

Love and Time

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pseudonym of John Roberts.*

The aeons, assembling
 About and above
Thy tender trembling
 Lips a-twitter with love,
In solemn session
 Announce and acclaim
The perfect possession —
 Peace, a passion aflame!

The spring, unfolding
 Blossom and bud,
Revels, beholding
 Blushes — bowers of blood!
Beauty assurgent
 Under the whips
Of ardent and urgent
 Lovers, lyrical lips!

The summer, upleaping,
 Thrills with our mirth,
Royally reaping
 Joy, oh, joy, to the earth!
All that was mine is
 Thine at a nod. . . .
Deep in the shrine is
 Holy, hidden, the God.

Autumn, assuring
 Earth of her fruit,
Mellows, maturing

Love on lordlier lute.
Thou that wast maiden,
Thou that art wife,
Wake! thou art laden
Now with treasure of life!

Winter, congealing
The life of the year,
Smiles for us, sealing
Sure the soul of our sphere.
Girdled and crowned with
Love, we are shod
With songs that resound with
Harps whose measure is God.

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