

The tears come unbidden, unthought to my eye
I weep, yet I know not I cannot guess why
No sorrowful being should these letters awake
Yet it seems as my heart with its burden would break

The fair hand that traces them I now call it mine
And worship as rivalled at Love's fairest shrine
And 'tis not from sorrow that tear-drops flows forth
But Joy that seems almost too holy for Earth.