

Is too sweet, to give him up,
because the world, in its cold
pity, would deem it wrong. Nay,
I love this man with the very
depth of my strong nature, the
blood which dashes back from
my heart, giving me life, strength
and hope, seems to come from
him; Oh! had we but met in
earlier days, ere my trusting love
was rudely plucked and dashed
aside, I could now have been
a woman, a noble example of
my sex; but all, all is lost, and
nothing but the grave can give
peace and rest, to this bleeding
heart. Young, handsome, and
gifted by nature with every
high and noble feeling, he
will soon marry; but that day,
Oh God! I cannot witness.