hair!

Naught but thy troth can pacify  
The spells that o'er me roll;  
And only love can satisfy  
Deep passions of my soul.

Then maiden coy and debonair,  
Can'st thou my suit deny  
When sung in Love's most witching air  
And words that cannot die?