

956
NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

No. 13.

THE SENTIMENTAL
VALENTINE WRITER,

CONTAINING A SELECTION OF

THE BEST AND NEWEST VALENTINE
POETRY.



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THE
LADIES' VALENTINE WRITER.

CUPID, to my lover bear
This letter, with my vows sincere,
Inspire him with thy flame divine,
And let him be my Valentine.

Whilst I with hope my love impart,
Return thy love to me ;
And let thy smile delight a heart
That beats alone for thee.

I oft in thought recal the hour
You plighted love to me,
And pray that heaven may kindly shower
Its manly gifts on thee.

If with true love a heart can beat,
I'm sure that heart is mine ;
Each hour I pray that I may meet
The faithful love of thine.

Ye gentle gales that waft my sighs,
Go to the youth for whom they rise,
And win him to approve my prayer,
That he will love and end my care.

Oh! would he deign on me to smile,
 All my wo it would beguile;
 Blest indeed the days of mine,
 When passed with such a Valentine.

Sweet youth, be mine, thy charms divine
 Subdue my stubborn heart;
 At Hymen's shrine, oh! call me thine,
 And never, never part.

Let sordid mortals search for wealth,—
 This never shall be my employ;
 Give me but competence and health,
 I envy not their short-lived joy.

Yet this one hope I keep in view,
 If there is bliss for me in store;
 Oh! may I be but blessed with you,
 I will not ask or wish for more.

Art thou not dear unto my heart?
 Oh, search that heart and see,
 And from my bosom tear the part
 That beats not true to thee.

Yes, to that bosom thou art dear,
 More dear than words can tell:
 And if a fault be cherished there,
 'Tis loving thee too well.

Long may our hearts united prove
 The nuptial joys of faithful love;
 And may your love return to me
 As constant as my love for thee.

• A heart that boasts a tender flame,
 Sincere and constant too;

Long time has tried your love to claim,
And vows 'twill e'er be true.
Then say at once you will incline
To be my faithful Valentine.

To me your vows you've oft addressed,
As oft a fervent love expressed;
But you have altered much of late,—
I fear you seek another mate.

If so, why longer wear the mask?
If mine must be the painful task
To give you up, I'll now resign
Him whom I thought my Valentine.

Oh! wo is me! my tender heart
Is pierced with Cupid's fatal dart,
Long time against its point I strove,
But find it vain to strive 'gainst Love.

Dear youth, the maid who sends you this,
Entreats you'll not take it amiss,
That thus to ease the painful smart
With which your absence grieves her heart,
She pens these lines, that they may prove
A pledge of her unceasing love.

If you would think dear youth, on me,
As fondly as I think on thee,
How happy then might be my life,
Thy chosen love, and wedded wife:
But if I may not hope to gain
The heart I've sighed for long in vain,
To none will I this hand resign,
But die—thy faithful Valentine.

Dear youth! I in these lines would tell,
How long I lov'd you, and how well:

But language scarcely can impart
The feelings of my swelling heart.

You in my eyes the truth must seek,
And in the blush that paints my cheek,
Or trembling hand, with which I sign
Myself your own fond Valentine.

May we now the bliss improve,—
May the power of purest love,
With its sweetest blands unite,
Whilst all to love and joy invite.

Were I possessed of fortune's store
I'd give it all to thee,
For thy affection still is more
Than all the world to me.

And can you then your love express,
A heart so true, resign?
Dear youth, return my tenderness,
And be my Valentine.

St. Valentine's day at length is here,
A day to lovers still held dear;
To customary rites I bend,
And thus to you, my love, I send.
An answer write, and let it be
The record of your love to me.

Accept these wishes which your maiden sends,
Ne'er may you feel the want of steadfast friends;
May health, and wealth, and happiness be thine,
And may you welcome this—my Valentine;
Have I another—yes, one wish in store,
That some day we may meet to part no more.

Dear youth, thy form I lately viewed,
(Whilst wrapt in sleep I lay,)
Beside my couch you bending stood,
Love's fondest vows to pay,
I woke—you vanished from my view,—
But tell me,—will my dream come true?

Since I saw you at the ball,
I'm sure my peace is flown;
At night I get no rest at all,
My dreams are you alone.
You was my partner; and I wish
To be the same for life,
Content along with you to pair,
A kind obedient wife.
Then say, dear sir, if you incline
To take me for a Valentine.

The greatest bliss that I can know,
The greatest joy Heaven can bestow,
Will be when Hymen, god divine!
Unites me to my Valentine.

A Valentine I have receiv'd,
And think it must be thine:
Yet, could it be indeed believ'd,
You'd send a Valentine?

If 'twas for mere amusement's sake,
You practis'd every line;
Why then, in dudgeon I must take
Your wicked Valentine.

If love did expectations raise,
To kneel in Hymen's shrine;
I must consider, then, your lays,
A pretty Valentine.

How shall my faithful heart confess,
 Or humble words like these express,
 Unchanging love and true !
 O ! could I once my love declare,
 Or half the fond affection share,
 My bosom feels for you !

If my tongue in faint expression,
 Feebly speaks the love I feel ;
 Yet thee I love beyond confession,
 Love my lips but ill reveal.

To tell thee of my passion true,
 Of all that I have felt for you,
 Of what I ne'er can cease to feel,
 I would, but cannot now, reveal.

A Valentine will not admit
 Sufficient space to compass it ;
 A single line must serve to own
 I love but you, and you alone.

Should this, my frank avowal, give
 Delight to you, for whom I live,
 Let the reply which you transmit,
 In candid terms acknowledge it.

May faithful Love, our hearts uniting,
 Sweet affection's joys improve,
 And Hymen, in fond hope delighting,
 Form for us the bonds of love.

How sweet are the early spring flow'rs,
 Enliv'ning the winter clad plain !
 Not a bird on the tree but carols to see,
 Reviving those beauties and bow'rs,
 You've sighed for with me, but in vain.

The pleasure which I own is mine
 In sending you this Valentine,
 I trust, on its receipt, may be,
 Participated, too, by thee;
 And though but few the lines appear,
 Their purport is not less sincere;
 My object being thus to prove
 The firm attachment of my love.

Once more returns the welcome day,
 When lovers breathe their tender lay;
 And once again would I rehearse
 My love to thee, in humble verse.
 Yet would I not, with low intent,
 As others, write for compliment;
 Nor but for fashion now proclaim
 A love which ever is the same.
 For days may pass, and seasons fail,
 My love for thee must still prevail;
 Yes, love like mine, as strong as pure,
 Through all shall last while life endure.

How hard that my thoughts I must now
 To rhyme and to measure confine:
 More difficult 'tis you'll allow,
 To find a sincere Valentine.

Though I had the pen of a Pope,
 To render harmonious each line;
 How could I by poetry hope,
 To obtain a sincere Valentine?

On one I need only depend,
 I want not the assistance of nine;
 May love, then, sweet love, recommend,
 A fond and sincere Valentine.

Blithely budding fruits and flowers,
 Are coming with the spring-tide hours;
 But what are all their charms for me;
 Dear youth, believe, I sigh for thee.

My heart has beat for thee full long,
At morning's break, or noon-tide song ;
And hope still whispers, not in vain,
That I may be belov'd again.

Happy I should deem her life,
Whom Fortune destin'd for your wife,
Convinc'd you'd try your best to please,
And make her days roll on with ease ;
She, in return, should take delight,
To please you both by day and night ;
And always strive to make your home
A place from which you would not roam ;
Of jealous thoughts herself divest,
Of all that happens make the best.
If such like maxims meet your mind,
In me a Valentine you'll find.

Receive, dear youth, this pledge of love,
The gift accept, the deed approve,
And turn, and smile, and sweetly own,
That I am dear to thee alone.

Dear Valentine ! enchanting day,
The best of months, the lover's May,
You take possession of my soul,
And love reigns there without control.
I choose the swain whom I love best,
He's far superior to the rest ;
In every action 'tis his plan,
To be a brave and honest man ;
No levity is ever seen,
He has a pleasing gentle mien ;
Good humour dwells in every feature,
In short, he is a perfect creature.
Read this portrait, Sir, and find,
That you are thus in it design'd ;
And happiness is truly mine,
If me you choose as Valentine.

When judgment and wit are combin'd
 In one tender and sensible mind,
 Love's busy, at least so I find,
 Looking out to see whom he can snare.
 I'm caught—but I do not much care;
 As love is a lott'ry, I'll e'en take a share,
 My fortune then favour the brave and the fair.

Last year I thought to write to thee,
 But then my courage fail'd,
 And since that period I have been
 By doubts and fears assail'd :
 St. Valentine is come again,
 And I will not neglect
 To speak my sentiments to thee,
 As one I much respect.
 Pray trifle not, if you incline
 Unto another Valentine ;
 But if your heart in me has pleasure,
 I will retain it as a treasure.

Old custom tells us that we may
 Write to our sweethearts on this day,
 And without censure tell our mind ;
 And this it is makes me inclin'd
 To tell you, that with love and truth,
 I sigh for you my dearest youth ;
 Nor need I blush to own a flame,
 Enwrapp'd in honour's sacred name ;
 Then unto this my name I sign,
 And so remain your Valentine.

I love thee, dear youth ! and can I do less,
 As I love thee thus dearly, that love to confess
 No, nor will I a faithful affection disown,
 That claims but thy dear approbation alone.
 I love ! yes, I love most sincerely, 'tis true,
 And all that affection is center'd in you ;
 Ah ! say then, beloved, you'll love me again,
 And I'll strive to love more, if I strive but in vain.

I fear it may be deem'd a fault,
 A lady should reveal a thought,
 So unexpected and unsought,
 Yet, why the truth disguise?
 I dreamt last night—what is the sign?—
 I dreamt that you were dress'd all fine,
 And were indeed my Valentine—
 Oh, what a strange surmise!

Yet, by the million 'tis suppos'd,
 Dreams many secrets have disclos'd,
 And therefore I am really pos'd
 To know what is the sign:
 I've therefore taken up the pen,
 Although averse to write to men,
 And beg you'll answer—are you then
 My destin'd Valentine?

Dear youth, I do accept your heart,
 And value much the prize;
 For tho' you ne'er did tell your love,
 I read it in your eyes.
 I know, and much approve your worth,
 And to your suit incline;
 Then let us meet with love and truth
 To hail sweet Valentine.

If against prudence I offend,
 Let lovely Venus stand my friend,
 And plead for me, and send her Son,
 He is to blame for what I've done:
 'Twas he who prompted my design,
 To write to you, my Valentine,
 And I on him must lay the blame,
 'Twas he alone who rais'd the flame
 That now does in my bosom burn,
 To which I ask a kind return.
 Make not the subject, sir, your jest,
 But set my aching heart at rest.

THE
GENTLEMEN'S VALENTINE WRITER.

A love that's firm, a heart that's true,
Dear Ellen, here I offer you ;
Do not the votive offering spurn,
But give affection in return.

A fervent affection I offer thee, dearest,
Say, will you the offering deign to receive ?
'Tis promoted by love, by feeling sincerest,
'Twould ask thee, dear Mary, its truth to believe.

The pleasure which, I own, is mine,
In sending you this Valentine,
I trust, on its receipt, may be,
Participated, too, by thee ;
And though but few the lines appear,
Their purport is not less sincere ;
My object being thus to prove,
The firm attachment of my love.

Let Love, soft beaming from thine eyes,
To me its bliss impart,
Like summer sun in orient skies,
Speak solace to my heart.

O haste, my love, and name the day
When I can call you mine,
And we to church shall haste away,
My charming Valentine.

If truest love can gain respect,
 I may a mutual love expect :
 If fond affection can avail,
 Then may I hope Love will prevail.

I'd have, my love, a happy home,
 (Just what a home should be,)
 A home of peace, a home of love,
 As made by thee and me.
 When true affection warms the breast,
 And dreams like these depart ;
 It matters little what's our lot,
 Love's home is in the heart.

The sun may shine on forms as fair,
 The earth hold hearts as true,
 But tell me not what other's are,—
 My only world's in you.

Yes, I have gaz'd on many an eye,
 Perhaps as bright as thine :
 But never have I wish'd to call
 Them my own Valentine.

O could thy charms be bartered
 For all on earth we view,
 And I had countless treasures :
 I'd give them all for you.

Let him whom wealth enamours,
 Still wear its sordid chain ;
 But, ah ! without thee, dearest,
 To me all wealth were vain.

Bid me to live, and I will live,
 Thy faithful love to be ;
 Or bid me to love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.—

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,

As any in the world thou'lt find,—
That heart I'll give to thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart ;
Thou art the world to me :
And if thy will thou'lt but impart,
I'll do't, or die for thee.

Letters but fondly trace, at best,
The thoughts which fill a lover's breast ;
And words but feebly can impart
The warm affection of the heart.

How then shall I my love reveal,
Or speak its power, or conceal
The anxious hope, the affection true,
The love which lives alone for you.

Art thou not dear unto my heart ;
Ah ! search that heart and see,
And from my bosom tear the part
Which beats not true to thee.

But to that bosom thou art dear,
More dear than words can tell :
And if a fault be cherished there,
'Tis loving thee too well.

Cupid, god that rules my heart ;
To my lovely maid impart
My prayers, my vows, my love sincere,
To her fair hands this letter bear,
And let the lovely maid divine,
Become my faithful Valentine.

This little ring I offer you,
Conveys to you my heart ;
'Tis wounded, but I know, my dear,
You soon can heal the smart.

Before I part with gifts so fair,
 The hostage I shall want,
 Are truth and love, as pledges that
 Your hand you soon will grant.

Then let's to church without delay,
 No longer let us linger,
 That I may place this sacred tie
 Upon your pretty finger.

This day for love and joy was made,
 Then let no gloom its brightness shade ;
 In sweetest notes the birds rejoice,
 And youths and maidens make their choice.
 To me, then, love, thy heart resign,
 And be my chosen Valentine.

What mortal on thee without rapture can gaze,
 Whose form so angelic such graces displays ?
 Such virtue, such beauty, so noble an air,
 Our heart must enslave, and our senses ensnare :
 O cease, then, dear maid, so enchanting to be,
 O list to thy lover who doats upon thee.

When evening sets in, when the world is at rest,
 Calm reflection we most can enjoy :
 While the stillness around us at once gives a zest,
 To the thoughts which no objects decoy.

Then how sweet 'tis to muse on the time that hath fled,
 If in love, or in friendship 'twere past ;
 To remember each look, every word that was said,
 By the fair one we love to the last.

Though all else be cheerless, though cares intervene,
 Still we feel Love our hearts can inspire ;
 Shall I then forget the bright days we have seen,
 Or the fair one I love and admire ?

Wouldst ask by whom these simple lines are sent ?
Oh ! seek the meaning of their true intent ;
The sender's name I leave you to divine,
But Love's the purport of my Valentine.

To tell thee of my passion true,
Of all that I have felt for you,
Of what I ne'er can cease to feel,
I would, but cannot now, reveal.
A Valentine will not admit
Sufficient space to compass it ;
A single line must serve to own
I love but you, and you alone.
Should this my frank avowal give
Delight to you, for whom I live,
Let the reply which you transmit,
In candid terms acknowledge it.

To listen to thy tuneful voice, to gaze upon thy face,
To share with thee, dear Valentine, the virtuous embrace.
Such tender and such pure delight as often as I've proved,
So often have I felt how much and truly I have loved.

The charm that best can sweeten life,
Is found to be a faithful wife ;
She shares our bliss, she soothes our wo,
With kindness love alone can know ;
The wife I seek—good, kind, and true,
Love whispers—I shall find in you.

Present or absent, I love thee more
Than youth ever loved his dear fair one before ;
Present or absent, that love can impart
The sweetest emotions that gladden the heart.

My vow I have registered, ever to prove
True, constant, sincere, and faithful in love ;
I ask, in return, but the wish to enshrine,
The prayer of my heart on the tablet of thine.

Love thee!—take it not amiss,
 And, O! supreme would be my bliss
 If thou wert mine:
 Then say, my fair, if thou agree
 To make me happy, and to be
 My Valentine.

Believe me, that by day and night,
 I'd feel ineffable delight
 In being thine.
 Then doubt me not, O do not fear,
 For thou shalt find me every year
 Thy Valentine.

Every day I think on thee,
 Every night my love I see.
 Thoughts and dreams so well agree,
 I sure may say,
 They're indeed a happy sign,
 That my love shall soon be mine,
 And I shall be her Valentine,
 Auspicious day!

Dear maid, allow a timid youth,
 With trembling hand to pen,
 And tell the secrets of his heart
 On day of Valentine.

Long has he felt Love's ardent flame,
 And long the same conceal'd,
 Trusting, by time and fortune's aid,
 The same would be reveal'd.

And, O how happy would he be,
 If freed from every pain,
 If for his heart you truly would
 Return him yours again.

Hence, little Cupid, through the paths of air,
 To her I love sincerely, hence, repair;

Bear with you this, my Valentine, and say,
 That you are come on Cupid's holiday,
 Bringing from me, her own devoted youth,
 This pledge of love, fidelity, and truth.
 Begone, then, Cupid, ere the day pass by,
 To her I love sincerely, quickly fly.

Day dream of life, and hope, and love,
 Promethean spark of truth above ;
 O how my inmost spirit burns !
 How my heart toward thee yearns !

Dear to my bosom—deeply dear,
 It swells with joy when thou art near ;
 My star of life—mine, only mine,
 Joy of my soul, my Valentine.

O, why should not the ladies be
 In sentiments as frank as we ?
 No cause I see a maid to blame
 Who does with modesty proclaim
 Her love ; and kind St. Valentine
 Does in this same opinion join,
 And I with rapture choose you mine.

The smiling morn, the op'ning spring,
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, my dearest, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in Love's rapturous bliss combine,
 Upon the day of Valentine.

Let thy tongue, soft love expressing,
 In my ears fond thoughts repeat ;
 Let thy heart, its truth confessing,
 With the purest passion beat.

Thee alone my heart desiring,
 Only hopes thou wilt approve :
 Only this from thee requiring—
 Love returning equal love.

A something whisper'd in my ear,
 Compose a Valentine,
 And send it to thy only dear,
 For then she may be thine.
 I have compos'd this Valentine,
 And send it, love, to thee ;
 And if, sweet maid, thou wilt be mine,
 Thy Valentine I'll be.

With rapture I receiv'd from thee,
 Thy charming Valentine ;
Believe me, Emma, charming maid !
 That I am ever thine.
 For ever festive be the hour
 Thou didst thy flame impart ;
Believe me, thou alone hast power
 To captivate my heart.

Honour shall guide my every act,
 And every wish inspire ;
 Honour shall light up Hymen's torch,
 And fan the sacred fire.
 So then to church let us repair,
 And there, my Valentine,
 Thou wilt become my dearest spouse,
 And I'll be truly thine.

S hall I still in secret pine,
 U nless you'll be my Valentine ?
 S top a bit ! a thought I've hit ;
 A nd if you wont, in short, be mine,
 N o matter, love, if I am *thine*.

O say, then, dear possessor of my breast,
 Where's now my boasted liberty and rest ?

Where the gay moments that I once have known?
O where the heart I fondly thought my own!

I scorn the beauties other eyes adore;
The more I view them, I feel thy worth the more:
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair—
I only think of thee, who art not there.

When from thy sight I waste a tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form, or things to say;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full—I wish—but cannot speak.

A heart there is, which I would woo—
That heart belongs, dear maid, to you;
Full long I've chas'd it, with regret,
For I have never caught it yet;
But by this Valentine, 'tis plain,
That heart I now pursue again;
May I by no repulse be crost,
For if I lose it, I am lost.

Could you persuade the constant dove
To leave his mate, inconstant prove,
And lonely through the woodlands rove,
I might deceive the maid I love;
But ne'er till then will I agree
To quit my love, to part with thee.

Love thee! yes, dear lovely maid,
Thee I'll love, and only thee;
And, whatever cares invade,
Happy in thy love of me.

Love thee! yes, with love replete
Still for thee my heart shall glow,
Till my pulse forgets to beat,
Or the streams of life to flow.

Yes, for ever to my heart,
 Dear and precious shalt thou be:
 Wilt thou, then, dear maid, impart
 Love to him, who lives for thee?

Thou innocent charmer, incline
 Thy ears to my ditty, I pray;
 Beware of the false Valentine,
 Who promises but to betray.

To-day will no doubt bring you, Miss,
 Of Valentines, may be, a score;
 Compare them, I pray, through with this,
 And read them attentively o'er.

I wish as a lover and friend,
 For friendship and love both should join,
 If they flatter, you then may depend,
 Not one is a true Valentine.

What matter their promises fair,
 If they to the truth don't incline!
 Perhaps you'll find none so sincere,
 As he who writes this Valentine.

Since first my heart with pleasure knew
 The power of faithful love for you,
 And made me only thine,
 I cannot cease to love thee less,
 But would returning love possess
 From thee, my Valentine.

Two questions I wish to propose,
 And answer both freely and truly;
 From Cupid the questions arose,
 So pray do not deem them unruly.

To love doth my fair one incline?
 Am I, too, her choice? O pray mention!
 I'll be a true, fond Valentine,
 Well worthy my charmer's attention.

O who can tell the heart's emotion?
 Who can well the power reveal?
 The painful, pleasing, soft commotion,
 The hopes, the fears which lovers feel?

How vainly I, whose bosom fraught
 With love, unchanging love, to thee,
 Can show its truth, or raise a thought
 That's equal to its power in me!

What! though thou hadst some time ago
 A Valentine—what then?
 The dame of Ephesus, you know,
 Resolv'd to wed again.

The time of mourning hath expir'd,
 All sorrow then decline,
 And let another be admir'd—
 Another Valentine.

For three long months I've strove to hide
 What now I can no longer;
 Though silent grief has made me weak,
 My love, I find, is stronger.
 So, if your mind is like your form,
 You cruel, sure, can't be,
 But deign to love a wretched man,
 Who lives alone for thee.

To please the ladies I do strive,
 For I'm the happiest man alive,
 When pleasure they receive.
 I therefore send this Valentine,
 And hope my verses, though not fine,
 Will satisfaction give.
 I do not boast the knack of rhyme,
 Nor is my poetry sublime,
 But true is every line:
 I love thee—'tis the honest truth—
 And, by the honour of a youth,
 I'll be thy Valentine.