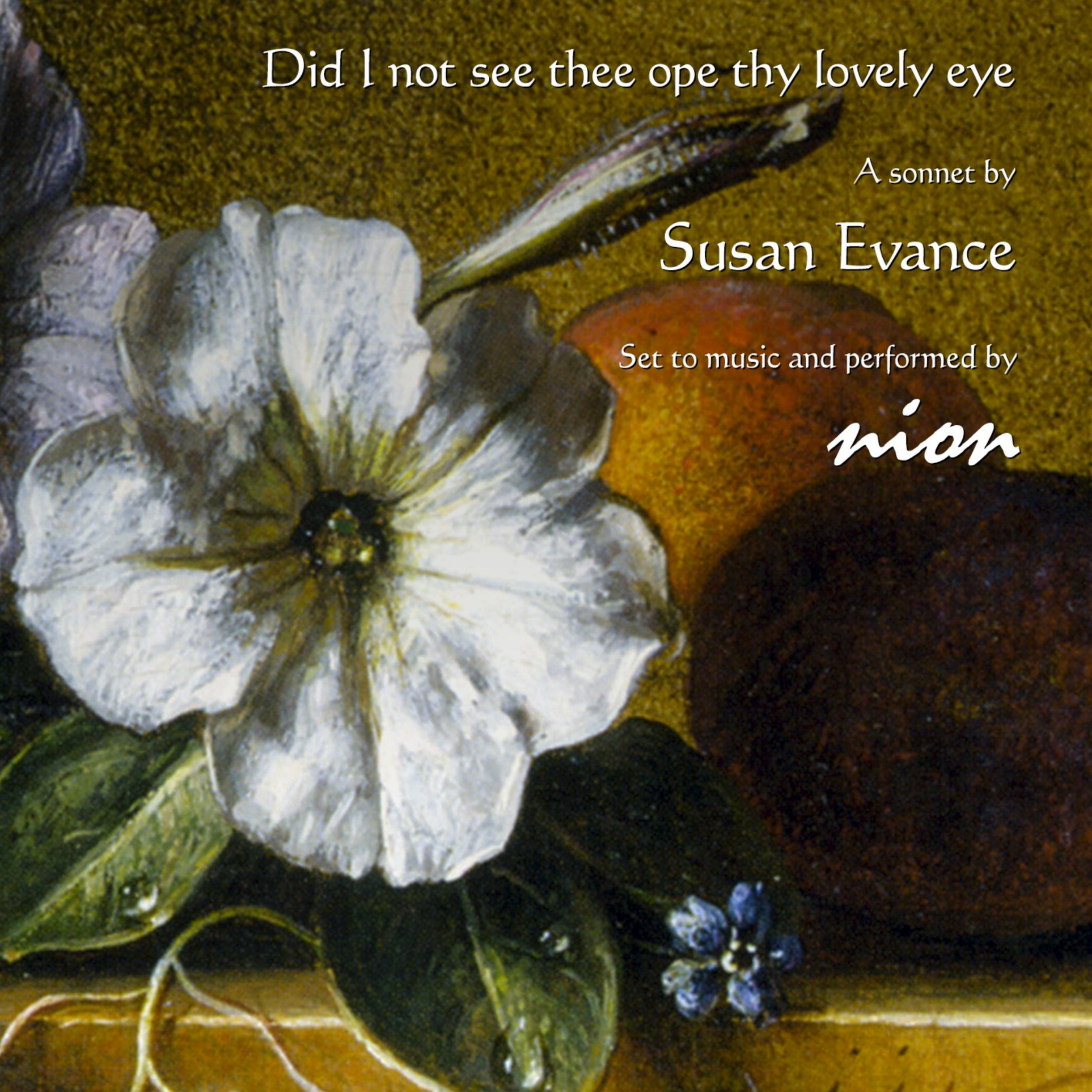
Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye
A sonnet by
Susan Evance
Set to music and performed by
nion

As published in "POEMS, selected from her earliest productions, to those of the present year" (1808):

Did I not see thee ope thy lovely eye

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Susan Evance

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DID I not see thee ope thy lovely eye,
When Morning came with tresses bath'd in dew?
Were not thy artless charms display'd to view
When shone the brilliant sun-beam from on high?
Now that day's crimson splendours fading slow,
Yield to soft shadowy eye the silent sway,
Thou tremblest as the breezes o'er thee stray,
And fold'st thy leaves, and lay'st thy bosom low.
Alas, poor flower, thy little life is o'er,
The yellow morning shall return again,
But all her chearing dews will fall in vain,
For thou must never wake to taste them more.
I grieve for thee, yet, wherefore should I grieve?
Man's but a morning flow'r that like thee dies at eve.

- Edited version, 4.16 -

Cover artwork: Stilleven met bloemen en fruit (detail) - Georgius Jacobus Johannes van Os (1782–1861)

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