

So needfully together, so alone
From any other natures fit to be
Co-rivals in their fineness of degree,
Methinks full easy in the mountain air,
Where blood is pregnant with the vigor there,
It was for these, so differing yet so like,
Through pulses tuned, the chord of love to strike.

Strike it they did, and each in proper tone,
For over her his spell of power was thrown,
Waking her virgin heart to dim alarms
As of some mighty presence girt with charms
Of terror for a garmenting, and fair
As mighty angels of the upper air,
Yet all as awful with a majesty.
The wherefore did her soul, on bended knee,
In maiden-wise with timid worship send
Faint looks of upward stealth, to see him bend,
This wondrous stranger from another sphere,
O'er her, who only prayed, with maiden fear
Of self-unworthiness, that he might see
No blemish mar her sweet virginity.

And he—as when a tempest from the height,
Spying a flowering meadow, plumes with might
His sounding pinions, and with heart of fire
Stoops to the bosom of his fair desire,
And, rushing from his airy throne on high,
Softens his course of thunder, drawing nigh,
Yet, carried headlong with impetuous sweep,
Drops like the bolted levin from the deep,
And with his strenuous wings embraces round
His flowery lode-star, that it shakes astound,
Yet yields its hearted fragrance to his stress,
Sighing sweet terror to his fierce caress;
So brake the wild musician's soul on her,
Shaking her flowery maidhood to a stir
Of terror, but a terror passing sweet.

And so the days did pass with winged feet,
As every day a holy angel were,
With every beat of wing a pulse of prayer—
For holy is young passion; till was told
The oft repeated tale of varied mould,
Which man to woman loveth still to tell,
And which she trembles at, yet loveth well,
And, pleasure-quicken'd at the heart below,
Blossoms to roses through her virgin snow.

So were they wedded on this summer day,
At dewy blush of morn; and, wedding gay,