

LITERARY.

To Miss ——:

Lift thine eyes, sweet love, and see
How tender thoughts twixt me and thee,
Do fill the world itself with glee.

Tell me Darling, when we meet,
How much of thy treasure, sweet,
Dimples hide in their retreat!

Sweet is music, honey, wine;
Sweet the scent of budding vine;
Sweet the wildwood eglantine;
Sweetest, best, because she's mine,
Is my love, my valentine!

Where's the lady in the land,
Fit to sit on your right hand?
Where's the man—myself apart—
Who loves enough to have your heart?