

TO J. L. D.

At last, so long desired, so long delayed,
The step is taken, and the threshold past;
I am within the palace I have prayed
At last.

Like scudding winds, when skies are overcast,
Came the soft breath of Love, that might not fade.
O Love, whose magic whispers bind me fast,

O Love, who hast the kiss of Love betrayed,
Hide my poor blush beneath thy pinions vast,
Since thou hast come, nor left me more a maid,
At last.