

### THE PHANTOM-WOOER

*A ghost, that loved a lady fair,  
 Ever in the starry air  
 Of midnight at her pillow stood;  
 And, with a sweetness skies above  
 The luring words of human love,  
 Her soul the phantom wooed.  
 Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,  
 The little snakes of silver throat,  
 In mossy skulls that nest and lie,  
 Ever singing, "Die, oh! die."*

*Young soul put off your flesh, and come  
 With me into the quiet tomb.  
 Our bed is lovely, dark, and sweet;  
 The earth will swing us, as she goes,  
 Beneath our coverlid of snows,  
 And the warm leaden sheet.  
 Dear and dear is their poisoned note,  
 The little snakes of silver throat,  
 In mossy skulls that nest and lie,  
 Ever singing, "Die, oh! die."*

—THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES