

## II.

## RED. SEFCHEN.

Youth and the sword blood-drunken, that hath  
drunk

An hundred lives and is insatiate,—

Youth and the sword, and Beauty, that doth  
wait

The embrace ;—ripe lips, whose smiles would  
lure a monk ;

Fair flesh, fire-flaming locks, like sun half sunk,  
Glowing in clouds, through evening's crimson  
gate,

Tempt him to love. He challenges his fate,  
Nor has she from his burning kisses shrunk.

Meet was it that beneath the thirsting sword  
Himself into Red Sefchen's arms he flung,

For Innocence then learned the love of  
guilt

And passion's brand, above his head long  
swung,

In his young soul was buried to the hilt,  
Nor ever was a richer flood outpoured.