

Feydeleen to Zelneith. July 1846

Fair Maid, yield not thy Soul to gloom
Nor that soft cheek to Sorrow's pow'r:
If he looks coldly on thy bloom,
Must thou become a withered flow'r?

He cannot love. — yet thou art fair;
The fault is wholly his, not thine:
How great his folly all will swear
That see thy charms serenely shine.

When beaming Beauty beams in vain,
And fails to melt the frozen heart,
The wound is sharp, yet heals again:
Love leaves her still his better part.

But here's is no such passing pain,
Who loves when lovely youth is fled:
And feels that not e'en Love to gain
Could raise her beauty from the dead:

Who hear the wind that courts the trees
Thus whispering mock her hopeless grief:
When e'er did Love's soft summer breeze
"Careps the sore and yellow leaf?"