

*Lady  
Valentine*

O UNSUSPECTING lady of my heart,  
You cannot know the havoc that you wreak.  
My words self-stifle when they would impart  
The feelings which, bewitched, I cannot speak.

Your loveliness, which haunts my wakeful hours  
And fills my dreams when day drifts into night,  
Casts spells like those of magic secret bowers  
Where foolish hopes are turned to dazed delight.

I bring those hopes and lay them at your feet.  
'tis in your power, who artlessly disarms  
My heart's defences every time we meet,  
To let me sweet-surrender to your charms.

Your victory, achieved without a fight,  
Will be both bloodless and – of course – complete.  
And I, swift-vanquished, will, sweet queen, be quite  
Unquestionably grateful for defeat.

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