

“’TIS PITY—”

—FORD.

BLOW on the flame!

The charcoal’s vaporous fume
Shall hide our shame!

Come, love, within the gloom!
For one last night, sweet sister, be the same;
Come, nestle with me in sweet Death’s hot womb!

Two sunny eyes!

And this is all my ruin!
Two gleaming thighs!
And all to my undoing!

Far-swelling curves in ivory rapture rise
Warm and too white—bethink you of the wooing!

A kiss of fire;

A touch of passionate yearning
Steals higher and higher—
And kisses are returning!

The strong white grasp draws me still nigher and
nigher,
Our fusing forms in one fierce furnace burning!

Fails to us speech

In Love’s exultant leaping!
Each merged in each
The golden fruit is reaping!

Wilt slumber, dear? One last kiss, I beseech!

Come to us, Death! My love and I are sleeping!