



Poem to Mary from Unknown Person, No Date

[Handwritten, script]

Sweetest Mary

Oh! say, from the bosom why heaves the soft sigh
Why fates the red bloom of thy cheek
Why glistens the tear in thy lovely blue eye,
When with thee of parting I speak
My sweetest Mary

In contrast to all my fond vows can my heart
Deceitful to Mary e'er prove
Oh if fate decrees that from the[e] I must part;
Ever cease to remember with love,
My sweetest Mary

Keep not then dear girl, if I leave behind
My love shall forever endure;
Though beauty will fade, yet the charms of thy mind
From falsehood my heart will secure
My sweetest Mary

[Address, no postmark or state, perhaps from a local friend]
Miss Mary Johnson
Worthington