

Aerial Regions of Imagination

Feb 14th 1867.

Miss Tallie

If you will pardon my presumption

and deign to read these few lines I will be
doubtly recompensed for an exhibition of
my folly. I will not tax your patience
with a long effusion of love sick notions
but I must express my most sincere
regards to the sister of Lizzie and beg her to
receive the following lines as a simple
token of sincere regard which if it dared
might ripen into something else.

"When I dream that you love me you'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affections can live -
I rise, and it leaves me to weep

Then Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast
Thou art me your Lagnaor benign
Should the ^{dream} of tonight but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine

They tell us that I slumber the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
So fate how I long to resign my frail breath
If this be a foretaste of heaven.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft
Nor deem me too happy in this
If I sin in my dream I atone for it now
I have doom'd but to gaze upon bliss

Though in visions sweet lady, perhaps you
Oh! think not my penance deficient
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile
To awake will be torture sufficient

T. V. G.