

THE FORTY-FOURTH DAY.

“lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.”

Romeo and Juliet.

SLEEP, O deep splendour of disastrous years,
Gone like a star fallen at the fall of night!
Wake, O mute mouth and majesty of light,
Made of no sound that even silence hears,
But born of strings intangible, of spheres
Shaken of love, a mightier music's might
Frailer to sound than dewfall is to sight!
Wake, O sweet soul incorporate of tears!

Or else dream on and let no tears begem
Love's crown of thorns, ensanguine diadem,
But let pale kisses blossom, starry shrine
Of lips most deathlike, that endure divine
Past sleep's, or parting's, or death's spoil of them
In the pomegranate walks of Proserpine!