

You that outlast the Pyramids, as they
 Outlast their founders, tell us of
 our doom !
 You that see love depart, and Error
 stray,
 And Genius toiling at a splendid
 tomb,
 Like those Egyptian slaves : and
 Hope deceived :
 And strength still failing when the
 goal is near :
 And Passion parcht : and Rapture
 claspt to Fear :
 And Trust betrayed : and Memory
 bereaved !

Vain question ! Shall some other
 voice declare
 What my soul knows not of her-
 self? Ah no !
 Dumb patient Monster, grieving
 everywhere,
 Thou answerest nothing which I
 did not know.
 The broken fragments of ourselves
 we seek
 In alien forms, and leave our lives
 behind.
 In our own memories our graves
 we find.
 And when we lean upon our hearts,
 they break.

I seem to see 'mid yonder glimmer-
 ing spheres
 Another world :—not that our
 prayers record,
 Wherein our God shall wipe away all
 tears,
 And never voice of mourning shall
 be heard ;
 But one between the sunset and
 moonrise :
 Near night, yet neighboring day :
 a twilit land,
 And peopled by a melancholy
 band—
 The souls that loved and failed—
 with hopeless eyes ;

More like that Hades of the antique
 creeds ;—
 A land of vales forlorn, where
 Thought shall roam
 Regretful, void of wholesome human
 deeds, [home,
 An endless, homeless pining after
 To which all sights and sounds shall
 minister
 In vain :—white roses glimmering
 all alone
 In an evening light, and, with his
 haunting tone,
 The advancing twilight's shard-born
 trumpeter.

A world like this world's worst come
 back again ;
 Still groaning 'neath the burthen
 of a Fall :
 Eternal longing with eternal pain,
 Want without hope, and memory
 saddening all.
 All congregated failure and despair
 Shall wander there, through some
 old maze of wrong :—
 Ophelia drowning in her own
 death-song,
 And First-Love strangled in his
 golden hair.

Ah well, for those that overcome, no
 doubt
 The crowns are ready ; strength is
 to the strong.
 But we—but we—weak hearts that
 grope about
 In darkness, with a lamp that fails
 along
 The lengthening midnight, dying ere
 we reach
 The bridal doors ! O, what for us
 remains,
 But mortal effort with immortal
 pains ?
 And yet—God breathed a spirit into
 each !

I know this miracle of the soul is
 more
 Than all the marvels that it looks
 upon.

And we are kings whose heritage
 was before
 The spheres, and owes no homage
 to the sun.
 In my own breast a mightier world I
 bear
 Than all those orbs on orbs about
 me rolled ;
 Nor are you kinglier, stars, though
 throned on gold,
 And given the empires of the mid-
 night-air.

For I, too, am undying as you are.
 O teach me calm, and teach me
 self-control :—
 To sphere my spirit like yon fixed
 star
 That moves not ever in the utmost
 pole,
 But whirls, and sleeps, and turns all
 heaven one way.

So, strong as Atlas, should the
 spirit stand,
 And turn the great globe round in
 her right hand,
 For recreation of her sovereign sway.

Ah yet !—For all, I shall not use my
 power,
 Nor reign within the light of my
 own home,
 Till speculation fades, and that
 strange hour
 Of the departing of the soul is
 come ;
 Till all this wrinkled husk of care
 falls by,
 And my immortal nature stands
 upright
 In her perpetual morning, and the
 light
 Of suns that set not on Eternity !

BOOK I.—IN ITALY.

THE MAGIC LAND.

By woodland belt, by ocean bar,
 The full south breeze our fore-
 heads fanned,
 And, under many a yellow star,
 We dropped into the Magic Land.

There, every sound and every sight
 Means more than sight or sound
 elsewhere ;
 Each twilight star a twofold light ;
 Each rose a double redness, there.

By ocean bar, by woodland belt,
 Our silent course a syren led,
 Till dark in dawn began to melt,
 Through the wild wizard-work
 o'erhead.

A murmur from the violet vales !
 A glory in the goblin dell !

There Beauty all her breast unveils,
 And Music pours out all her shell.

We watched, toward the land of
 dreams,
 The fair moon draw the murmur-
 ing main ;
 A single thread of silver beams
 Was made the monster's rippling
 chain.

We heard far off the syren's song ;
 We caught the gleam of sea-maid's
 hair. [among,
 The glimmering isles and rocks
 We moved through sparkling pur-
 ple air.

Then Morning rose, and smote from
 far,
 Her elfin harps o'er land and sea ;
 And woodland belt, and ocean bar,
 To one sweet note, sighed " Italy !"

DESIRE.

THE golden Planet of the Occident
Warm from his bath comes up,
If the rosy air,
And you may tell which way the
Daylight went,
Only by his last footsteps shining
there :
For now he dwells
Sea-deep o'er the other shore of
the world,
And winds himself in the pink-
mouthéd shells ;
Or, with his dusky, sun-dyed Priest,
Walks in the gardens of the gorgeous
East ;
Or hides in Indian hills ; or saileth
where
Floats, curiously curled,
Leagues out of sight and scent of
spicy trees,
The cream-white nautilus on sap-
phrine seas.
But here the Night from the hill-top
yonder,
Steals all alone, nor yet too soon ;
I have sighed for, and sought for,
her ; sadder and fonder
(All through the lonely and linger-
ing noon)
Than a maiden that sits by the lat-
tice to ponder
On vows made in vain, long since,
under the moon.
Her dusky hair she hath shaken free,
And her tender eyes are wild with
love ;
And her balmy bosom lies bare to me.
She hath lighted the seven sweet
Pleiads above,
She is breathing over the dreaming
sea,
She is murmuring low in the cedar
grove ;
She hath put to sleep the moaning
dove
In the silent cypress-tree.
And there is no voice nor whisper,—
No voice nor whisper,

In the hillside olives all at rest,
Underneath blue-lighted Hesper,
Sinking, slowly, in the liquid west :
For the night's heart knoweth best
Love by silence most exprest.
The nightingales keep mute
Each one his fairy flute,
Where the mute stars look down,
And the laurels close the green sea-
side :

Only one amorous lute
Twangs in the distant town,
From some lattice opened wide :
The climbing rose and vine are here,
are there.

On the terrace, around, above me :
The lone Ledaean* lights from yon
enchanted air

Look down upon my spirit, like a
spirit's eyes that love me.

How beautiful, at night, to muse on
the mountain height,
Moated in purple air, and all
alone !

How beautiful, at night, to look into
the light

Of loving eyes, when loving lips
lean down unto our own !

But there is no hand in mine, no
hand in mine,

Nor any tender cheek against me
prest :

O stars that o'er me shine, I pine, I
pine, I pine,

With hopeless fancies hidden in an
ever-hungering breast !

O where, O where is she that should
be here,

The spirit my spirit dreameth ?
With the passionate eyes, so deep, so
dear,

Where a secret sweetness beam-
eth ?

O sleepeth she, with her soft gold
hair

* "How oft, unwearied, have we spent the
nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above."—COWLEY.

Streaming over the fragrant pil-
low,
And a rich dream glowing in her ripe
cheek,
Far away, I know not where,
By lonely shores, where the tum-
bling billow
Sounds all night in an emerald
creek ?

Or doth she lean o'er the casement
stone

When the day's dull noise is done
with,

And the sceptred spirit remounts
alone

Into her long-usurpéd throne,
By the stairs the stars are won with ?

Hearing the white owl call
Where the river draws through the
meadows below,

By the beeches brown, and the
broken wall,

His silvery, seaward waters, slow
To the ocean bounding all :

With, here a star on his glowing
breast,

And, there a lamp down-stream-
ing,

And a musical motion towards the
west

Where the long white cliffs are
gleaming ;

While, far in the moonlight, lies at
rest

A great ship, asleep and dream-
ing ?

Or doth she linger yet
Among her sisters and brothers,

In the chamber where happy faces
are met,

Distinct from all the others ?
As my star up there, be it never so
bright,

No other star resembles.
Doth she steal to the window, and
strain her sight

(While the pearl in her warm hair
trembles)

Over the dark, the distant night,

Feeling something changed in her
home yet ;
That old songs have lost their old
delight,
And the true soul is not come yet ?
Till the nearest star in sight
Is drowned in a tearful light.

I would that I were nigh her,
Wherever she rest or rove !

My spirit waves as a spiral fire
In a viewless wind doth move.

Go forth, alone, go forth, wild-
winged Desire,

Thou art the bird of Jove,
That broodest lone by the Olympian
throne ;

And strong to bear the thunders
which destroy,

Or fetch the ravisht, flute-playing
Phrygian boy ;

Go forth, across the world, and find
my love !

FATALITY.

I HAVE seen her, with her golden
hair,

And her exquisite primrose face,
And the violet in her eyes ;

And my heart received its own de-
spair—

The thrall of a hopeless grace,
And the knowledge of how youth
dies.

Live hair afloat with snakes of gold,
And a throat as white as snow,

And a stately figure and foot ;
And that faint pink smile, so sweet,
so cold,

Like a wood anemone, closed be-
low

The shade of an ilex root.

And her delicate milk-white hand in
mine,

And her pensive voice in my ear,
And her eyes downcast as we
speak.

I am filled with a rapture, vague and
fine :

For there has fallen a sparkling
tear
Over her soft, pale cheek.

And I know that all is hopeless now.
And that which might have been,
Had she only waited a year or
two,
Is turned to a wild regret, I know,
Which will haunt us both, what-
ever the scene,
And whatever the path we go.

Meanwhile, for one moment, hand
in hand,
We gaze on each other's eyes ;
And the red moon rises above
us ;
We linger with love in the lovely
land,—
Italy with its yearning skies,
And its wild white tars that
love us.

A VISION.

THE hour of Hesperus ! the hour
when feeling
Grows likest memory, and the full
heart swells
With pensive pleasure to the mellow
pealing
Of mournful music upon distant
bells :
The hour when it seems sweetest to
be loved,
And saddest to have loved in days
no more.
O love, O life, O lovely land of
yore,
Through which, erewhile, these
weary footsteps roved,
Was it a vision ? Or Irene, sitting,
Lone in her chamber, on her snowy
bed,
With listless fingers, lingeringly un-
knitting
Her silken bodice ; and, with
bended head,
Hiding in warm hair, half-way to her
knee

Her pearl-pale shoulder, leaning
on one arm,
Athwart the darkness, odorous and
warm,

To watch the low, full moon set,
pensively ?
A fragrant lamp burned dimly in the
room,
With scarce a gleam in either look-
ing-glass.

The mellow moonlight, through the
deep-blue gloom,
Did all along the dreamy chamber
pass, [awe
As though it were a little toucht with
(Being new-come into that quiet
place

In such a quiet way) at the strange
grace

Of that pale lady, and what else it
saw ;—
Rare flowers : narcissi ; irises, each
crowned ;

Red oleander blossoms ; hyacinths
Flooding faint fragrance, richly
curled all round,
Corinthian, cool columnar flowers
on plinths ;

Waxen camelias, white and crimson
ones ;
And amber lilies, and the regal
rose,

Which for the breast of queens
full-scornful grows ;
All pinnacled in urns of carven
bronze :

Tables of inwrought stone, true
Florentine,—
Olympian circles thronged with
Mercuries,

Minervas, little Junos dug i' the
green
Of ruined Rome ; and Juno's own
rich eyes

Vivid on peacock plumes Sidonian :
A ribboned lute, young Music's
cradle : books,

Vellumed and claspt : and with
bewildered looks,
Madonna's picture,—the old smile
grown wan.

EROS.

From bloomed thickets, firefly-
lamped, beneath
The terrace, fluted cool the night-
ingale.

In at the open window came the
breath
Of many a balmy, dim blue, dream-
ing vale.

At intervals the howlet's note came
clear,
Fluttering dark silence through the
cypress grove ;

An infant breeze from the elf-land
of Love,
Lured by the dewy hour, crept, lisp-
ing, near.

And now is all the night her own, to
make it
Or grave or gay with throngs of
waking dreams.

Now grows her heart so ripe, a sigh
might shake it
To showers of fruit, all golden as
beseems

Hesperian growth. Why not, on
nights like this,
Should Daphne out from yon
green laurel slip ?

A Dryad from the ilex, with white
hip
Quivered and thonged to hunt with
Artemis ?

To-night, what wonder were it,
while such shadows
Are taking up such shapes on
moonlit mountains,

Such star-flies kindling o'er low
emerald meadows,
Such voices floating out of hillside
fountains,

If some full face should from the
window greet her,
Whose eyes should be new planet-
ary lights,

Whose voice a well of liquid love-
delights,
And to the distance sighingly entreat
her ?

WHAT wonder that I loved her thus,
that night ?
The Immortals know each other at
first sight,
And Love is of them.

In the fading light
Of that delicious eve, whose stars
even yet

Gild the long dreamless nights, and
cannot set,
She passed me, through the silence :
all her hair,

Her waving, warm, bright hair
neglectfully
Poured round her showy throat as
without care

Of its own beauty.
And when she turned on me
The sorrowing light of desolate eyes
divine,

I knew in a moment what our lives
must be
Henceforth. It lightened on me
then and there,

How she was irretrievably all mine,
I hers,—through time, become eter-
nity. [wise
It could not ever have been other-
Gazing into those eyes.

And if, before I gazed on them, my
soul, [lowed,
Oblivious of her destiny, had fol-
In days forever silent, the control

Of any beauty less divinely hal-
lowed
Than that upon her beautiful white
brows,

(The serene summits of all earthly
sweetness !)
Straightway the records of all other
vows

Of idol-worship faded silently
Out of the folding leaves of memory,
Forever and forever ; and my heart
became

Pure white at once, to keep in its
completeness,
And perfect purity,
Her mystic name.

INDIAN LOVE-SONG.

My body sleeps: my heart awakes.
 My lips to breathe thy name are moved
 In slumber's ear: then slumber breaks;
 And I am drawn to thee, beloved.
 Thou drawest me, thou drawest me,
 Through sleep, through night, I hear the rills,
 And hear the leopard in the hills,
 And down the dark I feel to thee.

The vineyards and the villages
 Were silent in the vales, the rocks.
 I followed past the myrrhy trees,
 And by the footsteps of the flocks.
 Wild honey, dropt from stone to stone,
 Where bees have been, my path suggests.
 The winds are in the eagles' nests.
 The moon is hid. I walk alone.

Thou drawest me, thou drawest me
 Across the glimmering wildernesses,
 And drawest me, my love, to thee,
 With dove's eyes hidden in thy tresses.

The world is many: my love is one.
 I find no likeness for my love.
 The cinnamons grow in the grove:
 The Golden Tree grows all alone.

O who hath seen her wondrous hair!
 Or seen my dove's eyes in the woods?
 Or found her voice upon the air?
 Her steps along the solitudes?
 Or where is beauty like to hers?
 She draweth me, she draweth me.
 I sought her by the incense-tree,
 And in the aloes, and in the firs.

Where art thou, O my heart's delight,
 With dove's eyes hidden in thy locks?
 My hair is wet with dews of night.
 My feet are torn upon the rocks.

The cedarn scents, the spices, fall
 About me. Strange and stranger seems
 The path. There comes a sound
 of streams
 Above the darkness on the vale.

No trees drop gums; but poison flowers
 From rifts and clefts all round me fall;
 The perfumes of thy midnight bowers,
 The fragrance of thy chambers, all
 Is drawing me, is drawing me.
 Thy baths prepare; anoint thine hair:
 Open the window: meet me there:
 I come to thee, to thee, to thee!

Thy lattices are dark, my own.
 Thy doors are still. My love, look out.
 Arise, my dove with tender tone.
 The camphor-clusters all about
 Are whitening. Dawn breaks silently.
 And all my spirit with the dawn
 Expands; and, slowly, slowly drawn,
 Through mist and darkness moves
 toward thee.

MORNING AND MEETING

ONE yellow star, the largest and the last
 Of all the lovely night, was fading slow
 (As fades a happy moment in the past)
 Out of the changing east, when, yet aglow
 With dreams her looks made magical, from sleep
 I waked; and oped the lattice.
 Like a rose
 All the red-opening morning 'gan disclose
 A ripened light upon the distant steep.

A bell was chiming through the crystal air
 From the high convent-church upon the hill.
 The folk were loitering by to matin prayer.
 The church-bell called me out, and seemed to fill
 The air with little hopes. I reached the door [rise,
 Before the chanted hymn began to And float its liquid Latin melodies
 O'er pious groups about the marble floor.

Breathless, I slid among the kneeling folk.
 A little bell went tinkling through the pause
 Of inward prayer. Then forth the low chant broke
 Among the glooming aisles, that through a gauze
 Of sunlight glimmered.
 Thickly throbbéd my blood.
 I saw, dark-tresséd in the rose-lit shade,
 Many a little dusk Italian maid,
 Kneeling with fervent face close where I stood.

The morning, all a misty splendor, shook
 Deep in the mighty window's flame-lit webs.
 It touched the crowned Apostle with his hook,
 And brightened where the sea of jasper ebbs
 About those Saints' white feet that stand serene
 Each with his legend, each in his own hue
 Attired: some beryl-golden: sapphire blue
 Some: and some ruby-red: some emerald-green.

Wherefrom, in rainbow-wreaths, the rich light rolled
 About the snowy altar, sparkling clean.

The organ groaned and pined, then, growing bold,
 Revelled the cherubs' golden wings atween.
 And in the light, beneath the music, kneeled
 (As pale as some stone Virgin bending solemn
 Out of the red gleam of a granite column)
 Irene with claspt hands and cold lips sealed.

As one who, pausing on some mountain-height,
 Above the breeze that breaks o'er vineyard walls,
 Leans to the impulse of a wild delight,
 Bows earthward, feels the hills bow too, and falls—
 I dropt beside her. Feeling seemed to expand
 And close: a mist of music filled the air:
 And, when it ceased in heaven, I was aware
 That, through a rapture, I had toucht her hand.

THE CLOUD.

WITH shape to shape, all day,
 And change to change, by foreland, firth, and bay,
 The cloud comes down from wandering with the wind,
 Through gloom and gleam across the green waste seas;
 And, leaving the white cliff and lone tower bare
 To empty air,
 Slips down the windless west and grows defined
 In splendor by degrees.

And, blown by every wind
 Of wonder through all regions of the mind,
 From hope to fear, from doubt to sweet despite

Changing all shapes, and mingling snow with fire,
The thought of her descends, sleeps
o'er the bounds
Of passion, grows, and rounds
Its golden outlines in a gradual
light
Of still desire.

ROOT AND LEAF.

THE love that deep within me lies
Unmoved abides in conscious
power ;
Yet in the heaven of thy sweet eyes
It varies every hour.

A look from thee will flush the
cheek :
A word of thine awaken tears
And ah, in all I do and speak
How frail my love appears !

In yonder tree, Beloved, whose
boughs
Are household both to earth and
heaven,
Whose leaves have murmured of our
vows
To many a balmy even,

The branch that wears the liveliest
green,
Is shaken by the restless bird ;
The leaves that nighest heaven are
seen,
By every breeze are stirred :

But storms may rise, and thunders
roll,
Nor move the giant roots below ;
So, from the bases of the soul,
My love for thee doth grow.

It seeks the heaven, and trembles
there
To every light and passing breath ;
But from the heart no storm can tear
Its rooted growth beneath.

WARNINGS.

BEWARE, beware of witchery !
And fall not in the snare
That lurks and lies in wanton eyes,
Or hides in golden hair :
For the Witch hath sworn to catch
thee,
And her spells are on the air.
"Thou art fair, fair, fatal fair,
O Irene !

What is it, what is it,
In the whispers of the leaves ?
In the night-wind, when its bosom,
With the shower in it, grieves ?
In the breaking of the breaker,
As it breaks upon the beach
Through the silence of the night ?
Cordelia ! Cordelia !

A warning in my ear—
"Not here ! not here ! not here !
But seek her yet, and seek her,
See her ever out of reach,
Out of reach, and out of sight !"
Cordelia !

Eyes on mine, when none can view
me !
And a magic murmur through me !
And a presence out of Fairyland,
Invisible, yet near !
Cordelia !

"In a time which hath not been :
In a land thou hast not seen :
Thou shalt find her, but not now :
Thou shalt meet her, but not
here :"
Cordelia ! Cordelia !

"In the falling of the snow :
In the fading of the year :
When the light of hope is low,
And the last red leaf is sere."
Cordelia !

And my senses lie asleep, fast asleep,
O Irene !

In the chambers of this Sorceress,
the South,

In a slumber dim and deep,
She is seeking yet to keep,
Brimful of poisoned perfumes,
The shut blossom of my youth.
O fatal, fatal fair Irene !

But the whispering of the leaves,
And the night-wind, when it grieves,
And the breaking of the breaker,
As it breaks upon the beach
Through the silence of the
night,

Cordelia !
Whisper ever in my ear
"Not here ! not here ! not
here !
But awake, O wanderer ! seek
her,
Ever seek her out of reach,
Out of reach, and out of sight !"
Cordelia !

There is a star above me
Unlike all the millions round it.
There is a heart to love me,
Although not yet I have found it.
And awhile,

O Cordelia, Cordelia !
A light and careless singer,
In the subtle South I linger,
While the blue is on the mountain,
And the bloom is on the peach,
And the fire-fly on the night,
Cordelia !

But my course is ever nor-
ward,
And a whisper whispers "For-
ward !"
Arise, O wanderer, seek her,
Seek her ever out of reach,
Out of reach and out of sight !
Cordelia !

Out of sight,
Cordelia ! Cordelia !
Out of reach, out of sight,
Cordelia !

A FANCY.

How sweet were life,—*this* life, if
we
(My love and I) might dwell to-
gether
Here beyond the summer sea,
In the heart of summer weather !

With pomegranates on the bough,
And with lilies in the bower ;
And a sight of distant snow,
Rosy in the sunset hour.

And a little house,—no more
In state than suits two quiet
lovers ;
And a woodbine round the door,
Where the swallow builds and
hovers ;

With a silver sickle-moon,
O'er hot gardens, red with roses :
And a window wide, in June,
For serenades when evening
closes :

In a chamber cool and simple,
Trellised light from roof to base-
ment ;
And a summer wind to dimple
The white curtain at the case-
ment :

Where, if we at midnight wake,
A green acacia-tree shall quiver
In the moonlight, o'er some lake
Where nightingales sing songs for-
ever.

With a pine-wood dark in sight ;
And a bean-field climbing to us,
To make odors faint at night
Where we roam with none to view
us.

And a convent on the hill,
Through its light green olives
peeping
In clear sunlight, and so still,
All the nuns, you'd say, were
sleeping.

Seas at distance, seen beneath
Grated garden-wildernesses ;—
Not so far but what their breath
At eve may fan my darling's
tresses.

A piano, soft in sound,
To make music when speech
wanders,
Poets reverently bound,
O'er whose pages rapture ponders.

Canvas, brushes, hues, to catch
Fleeting forms in vale or moun-
tain :
And an evening star to watch
When all 's still, save one sweet
fountain.

Ah ! I idle time away
With impossible fond fancies !
For a lover lives all day
In a land of lone romances.

But the hot light o'er the city
Drops,—and see ! on fire departs.
And the night comes down in pity
To the longing of our hearts.

Bind thy golden hair from falling,
O my love, my one, my own !
'Tis for thee the cuckoo's calling
With a note of tenderer tone.

Up the hillside, near and nearer,
Through the vine, the corn, the
flowers,
Till the very air grows dearer,
Neighboring our pleasant bowers.

Now I pass the last Poderè :
There, the city lies behind me.
See her fluttering like a fairy
O'er the happy grass to find me !

ONCE.

A FALLING star that shot across
The intricate and twinkling dark
Vanisht, yet left no sense of loss
Throughout the wide ethereal arc

(Of those serene and solemn skies
That round the dusky prospect
rose,
And ever seemed to rise, and rise,
Through regions of unreached re-
pose.

Far, on the windless mountain-
range,
One crimson sparklet died : the
blue
Flushed with a brilliance, faint and
strange,
The ghost of daylight, dying too.

But half-revealed, each terrace urn
Glimmered, where now, in filmy
flight,

We watched return, and still return,
The blind bats searching air for
sight.

With sullen fits of fleeting sound,
Borne half asleep on slumbrous
air,
The drowsy beetle hummed around,
And passed, and oft repassed us,
there ;

Where, hand in hand, our looks
alight

With thoughts our pale lips left
untold,

We sat, in that delicious night,
On that dim terrace, green and
old.

Deep down, far off, the city lay,
When forth from all its spires was
swept

A music o'er our souls ; and they
To music's midmost meanings
leapt ;

And, crushing some delirious cry
Against each other's lips, we clung
Together silent, while the sky
Throbbing with sound around us
hung ;

For, borne from bells on music soft,
That solemn hour went forth
through heaven,
To stir the starry airs aloft,
And thrill the purple pulse of
even.

O happy hush of heart to heart !
O moment molten through with
bliss !

O Love, delaying long to part
That first, fast, individual kiss !

Whereon two lives on glowing lips
Hung claspt, each feeling fold in
fold,

Like daisies closed with crimson
tips,
That sleep about a heart of gold.

Was it some drowsy rose that
moved ?

Some dreaming dove's pathetic
moan ?

Or was it my name from lips be-
loved ?

And was it thy sweet breath, mine
own,

That made me feel the tides of sense
O'er life's low levels rise with
might,

And pour my being down the im-
mense

Shore of some mystic Infinite ?

"O, have I found thee, my soul's
soul !

My chosen forth from time and
space !

And did we then break earth's con-
trol ?

And have I seen thee face to face ?

"Close, closer to thy home, my
breast,

Closer thy darling arms enfold !
I need such warmth, for else the rest
Of life will freeze me dead with
cold.

"Long was the search, the effort
long,

Ere I compelled thee from thy
sphere,

I know not with what mystic song
I know not with what nightly
tear :

"But thou art here, beneath whose
eyes

My passion falters, even as some
Pale wizard's taper sinks, and dies,
When to his spell a spirit is come.

"My brow is pale with much of
pain :

Though I am young, my youth is
gone,

And, shouldst thou leave me lone
again,

I think I could not live alone.

"As some idea, half divined,
With tumult works within the
brain

Of desolate genius, and the mind
Is vassal to imperious pain,

"For toil by day, for tears by night,
Till, in the sphere of vision
brought,

Rises the beautiful and bright
Predestined, but relentless
Thought ;

"So, gathering up the dreams of
years,

Thy love doth to its destined seat
Rise sovran, through the light of
tears—

Achieved, accomplisht, and com-
plete !

"I fear not now lest any hour
Should chill the lips my own have
prest ;

For I possess thee by the power
Whereby I am myself possess.

"These eyes must lose their guiding
light :

These lips from thine, I know,
must sever ;

O looks and lips may disunite,
But ever love is love forever !"

SINCE.

WORDS like to these were said, or
dreamed

(How long since !) on a night di-
vine,

By lips from which such rapture
streamed

I cannot deem those lips were
mine.

The day comes up above the roofs,
All fallow from a night of rain ;

The sound of feet, and wheels, and
hoofs

In the blurred street begins again :