

And as the swallow were my heart as free,
Might I but hope that path belonged to me.

I've prated so, I scarce know what I've said ;
But you'll not think me to have lost the thread,
Seeing I had none. Do not say I've kept
My promises too amply, and o'erleapt
A letter's bounds ; nor harshly criticise ;
But miss the spots and blots with lenient eyes.
Scan not its outer, but its inner part ;
'Twas not the head composed it, but the heart.