

ELVINA.

Written at Eastbourne.

Tune—"German Evening Hymn."

WAS thy fault to be too tender?
Was thine error to be weak?
Was my kiss the chief offender
Pressed upon thy blushing cheek?

Was it sin to press and press thee
Till thy burning lips at last
Madly kissed me? How I bless thee,
Now, for that superb repast!

All-consuming, all-devouring,
All-absorbing, burnt the flame;
Burnt unchecked till, hotly showering,
Passion disregarded Shame!

Was it sin—that moonlight madness?
Was our passion so accurst?
Sweetness damned to mother Sadness?
Satisfaction to bring Thirst?

Was our love to bring division?
Nay! ten thousand devils! nay!
And a devil in a vision
Hisses as I slumber, "Yea!

"Heaven of your accurst creation
Shall become a hell of fire;
Death for kisses, and damnation
For your love shall God require."