

Thou noble girl! whose features and whose form
Are radiant from a heart as true and warm
As e'er shed lustre o'er a beauteous face,
Where female loveliness & every grace
Are blended by blest nature's happiest skill
To conquer hearts & fix man's fitful will.
Admired & flattered, thou art still the same
Frank, glorious girl you were when first you came
Fresh from the land where dwell the brave & free
Your well beloved & native Tennessee.
In thee my chilled and blighted heart has found
A green spot in the dreary waste around.
Oh! that my fate in youthful days had been
T'have lived with such an one, unknown, unseen,
Loving & love'd, t'have passed away our days
Sequester'd from the worlds malignant gaze!
A match of age with youth can only bring
The farce of "winter dancing with the Spring."
The rosy-finger'd daughter of the day
Once loved Tithonus, as the poets say,
Grown old, inform; from life he sought to fly
And begg'd the Goddess privilege to die,
This humble boon his luckless fate denied
And he still [sings/lives?] an insect by her side.
Blooming nineteen [sic] can never well agree
With the dull age of half a century. -
Thus reason speaks what rebel passion hates,
Passion, - which would control the very fates.
My soul's a whirlpool of contending strife:
Shall I attempt to woo a youthful wife
Should this attempt be ever made by me
My heart can never point but to the maid of Tennessee.
Meantime, where'er you go, whate'er your lot
By me you'll never, never be forgot.
May Heaven's rich blessings crown your future life!
And may you be a happy, loving wife!

Washington 18 March 1842

At bottom of page written vertically:
18 March 42. Poetry addressed to



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