

I've sometimes thought it was your eyes,
Sometimes your voice bade my indifferent heart arise
And make its choice.
I've counted over all your ways, my sweet, my mate,
And wondered which the sep'rate grace that holds my fate,
Vain task, I love you, dearset one, for all you are,
The charms of Heav'n hangs not up on a single star.

Why I love you



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