

The Dead.

Dir. "But are you sure they're dead?"
Fus. "Dead as herrings that are red."

—*Bombastes Furioso.*

Think in this batter'd Caravanserai,
 Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
 Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.

They say the Liön and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
 And Bahram, that great hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the garden wears
 Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
 Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past regret and future fears:
 To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves, must we, beneath the couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom?