

MARGOT

You have a face so full of wistful charm,

That when you smile, there's sunshine everywhere;

These feeble words of mine but faintly praise

Your tender, shining eyes and raven hair.

I wonder if you will forget me, dear;

I hope not quite, and yet, so many do;

Though when I see a red and fragrant rose,

Each petal there will softly speak of you