

“IF LOVE WERE ONLY THESE THINGS”

IF Love were only these things—moonlight and
kisses;
Music of heart and harp like star-dust shaking;
Glad beauty giving and mad joy taking;
Lawns cool in dawn-dew and a bird's waking;
Veiled eyes and sidelong glance suddenly turning—
Turned suddenly bright and straight, naked and
still—
Sweetest choice and utter trust, to set the heart
aching!

Love is all of these things—moonlight and kisses;
Dream and desire in tune to set the head spinning;
Lips soft as rose petals for mad joy's winning.

If these were all of Love! If Love were these
only! . . .

But Love has a face of fear to set the heart quaking;
Love knows a black doubt sharper than sinning;
Love knows thirst, and salt tears for its slaking;
And Love knows pain to set the soul aching.
O Love must keep a brave heart for black grief's
taking!

But he who denies Love at the dawn's waking—
He who denies Love at the heart's breaking—
Cursed be he for a fool, sleeping and waking!