

DANTE TO BEATRICE.

I care not though I may not mate with thee,
For, nathless, I have made thee all my own ;
And henceforth thou shalt evermore be known,
And rescued from Oblivion's hungry sea,
As one to whom a poet bent the knee.
Let whom thou wilt reign with thee on Love's
throne,
In death I will sit there with thee alone,
And all the world shall speak of thee and me.

What though thou givest him thy body and
soul !

Thou canst not rob me of the soul I love ;
It is but the creation of my mind,
And cannot ever pass from my control.
Save mine, all eyes to thy true soul are
blind,
And it shall share with me the life above.