

From the "Sonnet" of Felix Arvers

Within my soul there lies a secret, thieved
Eternally from Love, that knows no sleep.

All innocent is she whose name lies deep
Enshrined upon my heart, nor has she grieved
With love's kind sorrow; naught have I achieved
Though alway at her side. Thus shall I keep
My secret, while I live. How might I reap
Rewards unsought, when none can be received?

For she, to whom God gave a soul so tender,
Goes calmly on her way, and will not hear
The murmured homage Love would gladly render;
So pure is she, so quiet and austere!
Scanning my lines, "Who can this angel be?"
She smiling asks --- and fails herself to see.