

TO J. H. REYNOLDS

O THAT a week could be an age, and we
 Felt parting and warm meeting every week,
 Then one poor year a thousand years would be,
 The flush of welcome ever on the cheek :
 So could we live long life in little space,
 So time itself would be annihilate,
 So a day's journey in oblivious haze
 To serve our joys would lengthen and dilate.
 O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind !
 To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant !
 In little time a host of joys to bind,
 And keep our souls in one eternal pant !
 This morn, my friend, and yester-evening taught
 Me how to harbour such a happy thought.

TO * * * * *

TIME'S sea hath been five years at its slow ebb ;
 Long hours have to and fro let creep the sand ;
 Since I was tangled in thy beauty's web,
 And snared by the ungloving of thine hand.
 And yet I never look on midnight sky,
 But I behold thine eyes' well memoried light ;
 I cannot look upon the rose's dye,
 But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight ;
 I cannot look on any budding flower,
 But my fond ear, in fancy at thy lips,
 And hearkening for a love-sound, doth devour
 Its sweets in the wrong sense :—Thou shalt eclipse
 Every delight with sweet remembering,
 And grief unto my darling joys dost bring.