

Then bend thine eyes no more on mine
Since Love alone those looks inspire,⁺
Those looks with their mild beam benign
Kindle a sharp consuming fire,^{xx}
And while they glow with Hope and youthful
glee
Silence each pulse of Hope that beats in me.

⁺ soft sunny shine I wrote at first and this
pleases my ear better. But one is so
extravagant in sunshine - in these
poetizings - enough to ruin old Sol,
and make him dishonour some of
the bills drawn on his exchequer.
The lines do not suit Helnet's very well -
they express a love-despair of a different
hue from hers. But I ought to
be finishing a dry note about Leibnitz, in-
stead of scribbling about Love.

xx Now I don't like this fire kindled
in a lady - but it can't be put out, be-
cause it rhymes to "inspire" besides being
^{in anti the "is" to "beam, benign,"}