

MORT D'ADONIS.

ADONIS dies. (Imagination hears  
The hoarse harsh breathing of the ill-nurtured boar)  
Venus bends low, half mother and half whore,  
Whole murderess of boy's budhood. Fall, black fears!

Ay! through her widowed, her unwedded tears,  
The foolish filial appeal, "Restore,  
O Father Zeus, this tender life once more!"  
Falls the baulked hope of half a million years.

She in her gloom and ignorance will go  
Forlorn to Paphos, wrapt in urgent woe,  
Her hair funereal swathing her fallen form,  
Its wind-swept horror holding him; his white  
Torn body blushing through tempestuous night.  
So breaks the life in hell, the year in storm.