

LETHE.

WE have forgotten all the days of fear,
The nights of torment when the kiss expired,
Lost upon lips with love not overtired,
But fearing many things—the after year,
The end, the man—O no, not him! the tear,
The children's sorrow, and our own shame fired
Not less in doing all that love desired:
We have forgotten, surely—being here!

We have forgotten every shape of sorrow,
Knowing no end to one night's ecstasy
In the night's kiss from morning that we borrow,
From the hard usurer, Eternity—
Seeing we have it in our power to die
Before the new kiss kindle for the morrow.