

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone !
 Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
 Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
 Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist !
 Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
 Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
 Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
 Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
 Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
 When the dusk holiday—or holineight
 Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
 The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight ;
 But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
 He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

I CRY your mercy—pity—love !—ay, love !
 Merciful love that tantalises not,
 One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
 Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot !
 O ! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine !
 That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
 Of thee, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
 Thy hair, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—
 Your soul—in pity give me all,
 Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
 Or living on, perhaps, your wretched thrall,
 Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
 Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind
 Losing its gust, and my ambition blind !