

Romeo and Juliet

The moon! and is it still the same
That circled then with silver flame?
And was it but the change of time
That quenched their spirits so sublime?

Ah, no! such love can never die,
They meet with rapture in the sky;
Far as the stars though now their flight,
Still do their wingèd souls unite.

Would that Juliet I could be
To feel so deep and fervently;
Or a Romeo I could find
As good and gracious, fond and kind.

Fame, like the sun, now gilds the gloom,
And sheds a glory on their tomb;
The lover's altar, poet's shrine,
Where Passion breathes its prayer divine!