

That thou art dead, what need have they to
shine,

What need have moons to drift across the skies,
Or suns to flare above a barren earth ?

Belovèd, now thou art beyond the world
And art no longer bound to cherish Her,
But now shalt love me as thy spirit wouldst.
Ah, shall repression be our single creed ?
All Thou hast made God, Thou hast fashioned
free,

But man would place a bridle on it all,
Chain the glad golden lightnings to his need,
Stem the bright rivers eager from the hills,
And burden earth with palaces of steel ;
So would he place his rule above our hearts
And stifle love with a remorseless law.