To Miss _____

O, Lady, if the stars so bright,
Were diamond worlds bequeathed to me,
I would resign them all this night,
To frame one worthy song to thee;
For thou art dearer to my heart,
Than all the gems of earth and sky;
And he who sings thee as thou art,
May boast a song that cannot die.

But how shall I the task essay?
Can I rejoin the tuneful throng,
Since Beauty has withdrawn its ray—
The only light that kindles song?—
No, no—my harp in darkness bound,
Can never more my soul beguile;
Its spirit fled when woman frowned,
Nor hopes for her returning smile.

Then blame me not—my skill is gone—
I have no welcome song to give;
But thou shalt be my favorite one,
To love and worship whilst I live;
Whate'er betides—wherever I roam,
Thine Angel image I will bear
Upon my heart, as on a stone,
In deathless beauty sculptured there.