

My Misse a valentine, I ask thee for no thine for one as bright as lovely fills me now. Praise dearest Lizzie! Will not flattery leer when errant minstrels of love and thou; how picture thee? Thy love speaking flame. Thy heart as pure as is thy air. Enchain the heart though dost entrance with all the witchery chances and fancies are which speaks thee how pareille my fairest of the fair.

Deem not loved Lady one presumptuous thought shadows there far of fond. And faithful love In knowledge impersonation all unsought, with help of earth than of the heaven above. Think with I hope in this my lovely lay. To tell thee well how truly I adore to speak of all my feelings have this one decay making as ? thou ?. All that went before and this a xxx cause of all-but loved and loved thee more.

To love and be beloved unconsciously to feel the pulse of being-mind and heart and brain. Reanimate fever I real; At this fare mention of the loved one, home to think that nothing in the world above to know that nothing on this varied earth can be as dear to thee as her you love. To ? is the one for jest forget and food for ? but such is love, unchanged since love's sweet ?

To love and be beloved – to know no time can chase the cherished image from the heart. That homes, wealth, fame, glory, may even time. Can nothing take from love those nothing may impact. Ambition could but place them at the feet or deck the brow of his divinity for love in simple form, tyrannical though how I yet jealous too – and brooks no rivalry. Earth fairest sweetest flower and beautiful exceedingly.

This, this is love – I describe the indescribable. Humbly, impervious ardent and divine a paradox to all who love not well! To thou who love, a high and holy shrine for holy thoughts; and gloriously, sublime blending all thought, with it's sublimity such as I bear for thee, and if it be a crime chide if thou will my fond temerity but justice still will pardon claim only for loving thee.

And fairing? on the skies I frequent wondering deem, perchance our eyes are fixed on some bright star. In unison and then such star doth seem bright above all the rest and with its light to mar their beauty; and thou ask thou good, fair ---. Above all parallel that star is like to thee. But cometh with the thought its bitterness to share. My hope; and then I dream and sweetly dream that land "where thought in truth and hope reality."

And even now I dream, now to try waking eyes thought sweetly summons of thy fair and gentle face creating in my heart a paradise. Destroying time, annihilating space? I see thee as thou act, as thou will love be on the fair brow, the imprep of sweet thought. Thine eyes are gazing far into futility or written some witching memory fondly fraught by thy sweet fancy magic pencil deftly wrought.

And more alone act spirit of my dreams, my loved and lovely Impref. Of my heart, the only form of earth which never seen one face or earthly failing to impart. Founder of all my air built gather thou "the visioned lady of my dreamland scene where every thoughtful beauty – how may words portray thy lovely?---- is where who've been to there who've not, alas! how puerile and mean.

Lizzie my dream is a but phantom of my thought supremely beautiful – but with a ? Happy perchance? for me if left with beauty fraught since wretched the hope only my dream hath made; what both know that hope of earthly heaven had once upon my heart, its halo shed happier that thought to mortals we rejoice-only to feel our sweetest dreams have fled and where war love and life in withered cold & dead.

Love your valentine February 14, 1850 ___ Turnbull A1983.004.035.1105 Box 026