

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

“He has strangled
His language in his tears.”

K. Hen. VIII.

My comedy has changed its blithe aspect
To bitterest face of tragedy; she said:
“Alas! O soul of mine! I am surely dead,
Seeing my life is by a serpent wrecked
Of sore disease: but spare me, and reflect
That in few months I die: but were I wed—
O lover! O desire discomfited!
I die at once: consider, and elect.”

How could I otherwise than spare my wife?
With tender lips and fingers one strong kiss
Swooned slave-wise even before the gate of bliss,
No more: for I rose up and cursed my life,
Hating the God that made us to dissever
So soon so sweet a love, and that for ever.

“Ut. Canc.” sublatum iri dixisse. Vae Capricorno!
(Author's Note.)