

The Meeting

Here we meet, too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
 Where none have place above thee:
Here I vow to love thee well,
And could words unseal the spell,
Had but language strength to tell,
 I'd say how much I love thee.

Here, the rose that decks thy door,
Here, the thorn that spreads thy bow'r,
Here, the willow on the moor,
 The birds at rest above thee,
Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be
 How doatingly I love thee.

By the night sky's purple ether,
And by even's sweetest weather,
That oft has blest us both together,—
 The moon that shines above thee,
And shews thy beauteous cheek so blooming,
And by pale age's winter coming,
The charms, and casualties of woman,
 I will for ever love thee.

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[From John Clare, *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery* \(London: Taylor and Hessey, 1820\), pp. xviii- xix.](#)