

## (II.)

## PREMONITION.

When I behold Love's Image, Sweet!  
Deep mirrored in the lake  
Of thy dark liquid eyes,  
I linger, longing, o'er the brink, Sweet!  
To mark Love's mysteries take  
My soul with soft surprise.

*O Sweet! to-day thou art all my own;  
No dank winds blast  
Love's outward cast:—*

*O Sweet! to-day thou art all my own.*

Yet while I linger thus, Sweet!  
O'er Love's dear dwelling-place,  
My joy is strangely bound  
By dread of darkened days, Sweet!  
When I shall seek Love's face,  
And Love no more be found.

*Then to-day, Sweet! be thou all my own:  
Ere dank winds blast  
Love's outward cast:—*

*Then to-day, Sweet! be thou all my own.*