

Sonnets.

XXXVI.

IF love were love, 'twere sweet for love to live ;
If love were love, 'twere sweet for love to die ;
But love, like water pouring through a sieve,
The sand doth bury, and the fount is dry
Ere we a question ask. And why, ah, why ?
Time flows apace, and we grow wrinkled, old,
But to our idols how we turn and cling !—
What, what is worldly eminence, or gold,
Compared with love, that transitory thing ?
—Ah, locks of gold and lips that spoke of
Spring —
Ah, tender eyes that still upon us gleam—
Ah, soul most pure, and ah, most gentle heart,—
Thou, the possessor, to the mourner art
Only a memory, a dream, a dream.

XXXVII.

TOST by the wind, from its paternal bough
An acorn fell to earth, and over it
The frost-nipt grass and weeds a blanket knit,
And when the King of Ice, with angry sough
Swept o'er the fields, it slept as might a child,