

THE THIRTY-THIRD DAY.

“Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep
the peace.”

Titus Andronicus.

NATHLESS she locked her cabin-door to me.
All lovers guess the piteous night I passed—
Shuddering phantoms, hideous and aghast,
Loomed, lust of hate! toward me: how did she?
She never told: but I might surely see
In the drawn face and haggard eyes what vast
Voices of misery had held her fast,
And made her curse her own lock's cruelty.

So by her beauty and my love we swore,
And by the light within mine eyes, by her
Sweet shame: that never so we sunder again.
But she: “You swear ‘by thy bright face’ in vain;
‘By thy sweet self’ you grow a perjurer;
Who have shamed my face and made me but an
whore.”