

A SONNET IN SPRING.

O CHAINLESS Love, the frost is in my brain,
Whose swift desires and swift intelligence
Are dull and numb to-day ; because the sense
Only responds to the sharp key of pain.
O free fair Love, as welcome as the rain
On thirsty fallows, come, and let us hence
Far where the veil of Summer lies immense,
A haze of heat on ocean's purple plain.

O wingless Love, let us away together
Where the sure surf rings round the beaten strand ;
Where the sky stands, a dome of flawless weather,
And the stars join in one triumphal band,
Because we broke the inexorable tether
That bound our passion with an iron hand.