

My Muse! a Valentine; I ask thee for no theme
For one as bright as lovely fills me now,
From dearest Lizzie! will not flattery seem
When Great Minerva's King of Love and Power;
How picture thee? thy love speaking flame -
Thy heart as pure - as artless as thy air -
Enchain the mind; as hearts thou dost entranced
With all the witchery charms and fancies rare
Which speak thee *rompareille* - the fairest of the Fair!

Deem not sweet lady, presumptuous thought
Shadows the fame of fond and faithful Love,
In knowledge imperious, all unsought, untought
Partaking less of ^{Earth} ~~Heaven~~ than of the Heaven above;
Think not I hope, in this my lowly lay
To tell thee well - how truly I adore,
To speak of all my feeling, save the one decay
Making as less than nothing all that went before,
And thou a heart-love of all - but loved & loved the more.

To love and be beloved - tenacious crownly to feel
The pulse of being - mind and heart and brain
Re-animates, fever it & unceasing zeal
At the bare mention of the loved one, name
To think that nothing in the world above -
Is known that nothing on this varied earth -
Can be as dear to thee as her you love,
To look in thine for rest and food for woe;
But such is love, unchanged mine here's sweet bitter.

To love and be beloved - to know no time
Can chase the cherished image from the heart,
That Honor, wealth, fame, glory, may even time
Can nothing take from love those nothing may impart;
Ambition could but place them at the feet
Or deck the brow of His Divinity

For love is single firm, tyrannical - though sweet
Yet jealous too, - and brooks no rivalry
Earth's faint sweetest flower & beautiful exceedingly.

Thus, thus is love - thus I describe the tender curable
Humble, impetuous, ardent and divine,
A Paradox to all who love not well,
To those who love, a high and holy shrine
For holy thoughts, and gloriously sublime,
Mending all thought with its sublimity;
Such art of heaven for thee, and if let be a crime?
Chide if thou wilt, my fond temerity
But justice still will pardon claim - Only for loving thee.

And gazing on the skies frequent wondering deem,
Perchance our eyes, are fixed on some bright star
In union, - and then such star doth seem
Bright above all the rest, and with its light to man
Their beauty; and thou - art thou not good & fair
Above all parallel? that star is like to thee,
But cometh with the thought, its bitterness to thee,
My hopelessness; and then I dream & sweetly dreamer see
That land "where thought is truth, and Hope Reality."

And even now I dream, how to my waking eyes
Thought sweetly summons up, thy fair and gentle face
Creating in my heart a Paradise
Destroying time, annihilating space;
I see thee as thou art, as thou wilt ever be
On the fair brow, the impress of sweet thought,
Thine eyes, as gazing far into futurity
Or with some wistful Memory fondly fraught
By thy sweet fancy, Magic pencil softly brought.

And thou alone art spirit of my dreams,
The loved and lovely impress of my heart,
The only form of earth which ever seems
The base or earthly feeling to impart,
Foronder of all my art built latter thou -
"The Visioned Lady of my dreamland scene"
Whose very thought beauty - how
My words portray thy loveliness to those who've seen,
To those who've not, alas! how feeble & mean.

Lozgie: My dream is but phantom of my thought,
Supremely beautiful, but still a shade,
Happy perhaps for me if left with beauty fraught
Since wrecked the hope, only my dream hath made;
What boots it now that hope of earthly heaven
Had once upon my heart its halo shed,
Happier that thought to mortals we've lost;
Only to feel our sweetest dreams have fled,
And what was love and life, is withered cold & dead
So you to adventure.

July 14th 1850.

Miss Lumbull