

... WITH DEATH . . .

... with Death
...
... with rustling shade
... the air—
... Death
... blue days and fair.
... my hand
... hand
... my breath—
... will.
... Death
... battered hill,
... again this year
... appear.
... to be deep
... down,
... peaceful sleep,
... to breath,
... dear . . .
... Death
... down,
... this year,
... true,
...

SONNET I

SIDNEY, in whom the heyday of romance
Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
Or brought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
Shunned the ideals of our present day
And studied those that were esteemed in yours;
For, turning from the mob that buys Success
By sacrificing all Life's better part,
Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.