

Song

They tell me I am cold of heart;
But ah, they idly dream;
They know me not who think me so,
I am not what I seem;
The laugh of mirth rings wildly out,
The jest and blithe some song—
I do not love the giddy sound,
Nor seek the trifling throng.
And, while I deem them idly gay,
I cannot bear a part;
Oh, tell me not, in accents chill,
That I am cold of heart!

Oh, deep within my spirit lies
A fount of ceaseless flow,
Whose gladness cheers my lovely heart,
And lifts my fainting brow;
And when those voices cease to sound,
And mirth has fled away,
Then o'er me with a spell profound,
I feel its kindling sway,
Then ye who tell those trifling tales,
New gladness to impart,