

Cling to the blessed moment and drink deep  
Of the sweet cup it tends, as there alone  
Were that which makes life worth the pain to live.  
What is so fair as lovers in their joy  
That dies in sleep, their sleep that wakes in joy?  
Caressing arms are their light pillows. They  
That like lost stars have wandered hitherto  
Lonesome and lightless through the universe,  
Now glow transfired at Nature's flaming core;  
They are the centre; constellated heaven  
Is the embroidered panoply spread round  
Their bridal, and the music of the spheres  
Rocks them in hushed epithalamium.

. . . . .

I know that there are those whose idle tongues  
Blaspheme the beauty of the world that was  
So wondrous and so worshipful to me.  
I call them those that, in the palaeae where  
Down perfumed halls the Sleeping Beauty lay,  
Wandered without the secret or the key.  
I know that there are those, of gentler heart,  
Broken by grief or by deception bowed,  
Who in some realm beyond the grave conceive  
The bliss they found not here; but, as for me,