

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore
How has she cheapen'd Paradise

From Sponsa Dei

. . . what we shall be hath not yet appear'd.
O, Heart, remember thee,
That Man is none,
Save One.

From Life of the Life

. . . Might mortal breath
Express the passion then inspired,
Evil would die a natural death,
And nothing transient be desired;
An error from the soul would pass,
And leave the senses pure and strong
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,
Has neither memory not tongue!

Unthrift

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd Paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

