

Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,  
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses,  
He cares as little for the stocks,  
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd ; the vale, the wood, the beach,  
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading ;  
She botanized ; I envied each  
Young blossom in her boudoir fading ;  
She warbled Handel—it was grand—  
She made the Catalina jealous ;  
She touch'd the organ, I could stand  
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,  
Well fill'd with all an album's glories :  
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
Patterns for tripping, Persian stories ;  
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter ;  
And autographs of Prince Leboo,  
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;  
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,  
Her poodle dog was quite adored ;  
Her sayings were extremely quoted.  
She laugh'd and every heart was glad,  
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;  
She frown'd, and every look was sad,  
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many, just for fun—  
I knew that there was nothing in it ;  
I was the first, the only one  
Her heart had thought of for a minute :  
I knew it, for she told me so,  
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;  
She wrote a charming hand ; and, oh !  
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—  
A little glow, a little shiver ;  
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
And “ Fly not yet ” upon the river ;  
Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted ;  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by ;  
We met again four summers after ;—  
Our parting was all sob and sigh—  
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter  
For, in my heart's most secret cell,  
There had been many other lodgers ;  
And she was not the ball room's belle,  
But only Mrs. Something Rogers.

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