

Her studies may be very well,
But on her health they must not tell.

I took her home some pretty birds
And much attached to them she grew ;
She talks to them in broken words
And they chirp back as if they knew !
I find she's very fond of pets—
Great pleasure from the things she gets.

She told me she had felt it hard
To leave the country, and the air
We've made a garden in the yard—
I doubt if it will flourish there ;
She's proud enough, though, of her flow'rs—
And then she has such lonely hours !

What made her love me ? Who can tell !—
It is a source of wonder still !
She could not love when I was well
And grew to love when I was ill.
What could it be ?—I cannot think !
And yet from asking her I shrink.

What made her love me ?—Can it be
Her love was by my love begot ?
Could it be anything in me ?
Or good in her ? What was it ! What !—
Whate'er it was, I'm happy so,
And need not greatly care to know !