

III.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Little we knew when by the thund'rous tide
We stood and looked into its depths profound,
Where boiled the waters after their fierce
bound
Over the cliff that doth the streams divide,
Upper from nether, what of Fate did hide
The veil, or that the voice of Love should sound
In our ears and earth's discordancy be drowned,
And souls unite, leaping the wall of pride.

Little thou thoughtst that love was in the air,
Touching thy turbulent curls, thy flushing
cheek,
Blue eyes, dear heart, and slumbering on
thy lips.

Little I knew boy-love was buried there,
And man's affection deathless, strong, yet
meek,
Woke at the calling of the water drips.