

To mirror what my bosom feels;
Devotion and its holy laws.
That lift the thoughts above,
Seem scarce sufficient metaphors
To typify such deathless love.

||
"I love thee"—this alone may tell
The wealth of all the tenderness
In whose sublime and fadefull spell
Is centered all my happiness;
And every throbbing pulse that sends
Its warm emotions o'er my soul,
Is faithful to the love which beards
The wayward thoughts to its control.

||
"I love thee"—and the mystic way,
Whereon my footsteps swiftly move,
Is fringed with a celestial ray,
Whose treasured joys I daily prove;
And dreaming that I fondly prize,
The object of my tender care