

It is a dream of heavenly birth,
A wish that hath no name on earth.
It doth not burn, it doth not melt ;
It is not seen, but it is felt ;
It lifts the soul, but lifts it not
Above the calm controul of thought,
Such is the love that fadeth not,
That may not, cannot be forgot.

Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear,
To true love's bosom ever dear.
Love doth a pleasing pang impart,
That saddens and refines the heart.
It is a feeling given to few,
For ever warm, for ever true.
This is the love that fadeth not,
That may not, cannot be forgot.
