## **Classic Poetry Series**

# **William Forster**

- poems -

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#### `The Love in her Eyes lay Sleeping'

The love in her eyes lay sleeping, As stars that unconscious shine, Till, under the pink lids peeping, I wakened it up with mine; And we pledged our troth to a brimming oath In a bumper of blood-red wine. Alas! too well I know That it happened long ago; Those memories yet remain, And sting, like throbs of pain, And I'm alone below, But still the red wine warms, and the rosy goblets glow; If love be the heart's enslaver, 'Tis wine that subdues the head. But which has the fairest flavour, And whose is the soonest shed? Wine waxes in power in that desolate hour When the glory of love is dead. Love lives on beauty's ray, But night comes after day, And when the exhausted sun His high career has run, The stars behind him stay, And then the light that lasts consoles our darkening way. When beauty and love are over, And passion has spent its rage, And the spectres of memory hover, And glare on life's lonely stage, 'Tis wine that remains to kindle the veins And strengthen the steps of age. Love takes the taint of years, And beauty disappears, But wine in worth matures The longer it endures, And more divinely cheers, And ripens with the suns and mellows with the spheres.

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