To Mary ——

There is a maid I dearly love,
A fascinating girl,
As modest as the lily white,
And beautiful as pearl;
I long have been her worshipper,
And evermore must be;
Yet colder far than Zembla's snows
That maiden is to me.

From early youth to womanhood,
I've seen her charms expand,
And fondly hoped some happy day
To win her heart and hand;
But O, the bud that was so sweet,
And long my secret pride,
Has only blushed into the rose,
To be another's bride.

She soon will wear a garland bright,
A wreath upon her brow;
And will before the altar stand,
To breathe the bridal vow;
I know she will not think of me,
Nor heed the grief she makes,
Yet warmer than the heart she wins,
Will be the heart she breaks.

O, lovely Mary, wouldst thou know,
Who is this maiden fair ?-
Then look upon thy mirror, love,
And see her beauties there;
For thou art she, that cruel one,
The source of my distress,
Yet all too beautiful for me,
To ever love the less.

elcome to thy minstrel skill,
Dear friend of happier days;
y notes are sweet – but sweeter still,
The love that prompts thy lays.
m sorrows deep, and cherish'd long,
Thou wouldst my thoughts reclaim,
d by thy soft, enchanting song,
Awake a brighter train.

But vain it is thy harp to strike!
My woes thou canst not drown,
Unless thy notes, Cecelia's like,
Can draw an Angel down.
Until I see my daughter fair,
Lost Plead of my soul,
The burning tears of my despair,
Must ever, ever roll.