

## III

Night shall eat these girls and boys.  
 Time makes his meal of thee and me.  
 Love a broken doll shall be;  
 the moon and sun like tired toys

(with all whereat joined hearts rejoice)  
 shall drop softly into the sea.  
 Night shall eat these girls and boys.  
 Time makes his meal of thee and me.

Love,lady,prizeth wisely thee;  
 whose white and little hand annoys  
 the universal death,pardi:  
 whose most white body is his voice.  
 Night shall eat these girls and boys.