

But now, Belovèd, dost thou not have grief
And know regret because of wasted years
That knew no profiting but only loss?
Surely thou seest now how vain are laws,
How greatly God in Heaven esteemeth love.
There was a garden once where the rose-trees
Were heavy with white globes of scented
bloom. . . .

Ah, dear, canst thou not hold thine arms
again

More wide for me, I am so tired with tears,
And resting even now within thine arms
I might forget a little while to weep.