

THE TRIO.

WE love but once. The great gold orb of light
 From dawn to eventide doth cast his ray;
 But the full splendor of his perfect might
 Is reached but once throughout the livelong day.

We love but once. The waves, with ceaseless motion,
 Do day and night plash on the pebbled shore;
 But the strong tide of the resistless ocean
 Sweeps in but one hour of the twenty-four.

We love but once. A score of times, perchance,
 We may be moved in fancy's fleeting fashion—
 May treasure up a word, a tone, a glance,
 But only once we feel the soul's great passion.

We love but once. Love walks with death and birth
 (The saddest, the unkindest of the three);
 And only once while we sojourn on earth
 Can that strange trio come to you or me.

AN ANSWER.

IF all the year was summertime,
 And all the aim of life
 Was just to lilt on like a rhyme—
 Then I would be your wife.

If all the days were August days,
 And crowned with golden weather,
 How happy then through green-clad ways
 We two could stray together!

If all the nights were moonlit nights,
 And we had naught to do
 But just to sit and plan delights,
 Then I would wed with you.

If life was all a summer fete,
 Its soberest pace the "glide,"
 Then I would choose you for my mate,
 And keep you at my side.

But winter makes full half the year,
 And labor half of life,
 And all the laughter and good cheer
 Give place to wearing strife.

Days will grow cold, and moons wax old,
 And then a heart that's true
 Is better far than grace or gold—
 And so my love, adieu!
 I cannot wed with you.

YOU WILL FORGET ME.

YOU will forget me. The years are so tender,
 They bind up the wounds which we think are
 so deep;

This dream of our youth will fade out as the splendor
 Fades from the skies when the sun sinks to sleep;
 The cloud of forgetfulness, over and over
 Will banish the last rosy colors away,
 And the fingers of time will weave garlands to cover
 The scar which you think is a life-mark to-day.

You will forget me. The one boon you covet
 Now above all things will soon seem no prize,
 And the heart, which you hold not in keeping to
 prove it

True or untrue, will lose worth in your eyes.
 The one drop to-day, that you deem only wanting
 To fill your life-cup to the brim, soon will seem

But a valueless mite; and the ghost that is haunting
 The aisles of your heart will pass out with the
 dream.

You will forget me; will thank me for saying
 The words which you think are so pointed with
 pain.

Time loves a new lay; and the dirge he is playing
 Will change for you soon to a livelier strain.
 I shall pass from your life—I shall pass out forever,
 And these hours we have spent will be sunk in the
 past,
 Youth buries its dead; grief kills seldom or never—
 And forgetfulness covers all sorrows at last.

THE FAREWELL OF CLARIMONDE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE "CLARIMONDE" OF THEOPHILE
 GAUTIER.)

A DIEU, Romauld! But thou canst not forget me,
 Although no more I haunt thy dreams at night,
 Thy hungering heart forever must regret me,
 And starve for those lost moments of delight.

Naught shall avail thy priestly rites and duties—
 Nor fears of Hell, nor hopes of Heaven beyond:
 Before the Cross shall rise my fair form's beauties—
 The lips, the limbs, the eyes of Clarimonde.

Like gall the wine sipped from the sacred chalice
 Shall taste to one who knew my red mouth's bliss:
 When Youth and Beauty dwelt in Love's own palace,
 And life flowed on in one eternal kiss.

Through what strange ways I come, dear heart, to
 reach thee,
 From viewless lands, by paths no man e'er trod!
 I braved all fears, all dangers dared, to teach thee
 A love more mighty than thy love of God.

Think not in all His Kingdom to discover
 Such joys, Romauld, as ours, when fierce yet fond
 I clasped thee—kissed thee—crowned thee my one
 lover:

Thou canst not find another Clarimonde.

I knew all arts of love: he who possessed me
 Possessed all women, and could never tire:
 A new life dawned for him who once caressed me:
 Satiety itself I set on fire.

Inconstancy I chained: men died to win me;
 Kings cast by crowns for one hour on my breast
 And all the passionate tide of love within me
 I gave to thee, Romauld. Wert thou not blest?

Yet, for the love of God, thy hand hath riven
 Our welded souls. But not in prayer well conned,
 Not in thy dearly-purchased peace of Heaven,
 Canst thou forget those hours with Clarimonde.