

## LOVE'S EMPERY.

O LOVE! if those clear faithful eyes of thine  
Were ever turned away there then should be  
No heav'nly looks to take the gloom from mine,  
Nor any hills, nor any dales for me,  
Nor any honeyed cups of eglantine,  
Nor morning spilth of dew on land or sea.  
No sun should rise, and leave his eastern tent  
To wake the music of the rambling wave,  
Nor any freshness of the West be sent  
To sweep away night's savours of the grave.  
But, when I gaze into those fadeless eyes,  
Methinks I am in some mysterious land,  
Where far-off seas take colour from the skies,  
And voiceless on a mountain-top I stand.