## George Eliot (1819-80)

## 1 Two Lovers

And heard the wooing thrushes sing. O budding time!   O love's blest prime!   Two wedded from the portal stept:   The bells made happy carollings,   The air was soft as fanning wings,   White petals on the pathway slept.   O pure-eyed bride!   O tender pride!   Two faces o'er a cradle bent:   Two hands above the head were locked;   These pressed each other while they rocked,   Those watched a life that love had sent.   O solemn hour!   O hidden power!   Two parents by the evening fire:   The red light fell about their knees,   O patient life!   O tender strife!   The two still sat together there,   The red light shone about their knees;   But all the heads, by slow degrees,   Had gone and left that lonely pair.   O voyage fast!	Two lovers by a moss-grown spring: They leaned soft cheeks together there,	
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But all the heads, by slow degrees, Had gone and left that lonely pair. O voyage fast!	The two still sat together there,	25
Had gone and left that lonely pair. O voyage fast!	The red light shone about their knees;	
O voyage fast!	But all the heads, by slow degrees,	
	Had gone and left that lonely pair.	
O vanished past! 3	O voyage fast!	
-	O vanished past!	30

The red light shone upon the floor, And made the space between them wide; They drew their chairs up side by side, Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!" O memories! 35 O past that is!

1866

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