

New Paris Ohio Feb 17 1812

To Frank

I know not how I loved thee - no;

I know it not till all was o'er -

Until thy lips had told me so;

Had told me I must love no more.

I knew not how I loved thee; yet -

I long had loved thee wildly well

I thought 't was easy to forget -

I thought a word would break the spell

And even when that word was spoken

Ay! even till the very last -

I thought that spell of faith once broken

I could not long lament the past -

O foolish heart! O feeble brain

That love could thus deceive mankind!

Since hope cannot revive again

Why cannot memory perish too

As ~~soon~~ yours answer soon

God bye



Mr. Frank White

New Paris
Ohio