

Her little bed is white as snow, —  
How dear that little bed !  
Sweet dreams about the curtains go,  
And whisper round her head.

That gentle head sleeps o'er her arm  
— Sleeps all its soft brown hair :  
And those dear clothes of hers, yet warm,  
Droop open on the chair.

Yet warm the snowy petticoat !  
The dainty corset too !  
How warm the ribbon from her throat,  
And warm each little shoe !

Lie soft, dear arm upon the pillow !  
Sleep, foolish little head !  
Ah, well she sleeps ! I know the willow  
That curtains her cold bed. —

Since last I trod that silent street  
'T is many a year ago :  
And, if I there could set my feet  
Once more, I do not know

If I should find it where it was,  
That house upon the river :  
But the light that lit the casement-glass  
I know is dark forever.

Hark ! wheels below, . . . my lady's  
knock !  
— Farewell, the old romance ! —  
Well, dear, you're late, — past four  
o'clock ! —  
How often did you dance ?

Not cooler from the crowning waltz,  
She takes my half the pillow. —  
Well, — well ! — the women free from  
faults  
Have beds below the willow !

#### AT HOME AFTER THE BALL.

THE clocks are calling Three  
Across the silent floors.  
The fire in the library  
Dies out ; through the open doors  
The red empty room you may see.

In the nursery, up stairs,  
The child had gone to sleep,  
Half-way 'twixt dreams and prayers,  
When the hall-door made him leap  
To its thunders unawares.

Like love in a worldly breast,  
Alone in my lady's chamber,  
The lamp burns low, suppress  
'Mid satins of brodered amber,  
Where she stands, half undrest :

Her bosom all unlaced :  
Her cheeks with a bright red spot :  
Her long dark hair displaced,  
Down streaming, heeded not,  
From her white throat to her waist :

She stands up her full height,  
With her ball-dress slipping down her,  
And her eyes as fixed and bright  
As the diamond stars that crown her, —  
An awful, beautiful sight.

Beautiful, yes . . . with her hair  
So wild, and her cheeks so flushed !  
Awful, yes . . . for there  
In her beauty she stands husht  
By the pomp of her own despair !

And fixt there, without doubt,  
Face to face with her own sorrow,  
She will stand, till, from without,  
The light of the neighboring morrow  
Creeps in, and finds her out.

With last night's music pealing  
Youth's dirges in her ears :  
With last night's lamps revealing,  
In the charnels of old years,  
The face of each dead feeling.

Ay, Madam, here alone  
You may think, till your heart is broken,  
Of the love that is dead and done,  
Of the days that, with no token,  
Forevermore are gone. —

Weep if you can, beseech you !  
There's no one by to curb you :  
Your child's cry cannot reach you :  
Your lord will not disturb you :  
Weep ! . . . what can weeping teach you ?

Your tears are dead in you.  
"What harm, where all things change,"  
You say, "if we change too ?"  
— The old still sunny Grange !  
Ah, that's far off ! the dew.

"Were those not pleasant hours,  
Ere I was what I am ?"

My garden of fresh flowers !  
My milk-white weanling lamb !  
My bright laburnum bowers !

"The orchard walls so trim !  
The redbreast in the thorn !  
The twilight soft and dim !  
The child's heart ! eve and morn,  
So rich with thoughts of him !"

Hush ! your weanling lamb is dead :  
Your garden trodden over.  
They have broken the farm shed :  
They have buried your first lover  
With the grass above his head.

Has the Past, then, so much power,  
You dare take not from the shelf  
That book with the dry flower,  
Lest it make you hang yourself  
For being yourself for an hour ?

Why can't you let thought be  
For even a little while ?  
There's nought in memory  
Can bring you back the smile  
Those lips have lost. Just see,

Here what a costly gem  
To-night in your hair you wore —  
Pearls on a diamond stem !  
When sweet things are no more,  
Better not think of them.

Are you saved by pangs that pained you,  
Is there comfort in all it cost you,  
Before the world had gained you,  
Before that God had lost you,  
Or your soul had quite disdained you ?

For your soul (and this is worst  
To bear, as you well know)  
Has been watching you, from first,  
As sadly as God could do ;  
And yourself yourself have curst.

Talk of the flames of Hell !  
We fuel ourselves, I conceive,  
The fire the Fiend lights. Well,  
Believe or disbelieve,  
We know more than we tell !

Surely you need repose !  
To-morrow again — the Ball.  
And you must revive the rose  
In your cheek, to bloom for all.  
Not go ? . . . why the whole world goes.

To bed ! to bed ! 'T is sad  
To find that Fancy's wings  
Have lost the hues they had.  
In thinking of these things  
Some women have gone mad.

#### AU CAFÉ \* \* \*

A PARTY of friends, all light-hearted and  
gay,  
At a certain French café, where every  
one goes,  
Are met, in a well-curtained warm *cabin-*  
*et*,  
Overlooking a street there, which every  
one knows.

The guests are, three ladies well known  
and admired :  
One adorns the *Lyrique* ; one . . . I oft  
have beheld her  
At the *Vaudeville*, with raptures ; the  
third lives retired  
" *Dans ses meubles* " . . . (we all know  
her house) . . . Rue de Helder.

Besides these is a fourth . . . a young  
Englishman, lately  
Presented the round of the clubs in  
the town.  
A taciturn Anglican coldness sedately  
Invests him : unthawed by Clarisse,  
he sits down.

But little he speaks, and but rarely he  
shares  
In the laughter around him ; his  
smiles are but few ;  
There's a sneer in the look that his  
countenance wears  
In repose ; and fatigue in the eyes'  
weary blue.

The rest are three Frenchmen. Three  
Frenchmen (thank heaven !)  
Are but rarely morose, with Cham-  
pagne and Bordeaux :  
And their wit, and their laughter, suf-  
fices to leaven  
With mirth their mute guest's imita-  
tion of snow.

The dinner is done : the Lafitte in its  
basket,  
The Champagne in its cooler, is passed  
in gay haste ;



Whatever you wish for, you have but to ask it :

Here are coffee, cigars, and liqueurs to your taste.

And forth from the bottles the corks fly ; and chilly,

The bright wine, in bubbling and blushing, confounds

Its warmth with the ice that it seethes round ; and shrilly

(Till stifled by kisses) the laughter resounds.

Strike, strike the piano, beat loud at the wall !

Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy groan

Next door, while fair Chloris responds to the call,

Too fair to be supping with Lycus alone ! \*

Clarisse, with a smile, has subsided, oppressed, —

Half, perhaps, by Champagne . . . half, perhaps, by affection, —

In the arms of the taciturn, cold, English guest,

With, just rising athwart her imperial complexion,

One tinge that young Evian himself might have kist

From the fairest of Mænads that danced in his troop ;

And her deep hair, unloosed from its sumptuous twist,

Overshowering her throat and her bosom a-droop.

The soft snowy throat, and the round, dimpled chin,

Upturned from the arm-fold where hangs the rich head !

And the warm lips apart, while the white lids begin

To close over the dark languid eyes which they shade !

And next to Clarisse (with her wild hair all wet

From the wine, in whose blush its faint fire-fly gold

\* "Audeat invidus  
Dementem strepitum Lycus  
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco." HORACE.

She was steeping just now), the blue-eyed Juliette

Is murmuring her witty bad things to Arnold.

Cries Arnold to the dumb English guest . . . " *Mon ami,*

What's the matter ? . . . you can't sing . . . well, speak, then, at least :

More grave, had a man seen a ghost, could he be ?

*Mais quel drôle de farceur ! . . . comme il a le vin triste !*"

And says Charles to Eugène (vainly seeking to borrow

Ideas from a yawn) . . . "At the club there are three of us

With the Duke, and we play lansquenet till to-morrow :

I am off on the spur . . . what say you ? . . . will you be of us ?"

" *Mon enfant, tu me boudes — tu me boudes, cheri,*"

Sighs the soft Celestine on the breast of Eugène ;

" *Ah bah ! ne me fais pas poser, mon amie,*"

Laughs her lover, and lifts to his lips — the Champagne.

And loud from the bottles the corks fly ; and chilly

The wine gurgles up to its fine crystal bounds.

While Charles rolls his paper cigars round, how shrilly

(Till kist out) the laughter of Juliette resounds !

Strike, strike the piano ! beat loud at the wall !

Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy groan

Next door, while fair Chloris responds to the call,

Too fair to be supping with Lycus alone.

There is Celestine singing, and Eugène is swearing. —

In the midst of the laughter, the oaths, and the songs,

Falls a knock at the door ; but there's nobody hearing :

Each, uninterrupted, the revel prolongs.

Said I . . . "nobody hearing ?" one only ; — the guest,

The morose English stranger, so dull to the charms

Of Clarisse, and Juliette, Celestine, and the rest ;

Who sits, cold as a stone, with a girl in his arms.

Once, twice, and three times, he has heard it repeated ;

And louder, and fiercer, each time the sound falls.

And his cheek is death pale, 'mid the others so heated ;

There's a step at the door, too, his fancy recalls.

And he rises . . . (just so an automaton rises, —

Some man of mechanics made up, — that must move

In the way that the wheel moves within him ; — there lies his

Sole path fixt before him, below and above).

He rises . . . and, scarcely a glance casting on her,

Flings from him the beauty asleep on his shoulder ;

Charles springs to his feet ; Eugène mutters of honor ;

But there's that in the stranger that awes each beholder.

For the hue on his cheek, it is whiter than whiteness :

The hair creeps on his head like a strange living thing.

The lamp o'er the table has lost half its brightness ;

Juliette cannot laugh ; Celestine cannot sing.

He has opened the door in a silence unbroken :

And the gaze of all eyes where he stands is fixt wholly :

Not a hand is there raised ; not a word is there spoken :

He has opened the door ; . . . and there comes through it slowly

A woman, as pale as a dame on a tomb-stone,

With desolate violet eyes, open wide ;

Her look, as she turns it, turns all in the room stone :

She sits down on the sofa, the stranger beside.

Her hair it is yellow, as moonlight on water

Which stones in some eddy torment into waves ;

Her lips are as red as new blood spilt in slaughter ;

Her cheek like a ghost's seen by night o'er the graves.

Her place by the taciturn guest she has taken ;

And the glass at her side she has filled with Champagne.

As she bows o'er the board, all the revellers awaken.

She has pledged her mute friend, and she fills up again.

Clarisse has awaked ; and with shrieks leaves the table.

Juliette wakes, and faints in the arms of Arnold.

And Charles and Eugène, with what speed they are able,

Are off to the club, where this tale shall be told.

Celestine for her brougham, on the stairs, was appealing,

With hysterical sobs, to the surly *concierge*,

When a ray through the doorway stole to her, revealing

A sight that soon changed her appeal to "*La vierge*."

All the light-hearted friends from the chamber are fled :

And the café itself has grown silent by this.

From the dark street below, you can scarce hear a tread,

Save the Gendarme's, who reigns there as gloomy as Dis.

The shadow of night is beginning to flit : Through the gray window shimmers the motionless town.

The ghost and the stranger, together they sit

Side by side at the table — the place is their own.



They nod and change glances, that pale  
man and woman;  
For they both are well known to each  
other: and then,  
Some ghosts have a look that's so hor-  
ribly human,  
In the street you might meet them,  
and take them for men.

"Thou art changed, my beloved! and  
the lines have grown stronger,  
And the curls have grown scanter,  
that meet on thy brow.  
Ah, faithless! and dost thou remember  
no longer  
The hour of our passion, the words of  
thy vow?

"Thy kiss, on my lips it is burning for-  
ever!  
I cannot sleep calm, for my bed is so  
cold.  
Embrace me! close . . . closer . . . O let  
us part never,  
And let all be again as it once was of  
old!"

So she murmurs repiningly ever. Her  
breath  
Lifts his hair like a night-wind in  
winter. And he . . .  
"Thy hand, O Irene, is icy as death,  
But thy face is unchanged in its  
beauty to me."

"Tis so cold, my beloved one, down  
there, and so drear."  
"Ah, thy sweet voice, Irene, sounds  
hollow and strange!"  
"Tis the chills of the grave that have  
changed it, I fear:  
But the voice of my heart there's no  
chill that can change."

"Ha! thy pale cheek is flusht with a  
heat like my own.  
Is it breath, is it flame, on thy lips  
that is burning?  
Ha! thy heart flutters wild, as of old,  
'neath thy zone.  
And those cold eyes of thine fill with  
passionate yearning."

Thus, embracing each other, they bend  
and they waver,  
And, laughing and weeping, converse.  
The pale ghost,

As the wine warms the grave-worm with-  
in her, grown braver,  
Fills her glass to the brim, and pro-  
poses a toast.

"Here's a health to the glow-worm,  
Death's sober lamplighter,  
That saves from the darkness below  
the gravestone  
The tomb's pallid pictures . . . the sad-  
der the brighter;  
Shapes of beauty each stony-eyed  
corpse there hath known:

"Mere rough sketches of life, where a  
glimpse goes for all,  
Which the Master keeps (all the rest  
let the world have!)  
But though only rough-scrawled on  
the blank charnel wall,  
Is their truth the less sharp, that 't is  
sheathed in the grave?

"Here's to Love . . . the prime passion  
. . . the harp that we sung to  
In the orient of youth, in the days  
pure of pain;  
The cup that we quaffed in: the stirrup  
we sprung to,  
So light, ere the journey was made—  
and in vain!

"O the life that we lived once! the  
beauty so fair once!  
Let them go! wherefore weep for what  
tears could not save?  
What old trick sets us aping the fools  
that we were once,  
And tickles our brains even under the  
grave?

"There's a small stinging worm which  
the grave ever breeds  
From the folds of the shroud that  
around us is spread:  
There's a little blind maggot that revels  
and feeds  
On the life of the living, the sleep of  
the dead.

"To our friends! . . ." But the full  
flood of dawn through the pane,  
Having slowly rolled down the huge  
street there unheard  
(While the great, new, blue sky, o'er the  
white Madeleine  
Was wide opening itself, from her lip  
washed the word;

Washed her face faint and fainter; while,  
dimmer and dimmer,  
In its seat, the pale form flickered out  
like a flame,  
As broader, and brighter, and fuller, the  
glimmer  
Of day through the heat-clouded win-  
dow became.

And the day mounts apace. Some one  
opens the door.  
In shuffles a waiter with sleepy red eyes:  
He stares at the cushions flung loose on  
the floor,  
On the bottles, the glasses, the plates,  
with surprise.

Stranger still! he sees seated a man at  
the table,  
With his head on his hands: in a  
slumber he seems,  
So wild, and so strange, he no longer is  
able  
In silence to thrid through the path  
of his dreams.

For he moans, and he mutters: he moves  
and he motions:  
To the dream that he dreams o'er his  
wine-cup he pledges.  
And his sighs sound, through sleep, like  
spent winds over ocean's  
Last verge, where the world hides its  
outermost edges.

The gas-lamp falls sick in the tube: and  
so, dying,  
To the fumes of spilt wine, and cigars  
but half smoked,  
Adds the stench of its last gasp: chairs  
broken are lying  
All about o'er the carpet stained, lit-  
tered, and soaked.

A touch starts the sleeper. He wakes.  
It is day.  
And the beam that dispels all the  
phantoms of night  
Through the rooms sends its kindly and  
comforting ray:  
The streets are new-peopled: the  
morning is bright.

And the city's so fair! and the dawn  
breaks so brightly!  
With gay flowers in the market, gay  
girls in the street.

Whate'er the strange beings that visit  
us nightly,  
When Paris awakes, from her smile  
they retreat.

I myself have, at morning, beheld them  
departing;  
Some in masks, and in dominos, foot-  
ing it on;  
Some like imps, some like fairies; at  
cockcrow all starting,  
And speedily flitting from sight one  
by one.

And that wonderful night-flower, Mem-  
ory, that, tearful,  
Unbosoms to darkness her heart full  
of dew,  
Folds her leaves round again, and from  
day shrinks up fearful  
In the cleft of her ruin, the shade of  
her yew.

This broad daylight life's strange enough:  
and wherever  
We wander, or walk; in the club, in  
the streets;  
Not a straw on the ground is too trivial  
to sever  
Each man in the crowd from the others  
he meets.

Each walks with a spy or a jailer behind  
him  
(Some word he has spoken, some deed  
he has done);  
And the step, now and then, quickens,  
just to remind him,  
In the crowd, in the sun, that he is  
not alone.

But 't is hard, when by lamplight, 'mid  
laughter and songs too,  
Those return, . . . we have buried, and  
mourned for, and prayed for,  
And done with . . . and, free of the grave  
it belongs to,  
Some ghost drinks your health in the  
wine you have paid for.

Wreath the rose, O Young Man; pour  
the wine. What thou hast  
That enjoy all the days of thy youth.  
Spare thou naught.  
Yet beware! . . . at the board sits a  
ghost — 't is the Past;  
In thy heart lurks a weird Necroman-  
cer — 't is Thought.



## THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
 Those evenings in the bleak December,  
 Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
 When you and I played chess together,  
 Checkmated by each other's eyes?  
 Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
 Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.  
 Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand.  
 The double Castles guard the wings:  
 The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
 Moves, sidling through the fight.  
 Our fingers touch; our glances meet,  
 And falter; falls your golden hair  
 Against my cheek; your bosom sweet  
 Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen  
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,  
 And checks me unaware.  
 Ah me! the little battle's done,  
 Dispersed is all its chivalry;  
 Full many a move, since then, have we  
 'Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,  
 And many a game with Fortune  
 played,—  
 What is it we have won?  
 This, this at least — if this alone; —  
 That never, never, never more,  
 As in those old still nights of yore  
 (Ere we were grown so sadly wise),  
 Can you and I shut out the skies,  
 Shut out the world, and wintry weather,  
 And, eyes exchanging warmth with  
 eyes,  
 Play chess, as then we played, together!

## SONG.

If Sorrow have taught me anything,  
 She hath taught me to weep for you;  
 And if Falsehood have left me a tear to  
 shed  
 For Truth, these tears are true.  
 If the one star left by the morning  
 Be dear to the dying night,  
 If the late lone rose of October  
 Be sweetest to scent and sight,  
 If the last of the leaves in December  
 Be dear to the desolate tree,  
 Remember, beloved, O remember  
 How dear is your beauty to me!

And more dear than the gold, is the silver  
 Grief hath sown in that hair's young  
 gold:

And lovelier than youth is the language  
 Of the thoughts that have made youth  
 old;  
 We must love, and unlove, and forget,  
 dear —  
 Fashion and shatter the spell  
 Of how many a love in a life, dear —  
 Ere life learns to love once and love well.  
 Then what matters it, yesterday's sorrow?  
 Since I have outlived it — see!  
 And what matter the cares of to-morrow,  
 Since you, dear, will share them with  
 me?

To love it is hard, and 't is harder  
 Perchance to be loved again:  
 But you'll love me, I know, now I love  
 you. —

What I seek I am patient to gain.  
 To the tears I have shed, and regret not,  
 What matter a few more tears?  
 Or a few days' waiting longer,  
 To one that has waited for years?  
 Hush! lay your head on my breast, there.  
 Not a word! . . . while I weep for  
 your sake,

Sleep, and forget me, and rest there:  
 My heart will wait warm till you wake.  
 For — if Sorrow have taught me any-  
 thing  
 She hath taught me to weep for you;  
 And if Falsehood have left me a tear to  
 shed  
 For Truth, these tears are true!

## THE LAST REMONSTRANCE.

Yes! I am worse than thou didst once  
 believe me.  
 Worse than thou deem'st me now I  
 cannot be —  
 But say "the Fiend's no blacker," . . .  
 canst thou leave me?  
 Where wilt thou flee?

Where wilt thou bear the relics of the  
 days  
 Squandered round this dethroned love  
 of thine?  
 Hast thou the silver and the gold to raise  
 A new God's shrine?

Thy cheek hath lost its roundness and  
 its bloom:  
 Who will forgive those signs where  
 tears have fed

On thy once lustrous eyes, — save *he* for  
 whom  
 Those tears were shed?

Know I not every grief whose course hath  
 sown  
 Lines on thy brow, and silver in thy  
 hair?

Will new love learn the language, mine  
 alone  
 Hath graven there?

Despite the blemisht beauty of thy  
 brow,  
 Thou wouldst be lovely, couldst thou  
 love again;  
 For Love renews the Beautiful: but thou  
 Hast only pain.

How wilt thou bear from pity to im-  
 plore  
 What once those eyes from rapture  
 could command?  
 How wilt thou stretch — who wast a  
 Queen of yore —  
 A suppliant's hand?

Even were thy heart content from love  
 to ask  
 No more than needs to keep it from  
 the chill,  
 Hast thou the strength to recommence  
 the task  
 Of pardoning still?

Wilt thou to one, exacting all that I  
 Have lost the right to ask for, still  
 extend

Forgiveness on forgiveness, with that  
 sigh  
 That dreads the end?

Ah, if thy heart can pardon yet, why  
 yet  
 Should not its latest pardon be for  
 me?  
 For who will bend, the boon he seeks to  
 get,  
 On lowlier knee?

Where wilt thou find the unworthier  
 heart than mine,  
 That it may be more grateful, or more  
 lowly?  
 To whom else, pardoning much, become  
 divine  
 By pardoning wholly?

Hath not thy forehead paled beneath my  
 kiss?  
 And through thy life have I not writ  
 my name?  
 Hath not my soul signed thine? . . . I  
 gave thee bliss,  
 If I gave shame:

The shame, but not the bliss, where'er  
 thou goest,  
 Will haunt thee yet: to me no shame  
 thou hast:  
 To me alone, what now thou art, thou  
 knowest  
 By what thou wast.

What other hand will help thy heart to  
 swell  
 To raptures mine first taught it how  
 to feel?  
 Or from the unchorded harp and vacant  
 shell  
 New notes reveal?

Ah, by my dark and sullen nature nurst,  
 And rocked by passion on this stormy  
 heart,  
 Be mine the last, as thou wert mine the  
 first!  
 We dare not part!

At best a fallen Angel to mankind,  
 To me be still the seraph I have dared  
 To show my hell to, and whose love re-  
 signed  
 Its pain hath shared.

If, faring on together, I have fed  
 Thy lips on poisons, they were sweet  
 at least,  
 Nor couldst thou thrive where holier Love  
 hath spread  
 His simpler feast.

Change would be death. Could sever-  
 ance from my side  
 Bring thee repose, I would not bid  
 thee stay.  
 My love should meet, as calmly as my  
 pride,  
 That parting day.

It may not be: for thou couldst not for-  
 get me, —  
 Not that my own is more than other  
 natures,



But that 't is different: and thou wouldst  
regret me  
'Mid purer creatures.

Then, if love's first ideal now grows wan,  
And thou wilt love again, — again  
love me,  
For what I am: — no hero, but a man  
Still loving thee.

## SORCERY.

TO —.

You're a milk-white Panther:  
I'm a Genius of the air.  
You're a Princess once enchanted;  
That is why you seem so fair.

For a crime untold, unwritten,  
That was done an age ago,  
I have lost my wings, and wander  
In the wilderness below.

In a dream too long indulged,  
In a Palace by the sea,  
You were changed to what you are  
By a muttered sorcery.

Your name came on my lips  
When I first looked in your eyes:  
At my feet you fawned, you knew me  
In despite of all disguise.

The black elephants of Delhi  
Are the wisest of their kind,  
And the libbards of Soumatra  
Are full of eyes behind:

But they guessed not, they divined not,  
They believed me of the earth,  
When I walked among them, mourning  
For the region of my birth.

Till I found you in the moonlight.  
Then at once I knew it all.  
You were sleeping in the sand here,  
But you wakened to my call.

I knew why, in your slumber,  
You were moaning piteously:  
You heard a sound of harping  
From a Palace by the sea.

Through the wilderness together  
We must wander everywhere,

Till we find the magic berry  
That shall make us what we were.

'T is a berry sweet and bitter,  
I have heard; there is but one;  
On a tall tree, by a fountain,  
In the desert all alone.

When at last 't is found and eaten,  
We shall both be what we were;  
You, a Princess of the water,  
I, a Genius of the air.

See! the Occident is flaring  
Far behind us in the skies,  
And our shadows float before us.  
Night is coming forth. Arise!

## ADIEU, MIGNONNE, MA BELLE.

ADIEU, Mignonne, ma belle . . . when  
you are gone,  
Vague thoughts of you will wander,  
searching love  
Through this dim heart: through this  
dim room, Mignonne,  
Vague fragrance from your hair and  
dress will move.

How will you think of this poor heart  
to-morrow,  
This poor fond heart with all its joy  
in you?  
Which you were fain to lean on, once,  
in sorrow,  
Though now you bid it such a light  
adieu.

You'll sing perchance . . . "I passed a  
night of dreams  
Once, in an old inn's old worm-eaten  
bed,  
Passing on life's highway. How strange  
it seems,  
That never more I there shall lean my  
head!"

Adieu, Mignonne, adieu, Mignonne, ma  
belle!

Ah, little witch, our greeting was so  
gay,  
Our love so painless, who'd have thought  
"Farewell"  
Could ever be so sad a word to say?

I leave a thousand fond farewells with  
you:  
Some for your red wet lips, which  
were so sweet:  
Some for your darling eyes, so dear, so  
blue:  
Some for your wicked, wanton little  
feet:

But for your little heart, not yet  
awake, —  
What can I leave your little heart,  
Mignonne?  
It seems so fast asleep, I fear to break  
The poor thing's slumber. Let it  
still sleep on!

## TO MIGNONNE.

At morning, from the sunlight  
I shall miss your sunny face,  
Leaning, laughing, on my shoulder  
With its careless infant grace;  
And your hand there,

With its rosy, inside color,  
And the sparkle of its rings;  
And your soul from this old chamber  
Missed in fifty little things,  
When I stand there.

And the roses in the garden  
Droop stupid all the day, —  
Red, thirsty mouths wide open,  
With not a word to say!  
Their last meaning

Is all faded, like a fragrance,  
From the languishing late flowers,  
With your feet, your slow white move-  
ments,  
And your face, in silent hours,  
O'er them leaning.

And, in long, cool summer evenings,  
I shall never see you, drest  
In those pale violet colors  
Which suit your sweet face best.  
Here's your glove, child,

Soiled and empty, as you left it,  
Yet your hand's warmth seems to stay  
In it still, as though this moment  
You had drawn your hand away;  
Like your love, child,

Which still stays about my fancy.  
See this little, silken boot. —  
What a plaything! was there ever  
Such a slight and slender foot?  
Is it strange now

How that, when your lips are nearest  
To the lips they feed upon  
For a summer time, till bees sleep,  
On a sudden you are gone?  
What new change now

Sets you sighing . . . eyes uplifted  
To the starry night above?  
"God is great . . . the soul's immortal . . .  
Must we die, though! . . . Do you love?  
One kiss more, then:

"Life might end now!" . . . And next  
moment

With those wicked little feet,  
You have vanished, — like a Fairy  
From a fountain in the heat,  
And all's o'er, then.

Well, no matter! . . . hearts are breaking  
Every day, but not for you,  
Little wanton, ever making  
Chains of rose, to break them through.  
I would mourn you,

But your red smile was too warm, Sweet,  
And your little heart too cold,  
And your blue eyes too blue merely,  
For a strong, sad man to scold,  
Weep, or scorn, you.

For that smile's soft, transient sunshine  
At my hearth, when it was chill,  
I shall never do your name wrong,  
But think kindly of you still;  
And each moment

Of your pretty infant angers,  
(Who could help but smile at . . .  
when  
Those small feet would stamp our love  
out?)  
Why, I pass them now, as then,  
Without comment.

Only, here, when I am searching  
For the book I cannot find,  
I must sometimes pass your boudoir,  
Howsoever disinclined;  
And must meet there



The gold bird-cage in the window,  
Where no bird is singing now;  
The small sofa and the footstool,  
Where I miss . . . I know not how . . .  
Your young feet there,

Silken-soft in each quaint slipper;  
And the jewelled writing-case,  
Where you never more will write now;  
And the vision of your face,  
Just turned to me:—

I would save this, if I could, child,  
But that's all . . . September's here!  
I must write a book: read twenty:  
Learn a language . . . what's to fear?  
Who grows gloomy

Being free to work, as I am?  
Yet these autumn nights are cold.  
How I wonder how you'll pass them!  
Ah, . . . could all be as of old!  
But 't is best so.

All good things must go for better,  
As the primrose for the rose.  
Is love free? why so is life, too!  
Holds the grave fast? . . . I suppose  
Things must rest so.

## COMPENSATION.

WHEN the days are silent all  
Till the drear light falls;  
And the nights pass with the pall  
Of Love's funerals;  
When the heart is weighed with years;  
And the eyes too weak for tears;  
And life like death appears;

Is it nought, O soul of mine,  
To hear i' the windy track  
A voice with a song divine  
Calling thy footsteps back  
To the land thou lovest best,  
Toward the Garden in the West  
Where thou hast once been blest?

Is it nought, O aching brow,  
To feel in the dark hour,  
Which came, though called, so slow,  
And, though loathed, yet lingers  
slower,  
A hand upon thy pain,  
Lovingly laid again,  
Smoothing the ruffled brain?

O love, my own and only!  
The seraphs shall not see  
By my looks that life was lonely;  
But that 't was blest by thee.  
If few lives have been more lone,  
Few have more rapture known,  
Than mine and thine, my own!

When the lamp burns dim and dimmer;  
And the curtain close is drawn;  
And the twilight seems to glimmer  
With a supernatural dawn;  
And the Genius at the door  
Turns the torch down to the floor,  
Till the world is seen no more;

In the doubt, the dark, the fear,  
'Mid the spirits come to take thee,  
Shall mine to thine be near,  
And my kiss the first to wake  
thee.  
Meanwhile, in life's December,  
On the wind that strews the ember,  
Shall a voice still moan . . . "Remember!"

## TRANSLATIONS FROM PETER RONSARD.

"VOICI LE BOIS QUE MA SAINCTE ANGELETTE."

HERE is the wood that freshened to her song;  
See here, the flowers that keep her footprints yet;  
Where, all alone, my saintly Angel-ette  
Went wandering, with her maiden thoughts, along.

Here is the little rivulet where she stopped;  
And here the greenness of the grass shows where  
She lingered through it, searching here and there  
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropped.

Here did she sing, and here she wept,  
and here  
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear  
Those faint half-words with which my thoughts are rife;

Here did she sit; here, childlike, did she dance,  
To some vague impulse of her own romance—  
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts, winds out my life!

## "CACHE POUR CETTE NUIT."

HIDE, for a night, thy horn, good Moon!  
Fair fortune  
For this shall keep Endymion everprest  
Deep-dreaming, amorous, on thine argent breast,  
Nor ever shall enchanter thee importune.

Hateful to me the day; most sweet the night!  
I fear the myriad meddling eyes of day;  
But courage comes with night. Close, close, I pray,  
Your curtains, dear dark skies, on my delight!

Thou too, thou Moon, thou too hast felt love's power!  
Pan, with a white fleece, won thee for an hour;  
And you, sidereal Signs in yonder blue,  
Favor the fire to which my heart is moved.  
Forget not, Signs, the greater part of you  
Was only set in heaven for having loved!

## "PAGE SUIV MOY."

FOLLOW, my Page, where the green grass embosoms  
The enamelled Season's freshest-fallen dew;  
Then home, and my still house with handfals strew  
Of frail-lived April's newlied nurtured blossoms.

Take from the wall now, my song-tuned Lyre;  
Here will I sit and charm out the sweet pain  
Of a dark eye whose light hath burned my brain,  
The unloving loveliness of my desire!

And here my ink, and here my papers, place:—  
A hundred leaves of white, whereon to trace  
A hundred words of desultory woe—

Words which shall last, like graven diamonds, sure;—  
That, some day hence, a future race may know  
And ponder on the pain which I endure.

## "LES ESPICES SONT À CERES."

CERES hath her harvest sweet:  
Chlora's is the young green grass:  
Woods for Fauns with cloven feet:  
His green laurel Phœbus has:  
Minerva has her Olive-tree:  
And the Pine's for Cybele.

Sweet sounds are for Zephyr's wings:  
Sweet fruit for Pomona's bosom:  
For the Nymphs are crystal springs  
And for Flora bud and blossom:  
But sighs and tears, and sad ideas,  
These alone are Cytherea's.

## "MA DOUCE JOUVENCE."

My sweet youth now is all done;  
The strength and the beauty are gone.  
The tooth now is black, and the head now is white,  
And the nerves now are loosed: in the veins  
Only water (not blood now) remains,  
Where the pulse beat of old with delight.

Adieu, O my lyre, O adieu,  
You sweet women, my lost loves, and you  
Each dead passion! . . . The end creepeth nigher.  
Not one pastime of youth has kept pace  
With my age: Nought remains in their place  
But the bed, and the cup, and the fire.

My head is confused with low fears,  
And sickness, and too many years;  
Some care in each corner I meet—  
And, wherever I linger or go,  
I turn back, and look after, to know  
If the Death be still dogging my feet:—

Dogging me down the dark stair,  
Which windeth, I cannot tell where,  
To some Pluto that opens forever  
His cave to all comers—Alas!  
How easily down it all pass,  
And return from it—never, ah, never!