

## Passion

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**T**HIS flame of Passion that so high in air,  
By spice and balsam of the spirit fed,  
With fire and fume vast Heaven hath overspread,  
And blots the stars with smoke, or dims with glare :  
Soon shall it droop, and radiance pure and fair  
Again from azure altitudes be shed ;  
And we the murky grime and embers red  
Shall sift, if haply dust of Love be there.  
Gather his ashes from the torrid mould,  
And, quenched with drops of Bacchic revelry,  
Yield to the Stygian powers to have and hold :  
And urn Etrurian let his coffin be ;  
For this was made to store the dead and cold,  
And is a thing of much fragility.