


# The Affliction of Richard

By Robert Bridges

Love not too much. But how,  
  
When thou hast made me such,  
  
And dost thy gifts bestow,  
  
How can I love too much?  
  
Though I must fear to lose,  
  
And drown my joy in care,  
  
With all its thorns I choose  
  
The path of love and prayer.  
  
Though thou, I know not why,  
  
Didst kill my childish trust,  
  
That breach with toil did I  
  
Repair, because I must:  
  
And spite of frightening schemes,  
  
With which the fiends of Hell  
  
BlaspHEME thee in my dreams,  
  
So far I have hoped well.



But what the heavenly key,

What marvel in me wrought

Shall quite exculpate thee,

I have no shadow of thought.

What am I that complain?

The love, from which began

My question sad and vain,

Justifies thee to man.