

Love

AH, sweet, there is but little time for love,
Though day be heaped on day, and night on night,
Climbing the skies beyond the topmost height
Till God be reached where endless ages move.

LOVE

Yet but a little time is left to prove
How Love goes forth and in his hand a light
Burning a flame of beauty, pure and white,
To lead us where, within some ancient grove,

He holds his court, and thuribles do swing,
Laden with incense, over odorous flowers
That wait to deck the lovers he doth bring
Out of the tyranny of days and hours,
To live for ever with sweet murmuring
Of birds and harps among the leafy bowers.