

THE FORTY-SEVENTH DAY.

“Thou ever young, fresh, lov’d, and delicate wooer.”
Timon of Athens.

THE little money that we had to spend
Was gone long since : the little more I stole
Followed : I pledged than all things but my soul
(On which the usurers refused to lend)
To raise our utmost, till a ship should send
Much plenty from the Sunset : to control
And stop her yet a little while, the whole
I meant to waste before the week should end.

Thus we went Northward to the capital,
Desolate huts and ways funereal,
An hateful town ; earthquake and heat and rain
Made the place wretched, did not love enchain
There even as here : what mattered aught at all
While love was hovering and our lips were fain ?