**Porphyria's Lover**

*The rain set early in to-night,*

*The sullen wind was soon awake,*

*It tore the elm-tops down for spite,*

*And did its worst to vex the lake:*

*I listened with heart fit to break.*

*When glided in Porphyria; straight*

*She shut the cold out and the storm,*

*And kneeled and made the cheerless grate*

*Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;*

*Which done, she rose, and from her form*

*Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,*

*And laid her soiled gloves by, untied*

*Her hat and let the damp hair fall,*

*And, last, she sat down by my side*

*And called me. When no voice replied,*

*She put my arm about her waist,*

*And made her smooth white shoulder bare,*

*And all her yellow hair displaced,*

*And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,*

*And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,*

*Murmuring how she loved me — she*

*Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,*

*To set its struggling passion free*

*From pride, and vainer ties dissever,*

*And give herself to me for ever.*

*But passion sometimes would prevail,*

*Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain*

*A sudden thought of one so pale*

*For love of her, and all in vain:*

*So, she was come through wind and rain.*

*Be sure I looked up at her eyes*

*Happy and proud; at last I knew*

*Porphyria worshipped me; surprise*

*Made my heart swell, and still it grew*

*While I debated what to do.*

*That moment she was mine, mine, fair,*

*Perfectly pure and good: I found*

*A thing to do, and all her hair*

*In one long yellow string I wound*

*Three times her little throat around,*

*And strangled her. No pain felt she;*

*I am quite sure she felt no pain.*

*As a shut bud that holds a bee,*

*I warily oped her lids: again*

*Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.*

*And I untightened next the tress*

*About her neck; her cheek once more*

*Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:*

*I propped her head up as before,*

*Only, this time my shoulder bore*

*Her head, which droops upon it still:*

*The smiling rosy little head,*

*So glad it has its utmost will,*

*That all it scorned at once is fled,*

*And I, its love, am gained instead!*

*Porphyria's love: she guessed not how*

*Her darling one wish would be heard.*

*And thus we sit together now,*

*And all night long we have not stirred,*

*And yet God has not said a word!*

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