

Could I have said while he was here,  
"My love shall now no further range ;  
There cannot come a mellow change,  
For now is love mature in ear."

Love then had hope of richer store ;  
What end is here to my complaint ?  
This haunting whisper makes me faint,  
"More years had made me love thee more."

But death returns an answer sweet :  
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
And gave all ripeness to the grain  
It might have drawn from after-heat."