

## Two Sonnets from Petrarch

By Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B.

### I—Laura Weeping

WHERE'ER I shift my weary eyes, to know  
If ancient charm by new may be dispelled,  
They see but her whom whilom they beheld,  
And urge rekindling fires to deeper glow.  
Conjunction of sweet ruth and lovely woe  
Enthrals the gentle heart ; nor thus compelled  
The eye alone, but ear is captive held,  
Haunted by thrilling speech and sighings low.  
And Love and Truth affirm with me that sight  
So exquisite as mine was seen of none  
By splendour of the day or starry light ;  
Nor plaint so musical e'er broke upon  
The ear of man ; or shower of drops so bright  
From eyes so fair e'er sparkled to the sun.

Love

## II—She should have Died Hereafter !

LOVE had at length a tranquil port displayed  
To travailed soul, long vexed by toil and teen,  
In calm maturity, where naked seen  
Is Vice, and Virtue in fair garb arrayed.  
Bare to her eyes my heart should now be laid,  
Disquieted no more their peace serene—  
O Death, what harvest of long years hath been  
Ruin by thee in one brief moment made !  
The hour when unreprieved I might invoke  
Her chaste ear's favour, and disburden there  
My breast of fond and ancient thought, drew nigh :  
And she, perchance, considering as I spoke,  
Each bloomless face and either's silvered hair,  
Some blessed word had uttered with a sigh.