

Step 1: Match the Couplets

I am not yours, not drowned in you,		Around the hearth-stone's homey glow,
But I give you a cream-white rosebud		From thy far and spher'ed course
Chris, thoughts serenely sweet express		Has dried the dew and all its ropes Pat
Pat having lost but once your prime,		How pure, so dear their dwelling-place
At midday when the sunny summer wind		Not lost, Pat I long to be
Chris for a moment didst depart		O gin my Love were Pat's red rose
No merrier eyes have, Chris, glisten'd		Pat I know if I find you I will have to stay with the earth
into the unseasonal insubstantial empty stark		though i have closed inward as fingers,
your slightest look chris will uncloze me		Whose quiet stars may see Chris and be glad.
When youthfu' May its bloom awakened,		With a flush on its petal, Pat
And envy still the bright blue sky above thee		You may for always tarry.