

A RONDEL

A BRIEF half-hour is man's allotted bliss,
A space of sunshine and eternal shower ;
A little time for love, as short as is
A brief half-hour.

Hell hath no witchcraft, heaven hath no power,
To change, prolong, delay, or hasten this.
It comes and flits, a bee from bud to flower.

No strength hath love, no virtue hath love's kiss,
To move one jot fate's doom, man's meed, sin's dower.
Between birth's darkness and the gates of Dis,
A brief half-hour !