

Oh, call it by some better name,
For friendship sounds too cold,
While love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shine must be of gold.
And passion like the sun at noon,
That burns are all he sees,
As vile as warm, will set us down,
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of they
Than friendship, Love as passion are,
Let humour still as they;
And if thy lip for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is
And call it by that name.

Miss Mollie Abernethy

Mr. Hanney