

IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
 That name the under-lying dead,
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again, 5
 And bring the firstling to the flock ;
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
 Who changest not in any gale, 10
 Nor branding summer suns avail
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
 I seem to fail from out my blood 15
 And grow incorporate into thee.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

“LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE
 MINDS.”

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out¹ even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loyed.

— *William Shakspeare.*

¹ Continues steadfast.