

Holland Feb. 15th 1868.

For Valentine I have been longing;
To write to you Oh, Katy dear!
For well I knew, I would be wronging
If I should dare to write; for, fear
Of haughty anger has restrained me.
But now I take this liberty;

You will not come in conversation;
You shun me like an enemy;
You will not give an explanation,
Your haughty heart's at war with me.
You flee, if I but turn toward you —
You turn your face, when I pass by.

It was your friendship I was seeking,
Not what you think — Your love — I mean;
For this would neither be in keeping,
Nor would you be my choice, I ween.
You, beauty, talent, wealth or station
Me, virtue may alone delight!

Has ever injury been given
By me, who sought to be your friend?
And must I now to this be driven
To plead before a haughty friend?
Alas! I don't deserve such treatment;
It's wrong for you to serve me thus.

But plead, said I? — I am not pleading,
I ask not what you cannot give.

But I demand — Are you not heeding? —

What you must justly to me give.

'Tis part of God's own great commandment
To love your neighbor as yourself.

'Tis true, you're not with me acquainted;
Yet, is there not a way for this?
Your willful mind ah! is it tainted
With pride? such foolish pride as this!
Oh no, I'm not before you kneeling,
I feel the keenness of that sting.

And now farewell to you dear Katy
I'll trouble you no more, I hope.
I'll let you pass, unless you wish me
That I should ask "to see you home"!
I'll yet esteem you notwithstanding
Although you seem an enemy,

And now proud heart—to you farewell.
Take friendship, and if not—'t is well!

Yours

St. Valentine

J.

