My Gem of Delight.

O, bright is the maiden, who wakens my sighs,
No planet can equal the light of her eyes;
Her form is elastic, her spirit elate,
The spring of the willow is seen in her gait;
The tones of her laughter, are dulcimer sounds,
And gladness is scattered, wherever she bounds —
O, thow art – my Cassa – that maiden so bright,
Sweet Spirit of beauty, and Gem of Delight.

What gift shall I bring thee, to merit thy love?
Some pearl from the Ocean – or Star from above? –
What wreathe shall I twine thee, to soften thy scorn?
The laurels of battle – or mytles of song? –
Thy brow with all glory shall be diadem'd;
My harp, it shall praise thee, my Sword shall defend;
Then tell me, fair Cassa, O, tell me to night,
The best way to woo thee, my Gem of Delight.

Too cold is this climate for beauty like thine,
No heart can adore thee, so warmly as mine;
I laugh at all peril, when woman's the prize,
The Stars of my Banner, are love-lighted eyes;
As swift as a falcon, the steed that I ride,
And sharp is the Sabre, that hangs by my side;
Then fly with me Cassa, there's bliss in the flight,
An glory shall circle my Gem of Delight.

But O, if my fair one, can never be mine;
To silence forever, my harp I consign;
Undrawn in its scabbard, my sabre shall rust,
And glory and honors, I trample in dust.—
How cold is all glory by Beauty unblest!
Like Erebus shadows, it falls on my breast;
But O, it is sunshine to soul and to sight,
When kindled by Cassa, my Gem of Delight.