

In loving thus too much,
I have been less your friend ;
And yet the fault is such
I may in nowise mend.
If love were but a sin,
It would be clear to me
Why you have ever been
My only enemy.

XV.

No matter, love, whate'er you do—
My love for you but grows the stronger ;
'Tis yours to flout, 'tis mine to woo ;
No matter, love, whate'er you do,
Some day you will this coyness rue
And scorn my suit no longer,
No matter, love, whate'er you do,
My love for you but grows the stronger.

XVI.

If I the hand of Time could stay
To pray for life and love and beauty,
One prayer, thy name, would rise alway,
If I the hand of Time could stay,
One vision, thine, would I portray,
One saint should claim my duty.
If I the hand of Time could stay
To pray for life and love and beauty.