

Let me tell.

Thine eyes are kindly bent on mine,
Their gentle glance I scarce can bear;
It bids me every hope resign,
It fills my soul with deep despair;
Alas! that look so kind, so calm and free,
Tells me thou lovest not as I love thee.

When thou'rt afar I see thy face, -
Before me still it softly gleams:
The vision has not half thy grace
I cannot paint thee in my dreams;
Yet ah! dear face, would'st thou but gaze on me
With such a look as in those dreams I see!

The vision changes in my sight;
No more it looks as I am feeling;
'Twas Hope lit up that sunny light
A lover's full glad heart revealing;
Hope joined with Love to frame that vision
Now Love's bright work is shadowed
fair;
by Despair.
