

Then he always grows more zealous,
Tender, and more true ;
Loves the more for being jealous,
As all lovers do.

Though I swear by stars above him,
And by worlds beyond,
That I love him—love him—love him ;
Though my heart is fond ;

Though he gives me, doth my lover,
Kisses with each breath—
I shall one day throw him over,
And plight troth with Death.

TWO SUNSETS.

In the fair morning of his life,
When his pure heart lay in his breast,
Panting, with all that wild unrest
To plunge into the great world's strife

That fills young hearts with mad desire,
He saw a sunset. Red and gold
The burning billows surged and rolled,
And upward tossed their caps of fire.