LOVE'S TESTAMENT: A SONNET SEQUENCE

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Love's Testament: A Sonnet Sequence by G. Constant Lounsbery

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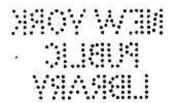
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DEDICATION

То —

Let me not with the graving of thy name
Betray thee to men's curiosity,
As if my verse could grace or honour thee,
And so confer an all illusive fame:
Not humble is my just and simple claim,
If in my chronicle a man shall see
Thy conjured loveliness, and pause to be
A worshipper of love's immortal flame.

Some pensive lover, lightly reading here
Shall start, to see the sudden gleaming feet
Of winged love, so sweet, so over fleet;
And tremble that a god has passed so near.
But he who seeks thy name must come apart
And search the hidden tablets in my heart.



As some old minstrel when the world was young,
Unlearned in science, innocent of skill,
Would sing his love beside a mountain rill
In his uncouth and all unlettered tongue,
And shake the woodlands till the echoes rung
From dewy morn to dewy eve, and thrill
The listening moon-enchanted hours until
The astonished nightingale all silent hung;

So would I hymn thee, oh, my sole delight,
While the glad hours after thy beauty trip,
And day to day doth whisper thee along.
With such a theme all unabashed I might
Pipe to the morning with untutored lip,
Or lull the evening with unlettered song.

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OF LOVE, I-VI