



HARRY W. FITZPATRICK.

IT IS LOVE.

There is a name now grown old  
That was young once earth waxed cold—  
An iron chain lay bound it to bride  
of Sappho wrote its woes in flame:  
Grothe and Moore and Byron came  
to sing the love song of old.  
Monarchs have accepted eastward,  
how heath is tyrant way;

The Sun died for Reason all his day—  
The last time he set he did not die;  
In deepest abyss shades there is a pale  
rose sphodros bared never bent to Cupid's  
strand;

In secret Ind. lie there a coin by pale  
and sudden Gain unites to down Love's bed;  
For even gray apollos of war's godre dead  
The jocals howl in vain to drown Love's  
tale.

Leaped to manhood's glories polk  
Fate's hand, and though free! These  
Will make mighty, if ye speak  
the words that seal their mine—  
There is no kingdom like Power.

Step forth and soared—J'chon!

Step forth and soared hours!  
Simon Magus fell not alone,  
For heaven is still beset by tortoise

bone.

Leads down a thorn-down path, there miles  
Waking and weeping, I am  
I am laid Pain, whose everlasting fire  
Burns fierce, bashed with vain regret,  
By their glow, I saw a gloomy shape  
Came to me, and said—  
"I am a shadow, I am a ghost,  
To worship Passion in her chace. Now,  
Den me, like a cast of mail,  
I am great, and that I am Pride!"  
With the heart the warm'd to die.  
And in my heart the warm'd to die.  
I am a ghost, and thought were giddy grown:  
I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,  
Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;  
Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;  
Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.  
He made the Love easy the guess,  
To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;  
I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;

Radiance blind the orb of light;

I tread the black world to down.

He made the Love easy the guess,

To apologize, and biesse'

Love and Truth and the grave;

I am and thought were giddy grown:

I speeded to her breast, and the gloom unknown.

Pause! To my fading sense came  
A vision of incense, a poem of flame,

Pert from Paradise gates;

From Paul's eye the blindness fell;

Deep in my parched soul's thirring well  
Died of gladness.

My sight,  
Madden decked with primrose hues;