

Nature, kneading snow and fire,
In thy mystic being pent
Each contrary element.
Life and death within thee blent :
All despair and all desire :
There to mingle and ferment.
While, mad midwives, at thy birth,
Furies mixt with Sirens bent,
Inter-wreathing snakes and smiles,—
Fairest dreams and falsest guiles.

Such a splendid mischief thou !
With thy light of languid eyes ;
And thy bosom of pure snow :
And thine heart of fire below,
Whose red light doth come and go
Ever o'er thy changeful cheek
When love-whispers tremble weak :
The warm lips and pensive sighs,
That the breathless spirit bow :
And the heavenward life that lies
In the still serenities
Of thy snowy, airy brow,—
Thine ethereal airy brow.
Such a splendid mischief, thou !
What are all thy witcheries ?
All thine evil beauty ? All
Thy soft looks, and subtle smiles ?
Tangled tresses ? Mad caresses ?
Tenderness ? Tears and kisses ?
And the long look, between whites,
That the helpless heart beguiles,
Tranced in such a subtle thrall ?
What are all thy sighs and smiles ?
Fairest dreams and falsest guiles !
Hoofs to horses, teeth to lions,
Horns to bulls, and speed to hares,
To the fish to glide through waters,
To the bird to glide through airs,
Nature gave : to men gave courage,
And the use of brazen spears.
What was left to give to woman,
All her gifts thus given ? Ah,
tears,
Smiles, and kisses, whispers,
glances,
Only these ; and merely beauty
On her archéd brows unfurled.
And with these she shatters lances,
All unarmed binds arméd Duty,
And in triumph drags the world !

XVI. SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.
CASSANDRA. AGAMEMNON.
CLYTEMNESTRA. ÆGIS
THUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Break off, break off ! It seems I
heard a cry.

CHORUS.

Surely one called within the house.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Stand by.

CHORUS.

The Prophetess is troubled. Look,
her eye
Rolls fearfully.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now all is husht once more.

CHORUS.

I hear the feet of some one at the
door.

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

Murderess ! oh, oh !

SEMI-CHORUS.

The house is filled with shrieks.

CHORUS.

The sound deceives or that was the
King's voice.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The voice of Agamemnon !

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

Ai ! ai ! ai !

CASSANDRA.

The bull is in the toils.

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

I will not die !

ÆGISTHUS (*within*).

O Zeus ! he will escape.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*).

He has it.

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

Ai ! ai !

CHORUS.

Some hideous deed is being done
within.

Burst in the doors !

SEMI-CHORUS.

I cannot open them.
Barred, barred within !

CASSANDRA.

The axe is at the bull.

CHORUS.

Call the elders.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And the People. O Argives ! Ar-
gives !
Alinon ! Alinon !

CHORUS.

You to the Agora.

SEMI-CHORUS.

To the temples we.

CHORUS.

Hearken, O maidens !

SEMI-CHORUS.

This way.

CHORUS.

That way.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Quick ! quick !

CASSANDRA.

Seal my sight, O Apollo ! O Apollo !

CHORUS.

To the Agora :

SEMI-CHORUS.

To the temples !

CHORUS.

Haste ! haste !

AGAMEMNON (*within*).

Stabbed, oh !

CHORUS.

Too late !

CASSANDRA.

The bull is bellowing.

ÆGISTHUS (*within*).

Thrust there again.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*).

One blow has done it all.

ÆGISTHUS (*within*).

Is it quite through ?

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*).

He will not move again.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O Heaven and Earth ! My heart
stands still with awe !
Where will this murder end ?

CHORUS.

Hold ! some one comes !

XVII. ELECTRA. ORESTES.
CHORUS. A PHOCIAN.

ELECTRA (*leading ORESTES*).

Save us ! save him—Orestes !

CHORUS.

What has fallen ?

ELECTRA.
An evil thing. O, we are fatherless!

CHORUS.
Ill-starred Electra! But how fell
this chance?

ELECTRA.
Here is no time for words,—scarce
time for flight.
When from his royal bath the King
would rise,—

That devilish woman, lying long in
lurk,
Behind him crept, with stealthy feet
unheard,
And flung o'er all his limbs a subtle
web.

Caught in the craft of whose con-
trived folds,
Stumbling, he fell. Ægisthus seized
a sword;

But halted, half irresolute to strike.
My father, like a lion in the toils,
Upheaved his head, and, writhing,
roared with wrath.

And angry shame at this infernal
snare.

Almost he rent the blinding nets
atwain.

But Clytemnestra on him flung her-
self,

And caught the steel, and smit him
through the ribs.
He slipped, and reeled. She drove
the weapon through,
Piercing the heart!

CHORUS.
O woe! what tale is this?

ELECTRA.
I, too, with him, had died, but for
this child,
And that high vengeance which is
yet to be.

CHORUS.
Alas! then Agamemnon is no more.
Who stood, but now, amongst us,
full of life,

Crowned with achieving years! The
roof and cope
Of honor, fallen! Where shall we
lift our eyes?

Where set renown? Where garner
up our hopes?
All worth is dying out. The land is
dark;

And Treason looks abroad in the
eclipse.

He did not die the death of men that
live

Such life as he lived, fall'n among
his peers,

Whom the red battle rolled away,
while yet

The shout of Gods was ringing
through and through them;

But Death that feared to front him
in full field,

Lurked by the hearth and smote him
from behind.

A mighty man is gone. A mighty
grief

Remains. And rumor of undying
deeds

For song and legend, to the end of
time!

What tower is strong?

ELECTRA.
O friends—if friends you be—
For who shall say where falsehood
festers not,

Those being falsest, who should
most be true?

Where is that Phocian? Let him
take the boy,

And bear him with him to his
master's court.

Else will Ægisthus slay him.

CHORUS.
Orphaned one,
Fear you not?

ORESTES.
I am Agamemnon's son.

CHORUS.
Therefore shouldst fear—

ORESTES.
And therefore cannot fear.

PHOCIAN.
I heard a cry. Did any call?

CHORUS.
O, well!
You happen this way in the need of
time.

ELECTRA.
O loyal stranger, Agamemnon's child
Is fatherless. This boy appeals to
you.
O save him, save him from his
father's foes!

PHOCIAN.
Unhappy lady, what wild words are
these?

ELECTRA.
The house runs blood. Ægisthus,
like a fiend,
Is raging loose, his weapon dripping
gore.

CHORUS.
The king is dead.

PHOCIAN.
Is dead!

ELECTRA.
Dead.

PHOCIAN.
Do I dream?

ELECTRA.
Such dreams are dreamed in hell—
such dreams—O no!
Is not the earth as solid—heaven
above—

The sun in heaven—and Nature at
her work—

And men at theirs—the same? O,
no! no dream!

We shall not wake—nor he; though
the Gods sleep!

Unnaturally murdered—

PHOCIAN.
Murdered!

ELECTRA.
Ay.
And the sun blackens not; the world
is green;
The fires of the red west are not put
out.
Is not the cricket singing in the
grass?

And the shy lizard shooting through
the leaves?

I hear the ox low in the labored
field.

Those swallows build, and are as
garrulous

High up i' the towers. Yet I speak
the truth,

By Heaven, I speak the truth—

PHOCIAN.
Yet more, vouchsafe
How died the king?

ELECTRA.
O, there shall be a time
For words hereafter. While we dally
here,

Fate haunts, and hounds us. Friend,
receive this boy.

Bear him to Strophius. All this
tragedy

Relate as best you may; it beggars
speech.

Tell him a tower of hope is fallen
this day—

A name in Greece—

PHOCIAN.
—But you—

ELECTRA.
Away! away!

Destruction posts apace, while we
delay.

PHOCIAN.
Come then!

ELECTRA.
I dare not leave my father's hearth,

For who would then do honor to his
urn?
It may be that my womanhood and
youth
May help me here. It may be I shall
fall,
And mix my own with Agamemnon's
blood.
No matter. On Orestes hangs the
hope
Of all this House. Him save for
better days,
And ripened vengeance.

PHOCIAN.
Noble-hearted one!
Come then, last offspring of this
fated race.
The future calls thee!

ORESTES.
Sister! Sister!

ELECTRA.
Go!

ORESTES.
O Sister!

ELECTRA.
O my brother! . . . One last kiss,—
One last long kiss,—how I have loved
thee, boy!
Was it for this I nourished thy young
years
With stately tales, and legends of the
gods?
For this? . . . How the past crowds
upon me! Ah—
Wilt thou recall, in lonely, lonely
hours,
How once we sat together on still
eves,
(Ah me!) and brooded on all serious
themes
Of sweet, and high, and beautiful,
and good,
That throng the ancient years.
Alcmena's son,
And how his life went out in fire on
Ceta;
Or of that bright-haired wanderer
after fame,

That brought the great gold-fleece
across the sea,
And left a name in Colchis; or we
spake
Of the wise Theseus, councils, king-
doms, thrones,
And laws in distant lands; or, later
still,
Of the great leaguer set round Iliou.
And what heart-stirring tidings of
the war
Bards brought to Hellas. But when
I would breathe
Thy father's name, didst thou not
grasp my hand,
And glorious deeds shone round us
like the stars
That lit the dark world from a great
way off,
And died up into heaven, among the
Gods?

ORESTES.
Sister, O Sister!

ELECTRA.
Ah, too long we linger.
Away! away!

PHOCIAN.
Come!

CHORUS.
Heaven go with thee!
To Crissa points the hand of Destiny.

ELECTRA.
O boy, on thee Fate hangs an awful
weight
Of retribution! Let thy father's
ghost
Forever whisper in thine ear. Be
strong.
About thee, yet unborn, thy mother
wove
The mystic web of life in such-like
form
That Agamemnon's spirit in thine
eyes
Seems living yet. His seal is set on
thee;

And Pelops' ivory shoulder marks
thee his.
Thee, child, nor contests on the
Isthmian plain,
Nor sacred apple, nor green laurel-
leaf,
But graver deeds await. Forget not,
son,
Whose blood, unwashed, defiles thy
mother's doors!

CHORUS.

O haste! I hear a sound within the
house.

ELECTRA.

Farewell, then, son of Agamemnon!

PHOCIAN.

Come!

XVIII. ELECTRA. CHORUS.
ÆGISTHUS.

ELECTRA.

Gone! gone! Ah saved! . . . O
fool, thou missest, here!

CHORUS.

Alas, Electra, whither wilt thou go?

ELECTRA.

Touch me not! Come not near me!
Let me be!

For this day, which I hoped for, is
not mine.

CHORUS.

See how she gathers round her all
her robe, [it be
And sits apart with grief. O, can
Great Agamemnon is among the
shades?

ELECTRA.

Would I had grasped his skirt, and
followed him!

CHORUS.

Alas! there is an eminence of joy,
Where Fate grows dizzy, being
mounted there,
And so tilts over on the other side!

O fallen, O fallen
The tower, which stood so high!
Whose base and girth were strong
i' the earth,
Whose head was in the sky!
O fall'n that tower of noble power,
That filled up every eye!

He stood so sure, that noble tower!
To make secure, and fill with power,
From length to length, the land of
Greece!

In whose strong bulwarks all men
saw,

Garnered on the lap of law,
For dearth or danger, spears of war,
And harvest sheaves of peace!
O fall'n, O fall'n that lofty tower,—
The loftiest tower in Greece!

His brows he lift above the noon,
Filled with the day, a noble tower!
Who took the sunshine and the
shower,

And flung them back in merry scorn.
Who now shall stand when tempests
lower?

He was the first to catch the morn,
The last to see the moon.

O friends, he was a noble tower!
O friends, and fall'n so soon!

Ah, well! lament! lament!
His walls are rent, his bulwarks
bent,
And stooped that crested eminence,
Which stood so high for our de-
fence!

For our defence,—to guard, and
fence

From all alarm of hurt and harm,
The fulness of a land's content!
O fall'n away, fall'n at midday,
And set before the sun is down,

The highest height of our renown!
O overthrown, the ivory throne!
The spoils of war, the golden crown,
And chiefest honor of the state!

O mourn with me! what tower is
free

From over-topping destiny?

What strength is strong to fate?

O mourn with me! when shall we
see
Another such, so good, so great?
Another such, to guard the state?

ÆGISTHUS.

He should have stayed to shout
through Troy, or bellow
With bulls in Ida—

CHORUS.

Look! Ægisthus comes!
Like some lean tiger, having dipt in
blood
His dripping fangs, and hot athirst
for more.
His lurid eyeball rolls, as though it
swam
Through sanguine films. He stag-
gers, drunk with rage
And crazy mischief.

ÆGISTHUS.

Hold! let no one stir!
I charge you, all of you, who hear
me speak,
Where may the boy Orestes lie con-
cealed?
I hold the life of each in gage for
his.
If any know where now he hides
from us,
Let him beware, not rendering true
reply!

CHORUS.

The boy is fled—

ELECTRA.

—is saved!

ÆGISTHUS.

Electra here!
How mean you? What is this?

ELECTRA.

Enough is left
Of Agamemnon's blood to drown
you in.

ÆGISTHUS.

You shall not trifle with me, by my
beard!
There's peril in this pastime.
Where's the boy?

ELECTRA.

Half-way to Phocis, Heaven helping
him.

ÆGISTHUS.

By the black Styx!

ELECTRA.

Take not the oath of Gods,
Who art but half a man, blasphem-
ing coward!

ÆGISTHUS.

But you, by Heaven, if this be a
sword,
Shall not be any more—

ELECTRA.

A slave to thee,
Blundering bloodshedder, though
thou boast thyself
As huge as Ossa piled on Pelion,
Or anything but that weak wretch
thou art!
O, thou hast only half done thy
black work!
Thou shouldst have slain the young
lion with the old.
Look that he come not back, and
find himself
Ungiven food, and still the lion's
share!

ÆGISTHUS.

Insolent! but I know to seal thy
lips—

ELECTRA.

—For thou art only strong among
the weak.
We know thou hast an aptitude for
blood.
To take a woman's is an easy task,
And one well worthy thee.

ÆGISTHUS.

O, but for words!

ELECTRA.

Yet, couldst thou feed on all the no-
ble blood
Of godlike generations on this earth,
It should not help thee to a hero's
heart.

CHORUS.

O peace, Electra, but for pity's sake!
Heap not his madness to such dan-
gerous heights.

ELECTRA.

I will speak out my heart's scorn,
though I die.

ÆGISTHUS.

And thou shalt die, but not till I
have tamed
That stubborn spirit to a wish for
life.

CHORUS.

O cease, infatuate! I hear the
Queen.

[By a movement of the *Eccyclema*
the palace is thrown open, and
discovers CLYTEMNESTRA stand-
ing over the body of AGAMEM-
NON.

XIX. CLYTEMNESTRA. CHO-
RUS. ÆGISTHUS. ELECTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Argives! behold the man who was
your King!

CHORUS.

Dead! dead!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Not I, but Fate hath dealt this blow.

CHORUS.

Dead! dead, alas! look where he
lies, O friends!
That noble head, and to be brought
so low!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He who set light by woman, with
blind scorn,
And held her with the beasts we sac-
rifice,
Lies, by a woman sacrificed himself.
This is high justice which appeals to
you.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas! I know not words for
this.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

We are but as the instrument of
heaven.
Our work is not design, but destiny.
A God directs the lightning to its
fall;
It smites and slays, and passes other-
where,
Pure in itself, as when, in light, it
left
The bosom of Olympus, to its end.
In this cold heart the wrong of all
the past
Lies buried. I avenged, and I for-
give.
Honor him yet. He is a king,
though fallen.

CHORUS.

O, how she sets Virtue's own crest
on Crime,
And stands there stern as Fates wild
arbitress!
Not any deed could make her less
than great.

(CLYTEMNESTRA descends the
steps, and lays her hand on the
arm of ÆGISTHUS.)

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Put up the sword! Enough of
blood is spilt.

ÆGISTHUS.

Hist! O, not half, — Orestes is
escaped.

CLYTEMNESTRA.
Sufficient for the future be that
thought.
What's done is well done. What's
undone—yet more :
Something still saved from crime.

ÆGISTHUS.

This lion's whelp
Will work some mischief yet.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He is a child—
—Our own—we will but war upon
the strong.
Not upon infants. Let this matter
rest.

ÆGISTHUS.

O, ever, in the wake of thy great
will
Let me steer sure! and we will leave
behind
Great tracks of light upon the won-
dering world.
If but you err not here—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

These pale-eyed groups!
See how they huddle shuddering,
and stand round ;
As when some mighty beast, the
brindled lord
Of the rough woodside, sends his
wild death-roar
Up the shrill caves, the meaner
denizens
Of ancient woods, shy deer, and
timorous hares,
Peer from the hairy thickets, and
shrink back.
We feared the lion, and we smote
him down.
Now fear is over. Shall we turn
aside
To harry jackals? Laugh! we have
not laughed
So long, I think you have forgotten
how!

Have we no right to laugh like
other men?
Ha! Ha! I laugh. Now it is time
to laugh!

CHORUS.

O, awful sight! Look where the
bloody sun,
As though with Agamemnon he
were slain,
Runs reeking, lurid, down the palace
floors!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my beloved! Now we will reign
sublime,
And set our foot upon the neck of
Fortune!
And for the rest—O, much re-
mains!—for you,

(To the CHORUS.)

A milder sway, if mildly you submit
To our free service and supremacy.
Nor tax, nor toll, to carry dim re-
sults
Of distant war beyond the perilous
seas.
But gateless justice in our halls of
state,
And peace in all the borders of our
land!
For you—

(To ELECTRA, who has thrown
herself upon the body of AGA-
MEMNON.)

ELECTRA.

O, hush! What more remains to
me,
But this dead hand, whose clasp is
cold in mine?
And all the baffled memory of the
past,
Buried with him? What more?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

—A mother's heart,
If you will come to it. Free con-
fidence.

A liberal share in all our future
hope.
Now, more than ever—mutually
weak—
We stand in need, each of the
other's love.
Our love! it shall not sacrifice thee,
child,
To wanton whims of war, as he, of
old,
Did thy dead sister. If you will not
these, [then—
But answer love with scorn, why

ELECTRA.

—What then?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Safe silence. And permission to
forget.

XX. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.
CLYTEMNESTRA. CASSAN-
DRA. ÆGISTHUS.

CHORUS.

What shall we say? What has been
done?
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
Hang up his harness in the sun;
The hooked car, and barbed spear;
And all war's adamantine gear
Of trophied spoils; for all his toils
Are over, alas! are over, and done!
What shall we say? What has been
done?

Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
But keep solemn silence all,
As befits when heroes fall;
Solemn as his fame is; sad
As his end was; earth shall wear
Mourning for him. See, the sun
Blushes red for what is done!
And the wild stars, one by one,
Peer out of the lurid air,
And shrink back with awe and fear,
Shuddering, for what is done.
When the night comes, dark and
dun

As our sorrow; blackness far
Shutting out the crimson sun;

Turn his face to the moon and
star,— [are,
These are bright as his glories
And great Heaven shall see its son!
What shall we say? What has been
done?

Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
Gather round him, friends! Look
here!

All the wreaths which he hath won
In the race that he hath run,—
Laurel garlands, every one!
These are things to think upon,
Mourning till the set of sun,
Till the mourning moon appear.
Now the wreaths which Fame begun
To uplift, to crown his head,
Memory shall seize upon,
And make chaplets for his bier.
He shall have wreaths though he be
dead!

But his monument is here,
Built up in our hearts, and dear
To all honor. Shed no tear!
O, let not any tear be shed!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Look at Cassandra! she is stooping
down.

SEMI-CHORUS.

She dips and moves her fingers in
the blood!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Look to her! There's a wildness in
her eye!

SEMI-CHORUS.

What does she?

SEMI-CHORUS.

O, in Agamemnon's blood,
She hath writ *Orestes* on the palace
steps!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ægisthus!

ÆGISTHUS.

Queen and bride!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

We have not failed.

CHORUS.

Come, venerable, and ancient Night!
From sources of the western stars,
In darkest shade that fits this woe.
Consoler of a thousand griefs,
And likest death unalterably calm.
We toil, aspire, and sorrow,
And in a little while shall cease.
For we know not whence we came,
And who can insure the morrow?
Thou, eternally the same,
From of old, in endless peace
Eternally survivest;
Enduring on through good and ill,
Coeval with the Gods; and still
In thine own silence livest.
Our days thou leadest home [Again!
To the great Whither which has no
Impartiality to pleasure and to pain
Thou sett'st the bourn. To thee
shall all things come.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But, if he cease to love me, what is
gained?

CASSANDRA.

With wings darkly spreading,
Like ravens to the carcass
Scenting far off the savor of blood,
From shores of the unutterable
River.
They gather and swoop,
They waver, they darken.
From the fangs that raven,
From the eyes that glare
Intolerably fierce,
Save me, Apollo!
Ai! Ai! Ai!
Alinon! Alinon!
Blood, blood! and of kindred nature,
Which the young wolf returning
Shall dip his fangs in,
Thereby accursedly
Imbibing madness!

CHORUS.

The wild woman is uttering strange
things
Fearful to listen to.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Within the house

Straightway confine her,
There to learn wisdom.

ÆGISTHUS.

Orestes—O, this child's life now out-
weighs
That mighty ruin, Agamemnon
dead!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ægisthus, dost thou love me?

ÆGISTHUS.

As my life!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou lovest me! O love, we have
not failed.
Give me thy hand! So . . . lead me
to the house.
Let me lean on thee. I am very
weak.

CHORUS.

Only Heaven is high.
Only the Gods are great.
Above the searchless sky,
In unremoved state,
They from their golden mansions
Look over the lands, and the seas;
The ocean's wide expansions,
And the earth's varieties:
Secure of their supremacy,
And sure of affluent ease.
Who shall say, "I stand!" nor
fall?

Destiny is over all!
Rust will crumble old renown.
Bust and column tumble down;
Keep and castle; tower and town;
Throne and sceptre; crest and
crown.

Destiny is over all!
One by one the pale guests fall
At lighted feast, in palace hall;
And feast is turned to funeral.
Who shall say, "I stand!" nor
fall?

Destiny is over all!

GOOD-NIGHT IN THE PORCH.

A LITTLE longer in the light, love, let me be. The air is warm.
I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the Farm.
A little longer, Sister sweet,—your hand in mine,—on this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er, your casement
shines
Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the place is grown!

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh—
Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out: with murmurs
harsh
The low reeds vibrate. See! the sun catches the long pools one by one.

A moment, and those orange flats will turn dead gray or lurid white.
Look up! o'erhead the winnowing bats are come and gone, eluding sight.
The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails,

With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden-bowers are dim
with dew.
With sparkling drops the white-rose thorns are twinkling, where the sun
slips through
Those reefs of coral buds hung free below the purple Judas-tree.

From the warm upland comes a gust made fragrant with the brown hay
there,
The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the hedge, stand still
and stare.
The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank their plaited
manes.

And o'er yon hillside brown and barren (where you and I as children
played,
Starting the rabbit to his warren), I hear the sandy, shrill cascade
Leap down upon the vale, and spill his heart out round the muffled mill.

O can it be for nothing only that God has shown his world to me?
Or but to leave the heart more lonely with loss of beauty . . . can it be?
O closer, closer, Sister dear . . . nay, I have kist away that tear.

God bless you, Dear, for that kind thought which only upon tears could
rise!
God bless you for the love that sought to hide them in those drooping eyes,
Whose lids I kiss! . . . poor lids, so red! but let my kiss fall there
instead.