

Destroy

This is the verse that came with
a huge bunch of yellow flowers
— anonymous. I never have
heard who the sender was, but
obviously — from the last 2 lines —
one of my Sophomores.

When first, fair nymph, these poesies met my view,
my thoughts would dwell on nothing else but you;
and so, although my purse groan loud and long,
I send them to you with this plaintive song.

That you will value them, nor think it queer
That such a one as I should wish you cheer.
If foolish 'tis and shush and all that rot
I forgive, and in your memory hold it not;
Indulging foolish whims is not my vice
I'll not offend, fair maid, in this way, twice.

If the form is pseudo classic
Isn't the thought int quite romantic?