

## LOVE ELEGY,

TO HENRY.

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THEN thou hast learnt the secret of my soul,  
Officious Friendship has its trust betrayed ;  
No more I need the bursting sigh control,  
Nor summon pride my struggling soul to aid.

But think not banished hope returns again,  
Think not I write thy thankless heart to move ;  
The faded form that tells my tender pain  
May win thy pity, but it can't thy love.



Nor can I move thee by soft winning art,  
By manners taught to charm, or practised glance ;  
Artless as thine, my too too feeling heart  
Disdains the tutored eye, the fond advance.

The cold coquette, to win her destined prey,  
May feign a passion which she ne'er can feel ;  
But I true Passion's soft commands obey,  
And fain my tender feelings would conceal.

In others' eyes, when fixed on thine, I see  
That fondness painted which alone I know ;  
Think not, my Henry, they can love like me,  
More love I *hide* than they can e'er *bestow*.



While tender glances their emotions speak,  
And oft they heave and oft suppress the sigh ;  
O turn to me, behold my pallid cheek  
Shrinking from thine, behold my downcast eye !

While they by mirth, by wit, thine ear amuse,  
And by their eloquence thy plaudits seek ;  
See me the fond contention still refuse,  
Nor in thy presence, Henry, *dare* to speak.

When asked to breathe the soul-enchancing song,  
See them o'erjoyed exert their utmost art ;  
While vainly I would join the choral throng,  
Lost are those tones which once could touch the heart.



But, Henry, wert thou in Love's language wise,  
Vainly would others more than Emma shine ;  
Beyond their sweetest strains thy heart would prize  
One faint, one broken, tender tone of mine.

O proofs of passion, eloquent as vain !  
By thee unheeded, or perhaps unknown,....  
But learn, the pangs that prompt this pensive strain,  
Ere long, disdainful youth, may be thine own.

Ah ! no....in hopeless love thou canst not pine,  
Thou ne'er canst woo the brightest maid in vain ;  
For thee Love's star midst cloudless skies will shine,  
And light thy graceful steps to Hymen's fane:



While I, as hope, and strength, and life recede,  
Far, far from thee shall waste the languid day ;  
Blest, if the scroll that speaks thy bliss I read,  
But far more blest to feel life's powers decay.



