

SONG.

When a maiden's heart is tender,
And her soul as pure as snow ;
When her eyes, with sunny splendor,
Set her countenance aglow ;
When her every move discovers
Newer graces without end,
She can win a hundred lovers,—
Yet may hunger for a friend.

Pearly teeth and curly tresses,
Ruby lips, in smiles that part,
These will lure a man's caresses,
Easily enslave his heart ;
Yet, when all is said and over,
Even though souls in passion blend,
She has only one more lover,
And may hunger for a friend.

Blind I am not, no, nor callous ;
Beauty hath its charm for me.
Yet would I, beyond life's shallows,
Push towards the depthless sea.
Friendship's true, and Love's a rover,
Love is selfish in the end.
Choose thee, Sweet, whatever lover,
Let me still remain thy friend.