

J. Denise

Often when I, in reprieve,
Consider sweetness, I believe,
One name my thoughts ne'er fail retrieve.
I think of J. Denise.

What mortal being Doth Deserve,
Amongst we fellows of the earth,
Devotion far greater than our worth
As that of J. Denise.

It ceases to amaze me not,
As misfortunes often be our lot,
The unprecedented fortune to have got
A friend like J. Denise.

And when I think of one so kind,
In quiet recesses of my mind,
What joy if each of us could find
Someone like J. Denise.