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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

To —

1

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds
Are lips—and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words—

2

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrind
Then desolately fall,
O! God! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall—

3

Thy heart—thy heart!—I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day
Of truth that gold can never buy—
Of the trifles that it may.

