

SYLVA

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Sylva by Elizabeth G. Crane

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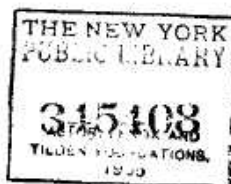
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ELIZABETH G. CRANE

SYLVA



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TO MY DEAR AUNT

Mrs. GEORGE P. MARSH

WHOSE GRACIOUS SYMPATHY AND EVER-READY HELP

I CAN NEVER REPAY, THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



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SURRENDER

THE March buds are astir,
The snow is melting fast,
The larch doth tassel her,
The spring is here at last ;
Hark to your heart, dear, see
Love quicken there for me.

The ice-bands loose the brooks,
They overflow, they run ;
In warm, green-growing nooks
They laugh up to the sun ;
The coldness in your eyes
Melts it in love's surprise ?

I kiss this frank, white hand,
Why trembles it of late?
And lo! at my command
The conscious blood dyes straight
Your cheek with deeper glow
Than the pale wind-flow'rs know.

To roving clouds 'tis given
To swim the vap'ry blue ;
Within your eyes' deep heaven
I plunge mine, seeking you ;
Ah! then your lids down-cast,
Impris'ning hold mine fast.

There ring from vale and hill
Soft songs of joyous birds ;
Your voice is gay, and still
Makes sweet our common words ;
A lover's ear alone
Detects love's minor tone.

The happy earth you tread
As proudly as before ;
Grace diadems your head
As queens were crowned of yore ;
But like the birch your pride
Just trembles at my side.

Spring fills the languid air,
And passion pulsates warm
About you : Fortress fair,
Surrender to love's storm ;
Your heart's high citadel
Must yield unto my will.