

My Love.

(Lowell.)

I

Not as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

II

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Or here with the wind may choose to blow.

III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair;
 No simplest duty is forgot,
 Life hath no dim & lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV

She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which ne'er leave undone, or despise;
 For naught that sets our heart at ease
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low-estimated in her eyes.

V

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines & clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble father's earth.

VI

Blessing she is: for made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII

She is most fair & thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonise
Feeling or thought that was not true
Nicer made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes

VIII

She is a woman: one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights & many tears.

IX

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which by high tower & lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright:

And on its full, deep breast stream,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them & between
And makes them fresh & fair & green,
Sweet homes wherein to live & die.