



FOR THEE ALONE

GRACE HARTSHORNE

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For Thee Alone

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For Thee Alone

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Selected by GRACE HARTSHORNE

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Poems of Mother-love and Childhood

Selected by GRACE HARTSHORNE

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For Thee Alone

Poems of Love

Selected by
Grace Hartshorne

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SIXTH THOUSAND



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PS

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For Thee Alone

FOR THEE ALONE I BRAVE THE BOUNDLESS DEEP,
THOSE EYES MY LIGHT THROUGH EVERY DISTANT SEA ;
MY WAKING THOUGHTS, THE DREAM THAT GILDS MY SLEEP,
THE NOON-TIDE REVERIE, ARE ALL GIVEN TO THEE,
TO THEE ALONE, TO THEE ALONE.

— *Thomas Moore.*

PREFACE.

IT has been the compiler's endeavour, as far as possible, to present a selection of the best poems of love and lovers in the English language, as well as a few notable translations. As love is a theme that for centuries has appealed to the poetic imagination, it is readily apparent that the space between these covers is inadequate to contain all of the best-known love poems, and the reader's indulgence is asked should he discover that poems cherished by him as being of the highest order have been omitted either unwittingly, through lack of space, or through inability on the part of the compiler to secure permission to use a few copyright poems that would make this anthology more complete.

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"My First Kiss,"		
"Dream-love,"		
"The Love that Lives for Aye,"		
"Mignon,"		
		"Rings and Love-Knots."

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FOR THEE ALONE.



EACH day, beloved, I think I love thee more
Than any day that we have ever known,
But less than that which is to come.
What will it matter then, in after years,
The furrowed cheek, or ever-whitening hair,
If always Love grows stronger, more serene !
Think in our hearts what precious memories live,
Not one of mine which is not also thine,
Binding the old bonds closer every day,
Weaving new links in life's bright golden chain !
We shall grow old and weak, with feeble steps,
But closer every day, our clasping hands,
Since every day, beloved, I love thee more
Than any day that we have ever known,
Yet less than that which is to come !

RUBIES.

OFTEN have I heard it said,
That her lips were ruby-red;
Little heed I what they say,—
I have seen as red as they,
Ere she smiled on other men,
Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,
Rubies were less bright than they,
And less bright were those which shone
In the palace of the sun.
Will they be as bright again?
Not if kissed by other men.

— *Walter Savage Landor.*

SHALL I TELL YOU WHOM I LOVE?

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me;
And if such a woman move
As I shall now versify,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art ;
In as many virtues dight
As ne'er yet embraced a heart ;
So much good, so truly tried, —
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath ;
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth ;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth ;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but sometime young ;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

— *William Browne.*

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

“Oh!” the rosy lips reply,
“I can’t tell you if I try.
’Tis so long I can’t remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!”

Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?

When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzle-Face!

“ Ah ! ” the wise old lips reply,
“ Youth may pass, and strength may die ;
But of Love I can't foretoken :
Ask some older sage than I ! ”

— *E. C. Stedman.*

EARLY LOVE.

AH, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well?) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed,
And looked upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ailed, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look; and thus,
In that first garden of our simpleness,
We spent our childhood. But when years began
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

— *Samuel Daniel.*

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone, —
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning's birds ;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words ;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancly,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
To fill her, she appears

The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain ;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone, —
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health ! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

— *E. C. Pinkney.*

THE LOVE KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in ;
But not alone in its silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill ;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colour'd face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a colour, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprison'd a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill ;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and play'd
The wildest tricks with the little maid,

A Silent Confession
From Painting by Tito Conti



As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in;
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Ah, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

— *Nora Perry.*

BLUSH, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away!

— *Elizabeth Akers.*

RELICS.

THE violets that you gave are dead,
They could not bear the loss of you ;
The spirit of the rose has fled,
It loved you, and its love was true.
Back to your lips that spirit flies,
To bask beneath your radiant eyes.

Only the ashes bide with me,
The ashes of the ruined flowers —
Types of a rapture not to be,
Sad relics of bewildering hours,
Poor, frail, forlorn, and piteous shows
Of errant passion's wasted woes.

He grandly loves who loves in vain !
These withered flowers that lesson teach.
They suffered ; they did not complain ;
Their life was love too great for speech.
In silent pride their fate they bore ;
They loved, they grieved, they died — no more.

Far off the purple banners flare,
Beneath the golden morning spread ;
I know what queen is worshipped there,
What laurels wreath her lovely head.

Her name be sacred in my thought,
And sacred be the grief she brought !

For since I saw that glorious face,
And heard the music of that voice,
Much beauty's fallen to disgrace
That used to make my heart rejoice :
And rose and violet ne'er can be
The same that once they were to me.

— *William Winter.*

HAPPY LOVE.

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess
That she I love is mine,
All nature throbs with happiness,
And wears a face divine.
The woods seem greener than they were,
The skies are brighter blue ;
The stars shine clearer, and the air
Lets finer sunlight through.
Until I loved, I was a child,
And sported on the sands ;
But now the ocean opens out,
With all its happy lands.

— *Charles Mackay.*

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS
LOVE.

'TIS said that absence conquers love !
But, O ! believe it not ;
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fix'd in this devoted heart
As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair, —
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echo'd there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain ! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot ;

For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favourite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love !
But, O, believe it not ;
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

— *Frederick W. Thomas.*

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THE Summer comes and the Summer goes ;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden — it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours.
We only know Winter is gone — by the flowers,
We only know Winter is come — by the snow.

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

FIDELIS.

YOU have taken back the promise
That you spoke so long ago ;
Taken back the heart you gave me, —
I must even let it go.

Where love once has breathed, Pride
dieth :

So I struggled, but in vain,
First to keep the links together,
Then to piece the broken chain.

But it might not be — so freely
All your friendship I restore,
And the heart that I had taken
As my own for evermore.

No shade of reproach shall touch you,
Dread no more a claim from me :
But I will not have you fancy
That I count myself as free.

I am bound by the old promise ;
What can break that golden chain ?
Not even the words that you have spoken,
Or the sharpness of my pain :

Do you think because you fail me
And draw back your hand to-day,
That from out the heart I gave you
My strong love can fade away?

It will live. No eyes may see it ;
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hidden from all ; but I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep.
So remember that the friendship,
Which you now think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again.

Perhaps in some long twilight hour,
Like those we have known of old,
When past shadows gather round you,
And your present friends grow cold,
You may stretch your hands out toward
me, —

Ah ! you will — I know not when —
I shall nurse my love and keep it
Faithfully, for you, till then.

— *Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

LOVE THAT ASKETH LOVE AGAIN.

LOVE that asketh love again,
 Finds the barter nought but pain ;
 Love that giveth in full store,
 Aye receives as much, and more.

Love exacting nothing back,
 Never knoweth any lack ;
 Love compelling love to pay,
 Sees him bankrupt every day.

— *Dinah Maria Craik.*

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

LOVE thee, dearest? love thee?
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,
 Which through tears above thee
 Shines so sadly fair ;
 Though often dim,
 With tears, like him,
 Like him my truth will shine,
 And — love thee, dearest? love thee?
 Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.

A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine —
But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THINK OF ME, DEAREST.

THINK of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning, and looks are wiling,
And those words and looks, of *others*, beguiling
Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour;
Let my trust and my faith — my devotion — have
power,
When all that can lure to thy young soul is
nearest,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

WE parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting ;
We talk'd not of hopes that we both must
resign,
I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting,
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine :
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore ;
She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time smiles
ever
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their
birth.
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O !
never
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
The note of each wild bird that carols toward
heaven,
Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were
mine,
And the dew that steals over each blossom at even,
Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.
— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

TO LUCY.

GIVE me thy love, and I will ask
No other meed of fame ;
To praise thee, dearest, is my task,
To win thine heart, my aim.

Though many listen to the tone
The nightingale doth raise,
He sings to please his love alone,
Nor cares for other's praise.

— *Fred Henderson.*

TO THE SILENT ONE.

AH, leave to other maidens
Fair greeting, sweet replies ;
Thou art my lovely Silence,
With thy clear, friendly eyes.

The eyes, so true, so tender,
They tell me, day by day,
More of thy deepest heart, love,
Than lips could ever say.

— *Emanuel Geibel.*

ALL FOR YOU.

THE love in my heart is as strong as the hills
And as deep as the fathomless sea,
Yet pure as the breath of the rose that thrills
The soul of the summer with glee.
'Tis fair as the light of the faithful stars
That beam in the boundless blue ;
No selfish mote its radiance mars,
And Sweetheart, 'tis all for you.

All for you !
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever,
Till the angels doubt
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, Sweetheart, for ever.

The love in my heart, I know not why
Nor how it came to be,
But the bliss that is mine no gold can buy,
Since love hath come to me.
O, love, love, love ! there's nothing so sweet,
Go search the wild world through ;
My heart is so full of it, every beat
Cries out it is all for you.

All for you !
Strong and true,
No time the tie can sever.
Till the angels doubt
And the stars burn out,
I am yours, Sweetheart, for ever.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again ! A thousand
ways
I fashion to myself the tenderness
Of my glad welcome ; I shall tremble — yes ;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence : and the perfume of her dress ;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space ;
And tears — yes ; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill-deserve the place
Her arms make for me ; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

NO JEWELL'D BEAUTY.

NO jewell'd beauty is my love ;
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

O joy ! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me :
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody.
My soul up-springs, a Deity,
To hear her voice divine !
And dear, O very dear to me,
Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow ;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine ;

But none, O none so dear to me,
As this sweet Love of mine.

— *Gerald Massey.*

TAKE BACK YOUR WORDS.

TAKE back your words and dry your
tears,

Life is too short for hate ;
We may be dead a thousand years, —
Yet Love can conquer Fate.
Too soon, alas ! each golden head
Shall lie beneath the clay ; —
What feelings have the silent dead ? . . .
Oh, love the while you may !

For life is like a drop of rain,
So small its limits be ;
But death is monstrous as the main —
The myriad-millioned sea.
Give me your lips ; dry all your tears ;
So we at last may say,
If we are dead a thousand years
At least we've loved to-day !

— *Lloyd Mifflin.*

LOVE'S POWER.

IF I were blind, and Thou should enter
E'er so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it ;
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round the centre
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind !

If I were deaf, and Thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it ;
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
By Love's liquid undertone.
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises,
Whisper, wheresoe'er Thou art ;
'Twill reach my heart !

— *Josephine Pollard.*

MIGNON.

A CROSS the gloom the gray moth
speeds

To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.

The stars seem kind,
And e'en the wind
Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain, *ma belle* ?
Say no, Mignon, say no !

Erelong the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through ;
Let not my heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.

Your casement ope
And bid me hope,
Give me one smile to bless ;
A word will ease my pain ! *ma belle*,
Say yes, Mignon, say yes !

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

I MET A MAIDEN TO-DAY.

CHIMING a dream by the way,
With ocean's rapture and roar,
I met a maiden to-day
Walking along on the shore ;
Walking in maiden wise,
Modest and kind and fair,
The freshness of spring in her eyes
And the fullness of spring in her hair.

Cloud-shadow and scudding sunburst
Were swift on the floor of the sea,
And a mad wind was romping its worst ;
But what was their magic to me ?
What the charm of the midsummer skies ?
I only saw she was there,
A dream of the sea in her eyes,
And the kiss of the sea in her hair.

I watched her vanish in space,
She came where I walked no more ;
But something had passed of her grace
To the spell of the wave and the shore ;
And now, as the glad stars rise,
She comes to me rosy and rare,

The delight of the wind in her eyes
And the hand of the wind in her hair.

— *William Ernest Henley.*

THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEM'RY
DEAR.

SWEETHEART, good-bye ! The fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm, —
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye ! one last embrace !
Oh, cruel Fate, true souls to sever !
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shall dwell for ever !
And still shall recollection trace,
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face, —
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

LOVE'S PRAYER.

IF Heaven would hear my prayer,
My dearest wish would be,
Thy sorrows not to share
But take them all on me ;
If Heaven would hear my prayer.

I'd beg with prayers and sighs
That never a tear might flow
From out thy lovely eyes,
If Heaven might grant it so ;
Mine be the tears and sighs.

No cloud thy brow should cover,
But smiles each other chase
From lips to eyes all over
Thy sweet and sunny face ;
The clouds my heart should cover.

That all thy path be light,
Let darkness fall on me ;
If all thy days be bright,
Mine black as night could be ;
My love would light my night.

For thou art more than life,
And if our fate should set
Life and my love at strife,
How could I then forget
I love thee more than life?

— *John Hay.*

IN THE EVENING.

O LOVE, when life was young, I knew
But little what you were to be, —
A light more bounteous to me,
While lengthening shadows grew.
Have I been silent, Love, or cold?
It may be you have little guessed
All the strong love, half unexpressed,
Stronger, as I grew old.

But, Darling, when the day is done,
And we together walk at peace,
In that bright world, where sorrows cease,
Beyond the set of sun :
What best of me you brought to light
On this dark earth shall there expand,
And each shall wholly understand
What now is hid from sight.

— *Hamilton Aïdè.*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN !

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;
She pushed it wide, and as she passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, — “ auf wiedersehen ! ”

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, — “ auf wiedersehen ! ”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair,
I linger in delicious pain,
Ah, in that chamber whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she, — “ auf wiedersehen ! ”

'Tis thirteen years ; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane ;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear, “ auf wiedersehen ! ”

La Fiancée

From Painting by Edouard Bisson



Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !

The English words had seemed too fain ;
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart ;

She said, — “ auf wiedersehen ! ”

— *James Russell Lowell.*

THE SECRET.

NIGHTINGALES warble about it,
All night under blossom and star ;
The wild swan is dying without it,
And the eagle crieth afar ;
The sun he doth mount but to find it,
Searching the green earth o'er ;
But more doth a man's heart mind it,
Oh, more, more, more !

Over the gray leagues of ocean
The infinite yearneth alone ;
The forests with wandering emotion
The thing they know not intone ;
Creation arose but to see it,
A million lamps in the blue ;
But a lover he shall be it
If one sweet maid is true.

— *G. E. Woodberry.*

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he who leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, that stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! Do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,

But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her !

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover !
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — but who can live youth over ?
— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THE birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play ;

And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrup amidst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
 With fortune's sun depart,
 Still lingers with its cheerful song,
 And nestles on the heart.

— *William Leggett.*

MY SONG.

THERE'S a song in my heart, Dear Love,
 That I dare not sing to-night,
 For my thoughts, like storm-driven birds,
 To thee would take their flight ;
 And the bitterness of my longing
 Would wearily beat and throb
 Through the night wind to thee, Love,
 Like a hopeless, pitiful sob.

For out of the lowering darkness
 That bends with the summer rain,
 I can sing but one song to-night, Love,
 Hear but one tender refrain :
 "I love you ;" and all the space, Love,
 That renders us far apart,
 Cannot banish thy face, Love,
 Or thoughts of thee, from my heart.

— *Olivia Genevieve Lovell-Wilson.*

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one ;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one ;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

— *Francis W. Bourdillon.*

OH, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.
And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love,
Waiting, wasting, suffering much !
But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite ;
They walk in Allah's smile by day
And nestle in his heart by night.

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

GREETING FROM FAR AWAY.

SO many stars as shine in the sky,
 So many little winds murmuring by,
 So many blessings attend thee ;
 So many leaves as dance on the trees,
 So many flowers as wave in the breeze,
 Brighter than those, love, and sweeter than these,
 The loving thoughts that I send thee.

Were I the golden sun to shine,
 Every ray a glad thought of mine,
 Loving and true and tender, —
 I would crown with my beams thy dearest head,
 From morning golden to evening red ;
 Deep in my heart lies the thought unsaid,
 The love that no speech can render.

.

When I send thee a red, red rose, —
 The sweetest flower on earth that grows !
 Think, dear heart, how I love thee ;
 Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
 With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath, —
 Love, I am thine, in life and death !
 Oh, my love, dost thou love me ?

— *Friedrich Rückert.*

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how? —
To thy chamber-window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream ;
And the champak odours pine
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O belovèd as thou art !

Oh, lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fall !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;

Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last !

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and
part, —

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows ;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

— Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

— *Michael Drayton.*

PLATONIC.

I KNEW it the first of the summer —
I knew it the same at the end —
That you and your love were plighted,
But couldn't you be my friend ?
Couldn't we sit in the twilight,
Couldn't we talk on the shore,
With only a pleasant friendship
To bind us, and nothing more ?

There was never a word of nonsense
Spoken between us two,
Though we lingered oft in the garden
Till the roses were wet with dew.
We touched on a thousand subjects —
The moon, and the stars above,
But our talks were tintured with science,
With never a hint of love.

“A wholly platonic friendship,”
You said I had proved to you,
“Could bind a man and a woman
The whole long season through,
With never a hint of folly,
Though both are in their youth.”

What would you have said, my lady,
If you had known the truth ?

Had I done what my mad heart prompted —
Gone down on my knees to you,
And told you my passionate story,
There in the dusk and dew ;
My burning, burdensome story,
Hidden and hushed so long ;
My story of hopeless loving —
Say, would you have thought it wrong ?

But I fought with my heart, and conquered —
I hid my wound from sight ;
You were going away in the morning,
And I said a calm good night.
But now, when I sit in the twilight,
Or when I walk by the sea,
That friendship, quite " platonic,"
Comes surging over me.

And a passionate longing fills me,
For the roses, the dusk, and the dew —
For the beautiful summer vanished —
For the moonlit talks — and you.

À MA FUTURE.

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot —
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother ;
Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet ?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams ;
Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet ?

Thou art as I —
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee :
We cannot live apart — must meeting be
Never before we die ?

Dear soul, not so !
For time doth keep for us some happy years,
And God hath portioned us our smiles and tears ;
Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet ;
 And therefore let our searching be the stronger ;
 Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
 Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear
 This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
 Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
 That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light
 That crimsones all the quiet college gloom ;
 May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room —
 And so, dear wife, good night !

— *Edwin Arnold.*

TRANSFORMATION.

ONLY a hut, as mean, to Thee,
 As any hovel in the land ;
 A palace fair it is to me,
 For there I dared to kiss thy hand.

Ah, sweet ! if that can work for me
 A change so wonderful as this,
 The whole wide world a heaven will be,
 When I thy lovely lips may kiss.

— *George A. Dennison.*

IN THE YEAR THAT'S COME AND GONE.

I N the year that's come and gone, Love, his fly-
ing feather,
Stooping slowly, gave us heart, and bade us walk
together.

In the year that's coming on, though many a troth
be broken,
We at least will not forget aught that Love hath
spoken.

In the year that's come and gone, dear, we wove a
tether
All of gracious words and thoughts, binding two
together.

In the year that's coming on, with its wealth of roses,
We shall weave it stronger yet, ere the circle closes.

In the year that's come and gone, in the golden
weather,
Sweet, my sweet, we swore to keep the watch of
life together.

In the year that's coming on, rich in joy and sorrow,
We shall light our lamp, and wait life's mysterious
morrow.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

LOVE'S PROVING.

WHAT shall I say to thee, heart of my heart,
 How shall I prove thee my passion and
 pain,

How can I tell thee that now we must part,
 Knowing I never shall see thee again.

How can I leave thee and bid thee to go,
 Seeing I love thee and worship thee so ?

Nay, do not speak to me, heart of my heart,

Hold me not thus to thy bosom again,

Lest I forget that 'tis better to part,

Lest all our farewells be uttered in vain.

Take thy lips from me, love, take them away,
 Lest in my anguish I bid thee to stay.

When it is over, when thou art gone

Past all entreaty, all yielding and prayer ;

When thou art wand'ring in darkness alone,

Why could I leave thee to doubt and despair ?

Ask thine own heart and then thou shalt know

'Tis that I love thee and worship thee so.

— *Frederic Weatherly.*

COMFORT.

IF there should come a time, as well there may,
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,
And thou dost come to me for help, and stay,
And comfort — how shall I perform my part?
How shall I make my heart a resting-place,
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?
How shall I win the strength to keep my voice
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,
Nor mar the counsel by mine own heart-throbs!
Love, my love teaches me a certain way,
So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay.
I must live higher, nearer to the reach
Of angels in their blessed trustfulness,
Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach
Content to thee whom I would greatly bless.
Ah me! what woe were mine if thou shouldst come,
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,
And I should meet thee powerless and dumb,
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid!
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,
God helping me, to higher life, and gain

Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,
 And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain.
 Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be
 The dearest bond between my heart and thee.
 — *All the Year Round.*

OH, NO—NOT E'EN WHEN FIRST WE
 LOVED.

OH, no — not e'en when first we loved,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
 Thy beauty then my senses moved,
 But now thy virtues bind my heart.
 What was but Passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
 And, though I then might love thee *more*,
 Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core
 That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
 And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love !
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love !
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love !
And chased it all away.

Yet, even could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,

The Reconciliation

From Painting by F. Andreotti



Than years of mirth apart,
 Dear love !
 Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
 And nursed 'mid vain regrets ;
 Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
 Like them in tears it sets,
 Dear love !
 Like them in tears it sets.

— *Thomas Moore.*

A SIGH.

IT was nothing but a rose I gave her, —
 Nothing but a rose
 Any wind might rob of half its savour,
 Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
 With a hand as chill, —
 Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
 Stays, and thrills them still !

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
 Crumpled fold on fold, —
 Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
 Cannot make it old !

— *Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

SONG.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
So pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win and wear,
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee.
But a cloud o'er my pathway is glooming
Which never must break upon thine,
And Heaven which made thee all blooming
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me not as a lover
Whose fond hopes are crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it has lost ; —
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, yet never may see,

As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh, dearest, remember me.

— *Gerald Griffin.*

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I LOVE, too, to be loved ; all loving praise
Seems like a crown upon my Life, to make
It better worth the giving, and to raise
Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls ; I heard
One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it, my soul was stirred
In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you, all who owe
Comfort to you ; and I can find regret
Even for those poorer hearts who once could
know,
And once could love you, and can now forget.

Will you be jealous ? Did you guess before
I loved so many things ? Still you the best ;
Dearest, remember that I love you more,
Oh, more a thousand times, than all the rest !

— *Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE ME?

HOW much do I love thee?
Go ask the deep sea
How many rare gems
In its coral caves be;
Or ask the broad billows,
That ceaselessly roar,
How many bright sands
Do they kiss on the shore?

How much do I love thee?
Go ask of a star
How many such worlds
In the universe are;
Or ask of the breezes,
Which soothingly blow,
From whence do they come,
And whither they go?

How much do I love thee?
Go ask of the sun
To tell when his course
Will for ever be done.
Or demand of the dust
Over which thou hast trod,

How many cold hearts
Moulder under the sod?

How much do I love thee?
When billow and sea
And star shall have told
All their secrets to thee,
When zephyr and sunbeam
Their courses reveal, —
Thou shalt know what this bosom
Which loves thee can feel.

— *Mary Ashley Townsend.*

IS IT GOOD-BYE?

A WINK from Hesper falling
Fast in the wintry sky
Comes through the even blue,
Dear, like a word from you.
Is it good-bye?

Across the miles between us,
I send you sigh for sigh.
Good night, sweet friend, good night;
Till life and all take flight,
Never good-bye.

— *William Ernest Henley.*

A LITTLE KNOT OF BLUE.

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair ;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams, —
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my Love and me ;
And what I said, or what I did
That morn, I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,

'Twill hold my heart till life shall part, —
That little knot of blue.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

A SERENADE.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light ;
Then, lady, up, — look out, and be
A sister to the night !

Sleep not ! — thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast ;
Sleep not ! — from her soft sleep should
fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might
make
Of darker nights a day.

— *E. C. Pinkney.*

IF ONLY YOU WERE HERE.

IF only you were here to-night ;
If I might lift my longing eyes to trace
Your dreamy eyes down-looking on my face
With their half-veiled, half-smiling tenderness, —
O first and best and dearest, can you guess
How in my lonely heart your altar-flame
Would leap to sudden glorious fire, and shame
All these sad, darkened hours of fear and blame,
If only you were here ?

If only you were here to-night,
Here, close beside me, while the soft rain falls
And through the darkness the sweet church-bell
calls,
And all the quiet world takes on repose, —
O warmest heart ! if you were here, so close
That I might lean down on your breast,
What could I ask of sweeter calm or rest ?
Who in God's happy world could be more blest
If only you were here ?

If only you were here to-night,
O Love, My Love, My Love, so far from me !

Through all dividing space, where'er you be,
 My winged thoughts fly fast, and far, and free,
 Seeking, like birds, to find their sheltering nest,
 O gentle heart, make such a welcome guest !
 Across the lonely world, I know not where,
 I send the longing silence of this prayer :
 If only you were here.

— *Hester A. Benedict.*

MY HEART'S TREASURE.

I SAW it in the visions of the night —
 The jewel-casket of my soul — and gazed
 Upon its priceless gems ; there rubies blazed
 And glittering diamonds flashed back the light ;
 As planets of the heavens they shone bright
 With glowing beauty worthy to be praised,
 But, still unsatisfied, my eyes half dazed
 Sought out one lustrous pearl that shrank from sight.

Then in my dream (Oh, love, such dreams are true !)
 On that pure pearl my gladdened glance I set,
 Rejoiced all other jewels to forget,
 And cried your name, for, dearest, are not you
 Deep hidden in my heart from all men's view ?
 My life's best star, my soul's one amulet !

— *J. G. F. Nicholson.*

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET
SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea !
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine ;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep ;
Sweet spirit, meet me then !
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam :
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream !

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

— *Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.*

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

'TIS but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.
I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that does not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare —
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?

— *Ellen Clementine Howarth.*

THE WANDERER.

LOVE comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
 The old, old Love that we knew of yore !
 We see him stand by the open door,
 With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though, in our arms repelling,
 He fain would lie as he lay before ;
 Love comes back to his vacant dwelling, —
 The old, old Love that we knew of yore !

Ah, who shall help us from overspelling
 That sweet, forgotten, forbidden lore !
 E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
 With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
 Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

— *Austin Dobson.*

DEAR Love, I sometimes think how it would be
 If thou shouldst love me ; if on such a day —
 O day of wonder — thou shouldst come and say,
 “ I love thee,” or but let me guess thy plea, —
 If once thine eyes should brighten suddenly ;
 If once thy step should hasten or delay
 Because of me ; if once thy hand should stay
 A needless instant in my own ! Ah, me !

From such imaginings I wake and start,
And dull and worthless life's endeavours seem
Before the tender beauty of my dream ;
And then I whisper my impatient heart,
" Be still, be comforted, O heart of mine ;
Thou art not all bereft, the dream is thine."

— *Hopestill Goodwin.*

WINTER SUNSHINE.

SHINE brighter than the sun in heaven, O eyes,
beloved so long !
All blessed gifts that can be given; to thee, dear
child, belong ;
Thine eyes hold all my sunshine, my heaven is all
in thee ;
I ask no other happiness, when thy dear face I see.
Oh, fair and sweet are summer flowers, but sweeter
still art thou ;
I hold them dear, the bright June hours, but I am
gladder now ;
Through storm and snow and rain I come where
thou, my darling, art ;
I am not cold nor weary when I hold thee to my
heart !

— *Anonymous.*

TENDER AND TRUE.

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware ;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content ;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home ;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness, —
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes ;
A Love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,

Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness ;
A Love that shall be new and fresh each hour
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest *now*.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

LOVE AND ABSENCE.

LET it not grieve thee, dear, to hear me say
'Tis false that absence maketh the fond heart
More fond ; that when alone, and far apart
From thee, I love thee more from day to day.
Not so ; for then my heart would ever pray
For longer separation, that I might
In absence from thee gain the utmost height
Of love unrealised ; nor would I stay
In my swift course, but ever onward press,
Until mine eager hand should touch the goal
Of possible passion. Did I love thee less,
Then might I love thee more ; but now my soul
Is filled throughout with perfect tenderness ;
No part of me thou hast, but the full whole.

—*James Ashcroft Noble.*

MY FIRST KISS.

THE tender smile of parting day
Was waning in the west ;
Soft shadows climbed the eastern way
Where morning's feet had prest.
We lingered on, my Love and I,
Amid the fragrant dew,
And though our hearts were beating high
Our words were low and few.

The little stars laughed down in scorn —
Where had my courage fled ?
At last with strength of passion born,
The fateful words were said.
She could not speak — she could not see,
So thick the teardrops shone,
But drooping eyelids told to me
What lips were shy to own.

I've toiled and won an honoured name,
And now I'm growing old ;
I've touched the shining hem of Fame,
And found its touch was cold ;
But still from out the shadowy past
One memory brings me bliss,

For I shall keep while life shall last —
Our first betrothal kiss.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

ONLY FAITHFUL.

ONLY that, dear, neither wise nor fair,
Just as commonplace as bread you eat,
Or as water flowing everywhere,
Or the homely grass beneath your feet.
Only faithful, — does the want alarm you?
Only faithful, — will the word not charm you?

Faithful, as I read it, means just this, —
That henceforth I through the world shall go
Holy, as an angel, by your kiss;
Happy, though no other bliss I know.
Only faithful, — have you not repented?
Only faithful, — is your heart contented?

Faithful, dear, to keep or let you go,
Faithful to give all and nothing take;
Think you I should rave in angry woe,
If by Time's fault you should me forsake?
Only be yourself, though mine no longer;
By your being I shall grow the stronger.

— *Sarah Williams.*

TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do ;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not !
My eyes were blinded, your words were few ;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas ;
Not half worthy the like of you :
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows, —
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew ;
As I lay my head on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

— *Dinah Maria Craik.*

DINNA ASK ME.

OH, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye :
Troth, I daurna tell !
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye, —
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel you ken me true ;
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me ;
And, oh, I'm sure my heart wad brak,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me.

— *Dunlop.*

DEAREST LOVE ! BELIEVE ME.

DEAREST love ! believe me,
Though all else depart,
Nought shall e'er deceive thee
In this faithful heart :
Beauty may be blighted,
Youth must pass away,
But the vows we plighted
Ne'er shall know decay.

Tempests may assail us
From affliction's coast,
Fortune's breeze may fail us
When we need it most ;
Fairest hopes may perish,
Firmest friends may change ;
But the love we cherish
Nothing shall estrange.

Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears ;
Love grows only fonder
With the lapse of years :
Time, and change, and trouble,
Weaker ties unbind,

At the Shrine of Venus

From Painting by Lorenz Alma-Tadema



But the bands redouble
True affection twined.

— *Thomas Pringle.*

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

WHEN thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns,
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

— *Lady John Scott.*

THE LOVE THAT LIVES FOR AYE.

I WANDERED through a dreary land
Before our life paths met ;
Life's guerdons bright escaped my hand,
Or vanished in regret.
You came and chased the clouds away,
My silver stir of morn,
And ushered in the peerless day
My dearest hope was born.

If not for me the sweet love hid
Within your gracious heart ;
If fate should frown on me and bid
My new-found hope depart,
Ah, do not deem all solace fled,
Or think my love can die
Till memory's lamp shall cease to shed
The light of days gone by.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

SONG.

I NEVER knew how dear thou wert,
Till I was on the silent sea ;
And then my lone and musing heart
Sent back its passionate thoughts to thee.

When the wind slept on ocean's breast,
And the moon smiled above the deep,
I longed thus o'er thy spirit's rest,
A vigil like yon moon to keep.

When the gales rose, and, tempest-tossed,
Our struggling ship was sore beset,
Our topsails rent, our bearing lost,
And fear in every spirit met —
Oh ! then, amid the midnight storm,
Peace on my soul thy memory shed :
The floating image of thy form
Made strong my heart amid its dread.

Yes ! on the dark and troubled sea,
I strove my spirit's depths to know,
And found its deep, deep love for thee,
Fathomless as the gulfs below.
The waters bore me on my way —
Yet, oh ! more swift than rushing streams,
To thee flew back, from day to day,
My clinging love — my burning dreams.

— *Catharine Warfield.*

THY NAME.

IT comes to me when healths go round,
And o'er the wine their garlands wreathing
The flowers of wit, with music wound,
Are freshly from the goblet breathing ;
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
Where care in jostling crowds is rife ;
When Avarice goads the sordid heart,
Or cold Ambition prompts the strife ;
It comes to whisper, if I'm there,
'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
For Fame were not success to me,
Nor riches wealth unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight
In eyes whose spell would once have bound
me.

It comes — but comes to bring alone
 Remembrance of some look or tone,
 Dearer than aught I hear or see,
 Because 'twas born or breathed by thee.

It comes to me when cloister'd boughs
 Their shadows cast upon the sod ;
 Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
 Are lifted from her shrine to God :
 It comes to tell that all of worth
 I dream in heaven or know on earth,
 However bright or dear it be,
 Is blended with my thought of thee.

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

TO ANNE.

WHEN thou art near to me, it seems
 As if the sun along the sky,
 Though he awhile withheld his beams,
 Burst forth in glowing majesty :
 But like a storm that lowers on high,
 Thy absence clouds the scene again ; —
 Alas ! that from so sweet a joy
 Should spring regret so full of pain !
 — *Clément Marot. (Translated by Costello.)*

TWIN STARS ALOFT.

TWIN stars, aloft in ether clear,
Around each other roll away,
Within one common atmosphere
Of their own mutual light and day.

And myriad happy eyes are bent
Upon their changeless love always ;
As strengthened by their one intent,
They pour the flood of life and day.

So we, through this world's waning night,
Shall, hand in hand, pursue our way ;
Shed round us order, love, and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

EACH shining light above us
Has its own peculiar grace ;
But every light of heaven
Is in my darling's face.

For it is like the sunlight,
So strong and pure and warm,

That folds all good and happy things,
And guards from gloom and harm.

And it is like the moonlight,
So holy and so calm ;
The rapt peace of a summer night,
When soft winds die in balm.

And it is like the starlight ;
For, love her as I may,
She dwells still lofty and serene
In mystery far away.

— *John Hay.*

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night ! Good night ! Ah, good the night
That wraps thee in its silver light,
Good night ! No night is good for me
That does not hold a thought of thee.
Good night.

Good night ! Be every night as sweet
As that which made our love complete,
Till that last night when death shall be
One brief " Good night ! " for thee and me.
Good night !

— *Anonymous.*

PURE AND TRUE AND TENDER.

PURE and true and tender
 My love must be ;
 Handsome, tall, and slender
 My love *may* be :
 But if the first be his
 Who loveth me,
 My heart will rest in bliss
 And constancy.

With manly words and daring
 My love must woo ;
 With polished tones and bearing
 My love *may* woo :
 But ever dear and sweet
 The words will be
 My lover's lips repeat
 For only me.

— H.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee ;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,

Oh, how blissful life would be !
 Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys that lie in slumber cold, —
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

No — there's nothing left us now
 But to mourn the past :
 Vain was every ardent vow —
 Never yet did heaven allow
 Love so warm, so wild, to last.
 Not even hope could now deceive me —
 Life itself looks dark and cold :
 Oh, thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THE PORTRAIT.

THIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
 'Tis true, is painted with a master's care ;
 But one far better still my heart can trace,
 For Love himself engraved the image there.
 Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share ;
 But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
 Were I within thy heart impressed so fair,
 As true, as vividly, as thou in mine !

Clément Marot. (Translated by Costello.)

LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers ; no !
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles :
Love is not tempted ; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare ?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle ; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony ; when Love is Lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

— *Chambers' Journal.*

“WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND
THEE.”

WHEN other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And whate'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

— *George P. Morris.*

HER LAST WORDS AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?
Deep treasured through life, in my heart
they shall stay;
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted
away.
Let Fortune assail me, her threatenings are vain;
Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be —
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There’s one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

From the desert’s sweet well though the pilgrim
must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to
taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through
the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom’d to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be —
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There’s one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

— *Thomas Moore.*

WON'T YOU?

DO you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's faltering word?

You do, sweet — don't you?

When, having wandered all the day,

Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,

“ You'll love me — won't you? ”

And when you blushed and could not speak,

I fondly kissed your glowing cheek,

Did that affront you?

Oh, surely not — your eye exprest

No wrath — but said, perhaps in jest,

“ You'll love me — won't you? ”

I'm sure my eyes replied, “ I will,”

And you believe that promise still.

You do, sweet — don't you?

Yes, yes! when age has made our eyes

Unfit for questions or replies,

You'll love me — won't you?

— *Thomas H. Bayly.*

HAUNTING EYES.

I N the hour I first beheld thee,
Soft thy kindly glances fell ;
And my heart bowed down before thee,
As beneath a magic spell.
Since that time like some sweet phantom,
In my home thy form doth rise,
And where'er my sad gaze wanders
There I meet thy haunting eyes.

Oh, those eyes ! their lovely shadow
Stole the light of life away,
And my heart in languid dreaming,
Idly pines from day to day.
Vain the evening's dewy coolness,
Vain the calm of midnight skies ;
E'en with darkness closing round me,
Still I see those haunting eyes.

— *Caroline Norton.*

I 'VE thought of thee — I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget ;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.

Though roving beneath orient skies,
 Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
 I envy every bird that flies
 Into the far and clouded West;
 I think of thee — I think of thee!
 O, dearest! hast thou thought of me?

— *N. P. Willis.*

THY SMILES.

'TIS hard to share her smiles with many!
 And while she is so dear to me,
 To fear that I, far less than any,
 Call out her spirit's witchery!
 To find my inmost heart when near her
 Trembling at every glance and tone,
 And feel the while each charm grow dearer
 That will not beam for me alone.

How can she thus, sweet spendthrift, squander
 The treasures one alone can prize!
 How can her eyes to all thus wander,
 When I but live in those sweet eyes!
 Those syren tones so lightly spoken
 Cause many a heart I know to thrill;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

LOVE 'THEE?

LOVE thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, *with* it, even the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.
Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me would have no charms :
My only world thy gentle eyes —
My throne thy circling arms !
Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,

Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THE MESSAGE THE ROSES BRING.

ONLY a bunch of roses fair,
A cluster of pink and white,
Roses that nod to the music low,
The flowers she wore that night.

She tenderly lifts each drooping head
That gracefully tosses there,
And the dainty flowers, nestling close,
Smile back at the maiden fair.

“How beautiful they are,” she said,
As she pressed them to her cheek,
“Why, the opened petals almost seem
As if they were trying to speak.”

I wonder why she cannot hear
The song that the flowers sing,
I wonder if she knows or cares
For the message the roses bring.

— *James P. Sawyer.*

MONTROSE'S LOVE.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in my heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;

Dolce Far Niente

· From Painting by L. C. Nightingale



I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

—*James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.*

IF SHE BUT KNEW.

IF she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die ;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh ?

If she but knew that it would save me
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear ?
If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb ?
Could she content herself with sighing ?
Would she not come ?

—*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

BENEDICITE.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
So'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine, —
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day ;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not friendship's spell-word, nor
The half unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —
The paraclete white shining through
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer on this sweet day,
As thou mayest hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

HER soft voice, singularly heard,
Beside me in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole warbling in a windy wood :
And when we knelt, she seemed to be
An angel teaching me to pray ;
And all through the high Liturgy
My spirit rejoiced without allay,

Being for once borne clearly above
All banks and bars of ignorance,
By this bright springtide of pure love,
And floated in a free expanse,
Whence it could see from side to side,
The obscurity from every part
Winnow'd away and purified
By the vibrations of my heart.

— *Coventry Patmore.*

WITH my love this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen
more and more,
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

DO I LOVE THEE?

DO I love thee? Ask the bee
If she loves the flowery lea,
Where the honeysuckle blows,
And the fragrant clover grows.
As she answers, yes or no,
Darling, take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the bird
When her matin song is heard,
If she loves the sky so fair,
Fleecy cloud, and liquid air.
As she answers, yes or no,
Darling, take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If she loves the vernal shower,
Or the kisses of the sun,
Or the dew when day is done.
As she answers, yes or no,
Darling, take my answer so.

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing

Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! the endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

— *Thomas Moore.*

LOVE DOTH TO HER EYES REPAIR.

WHY ask of others what they cannot say, —
Others who for thy good have little care?
Come close, Dear Friend, and learn a better way, —
Look in my eyes, and read my story there.

Dost not thine own proud wit, — 'tis idle dreaming;
The common gossip of the street forbear;
Nor even trust my acts of surface seeming, —
Ask only of my eyes; my truth is there.

My lips refuse an answer to thy boldness,
Or with false, cruel words deny the prayer.
Believe them not; I hate them for their coldness!
Look in my eyes; my Love is written there.

— *Frederick Rückert.*

OH ! TO SEE HIM ONCE AGAIN.

I KNOW it will not ease the smart ;
 I know it will increase the pain ;
 'Tis torture to a wounded heart ;
 Yet, oh ! to see him once again.

Tho' other lips be pressed to his,
 And other arms about him twine,
 And tho' another reign in bliss
 In that true heart that once was mine ;

Yet, oh ! I cry it in my grief,
 I cry it blindly in my pain,
 I know it will not bring relief,
 Yet, oh ! to see him once again.

— *Arthur Grey Butler.*

LOVE'S CONFESSION.

IF there seemed coldness in my glance,
 Oh, could thy heart not read
 I did but feign indifference
 That thou the more might'st plead ?
 If I confessed a doubt upon
 The love I found so true,

Fond Recollections

From Painting by E. Niczky



Oh, 'twas not that I wished thee gone,
But that thou more wouldst woo!

'Twas sweet to have a thousand fears,
And each by thee removed;

'Twas bliss, 'twas music to my ears,
To love and to be loved!

And thus to prove thee o'er and o'er
My fond complaints grew bold;

But never did I love thee more

Than when thou deem'dst me cold!

— *Charles Swain.*

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

OUR first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander;

Our autumn beam
 May, like a dream
 Of heaven, die calm away;
 But, no — let life before us
 Bring all the light it may,
 'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
 Like that first youthful ray.

THE REASON WHY.

ASK why I love the roses fair,
 And whence they come and whose they
 were;

They come from her, and not alone, —
 They bring her sweetness with their own.

Or ask me why I love her so;
 I know not; this is all I know,
 These roses bud and bloom, and twine
 As she round this fond heart of mine.

And this is why I love the flowers,
 Once they were hers, they're mine —
 they're ours.

I love her, and they soon will die,
 And now you know the Reason Why.

SILENCE.

“ I KNOW what silence means ! ”

It is to live alone from day to day ;
To listen, too, for a long-loved voice always ;
To yearn and yearn, and be unsatisfied,
Because there is no loved one by my side —
This is what silence is.

To feel soft shadows kissing on my face ;
To miss a long-desired, dear-loved one's face ;
To strain the hearing for a single word ;
To learn the anguish of hope long deferred —
This is what silence is.

I might have music every day in the year ;
Might hear young voices rising sweet and clear,
Flinging soft laughter on the summer air ;
But since the voice beloved would not be there —
I know what silence means.

To sit in crowds and of them make no part ;
To feel the sick pain gnawing at my heart ;
To have no hopes, no wishes, no desires
Light up the embers of long-dead fires —
This is what silence is.

— *Anonymous.*

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight ;
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright !
They met but once — a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew ;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.
For, youth, the spell was only thine ;
From thee alone the enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once ; — oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow

They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

— *Thomas Moore.*

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
A new creation round ;
The sun hath fairer beams,
The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
'Tis all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
Of grief comes o'er my heart ;
I only think — could aught
But joy be where thou art ?
Life seems a waste of breath
When far from thee I sigh ;
And death — ay, even death
Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

— *Thomas Moore.*

HALF TRUTH.

THE words that trembled on your lips
Were utter'd not — I know it well ;
The tears that would your eyes eclipse
Were check'd and smother'd, ere they fell :
The looks and smiles I gain'd from you
Were little more than others won,
And yet you are not wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

You know, at least you might have known,
That every little grace you gave, —
Your voice's somewhat lower'd tone, —
Your hand's faint shake or parting wave, —
Your every sympathetic look
At words that chanced your soul to touch,
While reading from some favourite book,
Were much to me — alas, how much !

You might have seen — perhaps you saw —
How all of these were steps of hope
On which I rose, in joy and awe,
Up to my passion's lofty scope ;
How after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,

And higher raised my venturous head,
And ever new assurance found.

Maybe, without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please,
And thus to kindly feelings wrought
You measured not the sweet degrees ;
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might — I dare to say you should —
Have thought how far I had to fall.

And thus when fallen, faint, and bruised,
I see another's glad success,
I may have wrongfully accused
Your heart of vulgar fickleness :
But even now, in calm review
Of all I lost and all I won,
I cannot deem you wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

— *R. M. (Milnes), Lord Houghton.*

THE BROOK - SIDE.

I WANDER'D by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still ;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne ;
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd, —

But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind, —
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind :
It drew me nearer — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

— *R. M. (Milnes), Lord Houghton.*

SONG.

WILT thou be mine? dear love, reply, —
Sweetly consent, or else deny :
Whisper softly, none shall know, —
Wilt thou be mine, love? — ay or no?

Spite of fortune, we may be
Happy by one word from thee :
Life flies swiftly; ere it go,
Wilt thou be mine, love? — ay or no?
— *Charles D'Orléans. (Translated by Costello.)*

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
The hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cup of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swain shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

— *Christopher Marlowe.*

IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear ;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest ;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

A WILD ROSE.

THE first wild rose in wayside hedge,
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first met thy gaze,
We were knee-deep in June :
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart ;
And, from that hour, thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And, ever since, when tendrils grace
Young copse or weathered bole
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear ;
 Bid her come swift and soon.
 Oh, would that She were always here !
 It then were always June.

— *Alfred Austin.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young
 charms

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou
 art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear ;
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

— *Thomas Moore.*

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth,
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

— *Robert Southey.*

SONG.

HEAVEN ! 'tis delight to see how fair
Is she my gentle love !
To serve her is my only care,
For all her bondage prove.

Who could be weary of her sight?
 Each day new beauties spring:
 Just Heaven, who made her fair and bright,
 Inspires me while I sing.

In any land where'er the sea
 Bathes some delicious shore,
 Where'er the sweetest clime may be
 The south wind wanders o'er,
 'Tis but an idle dream to say
 With her may aught compare:
 The world no treasure can display
 So precious and so fair.

— Charles D'Orléans. (*Translated by Costello.*)

MADRIGAL.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again —
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain!

— *William Shakespeare.*

TO ANTHEA.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress-tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Waiting

From Painting by W. Menzler



Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

— *Robert Herrick.*

ABSENCE.

IF I a small bird were,
And little wings might bear,
I'd fly to thee :
But vain those wishes are :
Here, then, my rest shall be.

When far from thee I bide,
In dreams still at thy side
I've talked with thee ;
And when I woke, I sighed,
Myself alone to see.

No hour of wakeful night
But teems with thoughts of light, —
Sweet thoughts 'of thee, —
As when, in hours more bright,
Thou gav'st thy heart to me.

— — *Translated by E. Taylor from the German.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder ;
But, O ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

— *Robert Burns.*

TO DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

— *Robert Herrick.*

KEEPING A HEART.

IF one should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key,
The giver might live at ease or sleep;
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
The heart watch'd over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
No heathen should look therein,
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
I only should know, and to enter there
I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid
Where precious jewels are ranged,
A memory each; as you raise the lid,
You think you love again as you did
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,
As I touch'd with the golden key,
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say
That another had stolen one thought away
As it did not open to me.

But ah, I should know that heart so well,
 As a heart so loving and true,
 As a heart that I held with a golden spell,
 That so long as I changed not I could foretell
 That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,
 To dwell in a life apart,
 My good should be done, my gift be given,
 In hope of the recompense there ; yea, even
 My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,
 From within we should close the door
 On glimmering splendours of love, and stay
 In that heart shut up from the world away,
 Never to open it more.

— *Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

SEPARATION.

EVER absent, ever near
 Still I see thee, still I hear ;
 Yet I cannot reach thee, dear.

— *Francis Kazinezi.*

HOME AT LAST.

NOW more the bliss of love is felt,
Though felt to be the same ;
'Tis still our lives in one to melt,
Within love's sacred flame :

Each other's joy each to impart,
Each other's grief to share ;
To look into each other's heart,
And find all solace there :

To lay the head upon one breast,
To press one answering hand,
To feel through all the soul's unrest,
One soul to understand ;

To go into the teeming world,
The striving and the heat,
With knowledge of one tent unfurl'd
To welcome weary feet :

A shadow in a weary land,
Where men as wanderers roam :
A shadow where a rock doth stand —
The shadow of a Home.

— *G. J. Romanes.*

ABSENCE.

WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
 And now that lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavý hours,
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

— *Anonymous.*

LOVE not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face,
 Not for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart, —
 For those may fail, or turn to ill,
 So thou and I shall sever :
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why —
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To dote upon me ever !

— *Anonymous.*

SONG.

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seem'd true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The birds seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me.
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death — or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place! desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot

How her lips loved to kiss me,
 Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
 Come back with any face,
 Summer! do I care what you do?
 You cannot change one place —
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot —
 Here, where she used to love me,
 Here, where she loves me not.

— *Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

WHO has not looked upon her brow
 Has never dreamed of perfect bliss;
 But once to see her is to know
 What beauty, what perfection, is.

Her charms are of the growth of heaven,
 She decks the night with hues of day:
 Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given
 On her to gaze the soul away!
 — *Pierre Rogers.* (*Translated by Costello.*)

SONNET.

GO from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

— *H. Coleridge.*

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there
can be

One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love — as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No — beaming with light as those young features
are,

There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far ;
It is not that cheek — 'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so
dear :

As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there !

— *Thomas Moore.*

FALSE though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last ;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

— *William Congreve.*

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
 As ever lover gave :
 'Tis free, it vows, from any art,
 And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
 And let the giver live,
 Who, with it, would the world have sent,
 Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
 I e'er will prove untrue,
 My vow shall, ending with the year,
 With it begin anew.

— *Matthew Prior.*

PARTING.

TOO fair, I may not call thee mine :
Too dear, I may not see
Those eyes with bridal beacons shine ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me —
Empty and hush'd, and safe apart,
One little corner of thy heart.

Thou wilt be happy, dear ! and bless
Thee : happy mayst thou be.
I would not make thy pleasure less ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me —
My life to light, my lot to leaven,
One little corner of thy Heaven.

Good-bye, dear heart ! I go to dwell
A weary way from thee ;
Our first kiss is our last farewell ;
Yet, Darling, keep for me —
Who wander outside in the night,
One little corner of thy light.

— *Gerald Massey.*

A DITTY.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given :
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
 There never was a better bargain driven :
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides :
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

— *Sir Philip Sidney.*

IF!

IF I could pass as swiftly as a thought
 The leagues that lie between us two to-night,
 And come beside you in the lamp's clear light,
 As weary with the work the hours have brought

You rest beside the hearth ; if I could stand
 And lean on the broad elbow of your chair,
 And pass my fingers through the clustering hair,
 And take into my own the tired hand,

And whisper very softly in your ear
Some phrase to us, and to us only, known;
And take my place as if it were my own
For ever, — would you bid me welcome, Dear?

— *Anonymous.*

LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.

LOVE is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts
his prey;
And in his nets of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie —
Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly —
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know,
None went before him there.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

HE that loves a rosy cheek
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires : —
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

— *Thomas Carew.*

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
 Or better than the rest :
 For I would change each hour like them,
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have ;
 Thy face I only care to see,
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find —
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

— *Sir C. Sedley.*

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

E'EN as a lovely flower
So fair, so pure thou art ;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes stealing o'er my heart.

My hands I fain had folded
Upon thy soft brown hair,
Praying that God may keep thee
So lovely, pure, and fair.

— *From the German of Heine.*

FORGET THEE, NO, NEVER!

FORGET thee, — no, never! Why cherish a
thought
To the friend of thy soul with injustice so fraught;
Why embitter our fast fading moments of bliss
By suspicion so wild and unfounded as this?

Forget thee, — no, never! Among the light hearted,
Love may droop and decay when the fond ones are
parted,
But affection like ours is too deep and sublime
To be chilled in its ardour by absence or time.

Then, gentle one, banish all doubt from thy breast
By the kiss that so late on thy lips I impressed;
By the griefs that have blighted the bloom of my
years;
By the hope that still calls forth a smile through
my tears;

By the hour of our parting, thus sweetly delayed;
By truth deeply tried, and by trust unbetrayed; —
I will not forget thee! — Till life's latest ray
In the dark night of death shall have melted away, —

'Mid ambition, fame, poverty, riches, or sadness,—
 Pain or peril, or hate, or contention, or gladness;
 Let changes the darkest or brightest betide,
 Thy memory shall still be my solace and pride!

— *Alaric A. Watts.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
 Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
 And move, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow:
 Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
 What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
 Her fair hands folded on her breast:—
 And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
 A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:
 And may the secret of thy soul
 Remain within its sanctuary!

— *Samuel Rogers.*

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

I'LL not believe I am not loved,
Although his words are few;
The deepest streams have ever proved
As cold and silent too.

He never said my form was fair ;
My cheek might shame the rose ;
And yet the smile that others share
O'er him a shadow throws.

Wit's arrows pass him harmless by,
A Cymon's self might move ;
Each shaft diverted by a sigh, —
The eloquence of love.

And when I sing the stirring songs
That charm all other ears,
His trembling voice his purpose wrongs,
He cannot praise for tears !

But should another claimant rise,
And gentle words bespeak,
The lightning flashes to his eyes,
The heart-blood to his cheek !

I know I rule his bosom's chords,
A despot on my throne ;
When will he give his feelings words,
And take me for his own ?

— *Alaric A. Watts.*

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

— *E. Waller.*

DESTINY.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden
flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole ;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

— *Edwin Arnold.*

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry :
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold !

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain ;
I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !

My steps are nightly driven,
 By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
 The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
 And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
 The love that shall fade no more
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment
 Book unfold !

—*Bayard Taylor.*

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;

Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, — my darling, — my life and my
bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

— *Edgar Allan Poe.*

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee !

— *Ben Jonson.*

I.

THOU lovest me not, thou lovest me not !
 'Tis scarcely worth a sigh :
 Let me look in thy face, and no king in his place
 Is a gladder man than I.

Woodland Vows

From Painting by Robert Beyschlag



II.

Thou hatest me well, thou hatest me well —
Thy little red mouth has told :
Let it reach me a kiss, and, however it is,
My child, I am well consoled.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER.

SOMEWHERE or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet — never yet — ah, me !
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far ;
Past land and sea, clean out of sight ;
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near ;
With just a wall, a hedge, between ;
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf grown green.

— *C. G. Rossetti.*

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover ;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the City's rout
And noise and humming ;
They've hushed the Minster bell ;
The organ 'gins to swell :
She's coming ! she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes down-cast :
She comes — she's here — she's pass'd.
May heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturb'd, fair Saint !
Pour out your praise or plaint

Meekly and duly !
 I will not enter there
 To sully your pure prayer
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
 Round the forbidden place,
 Linger a minute !
 Like outcast spirits who wait
 And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

— *W. M. Thackeray.*

I FEAR THY KISSES.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou need'st not fear mine ;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou need'st not fear mine ;
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were
done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

—*J. Sylvester.*

THEY who may blame my tenderness,
And bid me dote on thee no more,
Can never make my love the less,
Or change one hope I formed before ;

Nor can they add to each endeavour,
 Each sweet desire to please thee ever !
 — *Claire D'Anduze.* (*Translated by Costello.*)

ECHO.

COME to me in the silence of the night ;
 Come in the speaking silence of a dream ;
 Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream ;
 Come back in tears,
 O memory, hope, love of finish'd years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
 Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
 Where souls brimful of love abide and meet ;
 Where thirsting, longing eyes
 Watch the slow door
 That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
 My very life again though cold in death :
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath :
 Speak low, lean low,
 As long ago, my love, how long ago.

— *C. G. Rossetti.*

I WAITED TILL THE TWILIGHT.

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come ;
I strayed along the brookside,
And slowly wandered home ;
When who should come behind me,
But him I would have chid ;
He said he came to find me —
Do you really think he did ?

He said since last we parted,
He'd thought of naught so sweet,
As of this very moment, —
The moment we should meet.
He showed me where, half-shaded,
A cottage home lay hid,
He said for me he'd made it —
Do you really think he did ?

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine,
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine ;
Sometimes a voice in sleeping
Would all his hopes forbid ;

And then he'd waken weeping —
Do you really think he did ?

— *Charles Swain.*

SONG.

WHO has robbed the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who from India's distant wave
For thee those pearly treasures drew ?
Who from yonder orient sky
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart ;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest ! would'st thou perfect be,
Take, oh, take that heart from me.

— *J. Shaw.*

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

HE never said he loved me ;
Nor hymned my beauty's praise ;
Yet there was something more than words
In his full, ardent gaze :
He never gave his passion voice ;
Yet on his flushing cheek
I read a tale more tender far
Than softest tones could speak !

He never said he loved me ;
Yet, when none else were nigh,
How could I hear, and doubt the truth,
His low, unbidden sigh !
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
That faint, sweet breath above ;
What tongue could syllable so well
The tale of hope and love !

He never said he loved me ;
To silent worship vowed,
The deep devotion of his soul
He never breathed aloud ;
Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tenderer tone,

Of Thee I'm Thinking
From Painting by Tito Conti



It seemed as if designed to reach
My ear and heart alone!

He never said he loved me ;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name !
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then !

And have I said I love him ;
Alas, for maiden pride,
That feelings he hath ne'er revealed
I have not learned to hide !
And yet *clairvoyant* Love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,
That long before 'tis time to speak,
There's nothing left to tell !

— *Alaric A. Watts.*

LOVE.

THERE is no life on earth but being in love !
 There are no studies, no delights, no business,

No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
 But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,
 The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life
 Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love !
 And now I can outwake the nightingale,
 Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too !
 Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure.
 And all that fancied treasure, it is love !

— *Ben Jonson.*

YOU ASK ME FOR A PLEDGE, LOVE.

YOU ask me for a pledge, love, but gaze upon
 my cheek,
 And let its hue, when thou art near, my heart's devotion speak ;
 Look on my dim and tearful eye, my pale and rigid
 brow,
 List to my deep, unbidden sigh, — what need of
 pledge or vow !

You ask me for a pledge, love, some token of my
 troth ;
 Take then this flower, an emblem meet of woman's
 blighted youth ;
 The perfume of its withered leaves, triumphant o'er
 decay,
 May whisper of my changeless love when I have
 passed away !
 What, yet another pledge, love ; then mark me while
 I vow,
 By all this heart hath borne for thee, by all it suffers
 now ;
 In grief or gladness, hope, despair, in bliss or
 misery,
 I'll be what I have ever been—to thee, to only
 thee !

—*Alaric A. Watts.*

SERENADE.

AH, sweet ! thou little knowest how
 I wake, and passionate watches keep ·
 And yet while I address thee now,
 Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
 'Tis sweet enough to make me weep.
 That tender thought of love and thee,

That while the world is hushed so deep
 Thy soul's perhaps awake to me.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep,
 With golden visions for thy dower,
 While I this midnight vigil keep,
 And bless thee in thy silent bower ;
 To me 'tis sweeter than the power
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
 That I alone, at this still hour,
 In patient love outwatch the world.

— *Thomas Hood.*

OH ! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH ! doubt me not — the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down —
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not — the season
 Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
 May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
 Yet, trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee through many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not — the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

— *Thomas Moore.*

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss ;
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desires shall be,
 Only to kiss that air
 That lately kissèd thee.

— *Robert Herrick.*

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word — Farewell.
— *Thomas Campbell.*

HAPPIEST DAYS.

THEY tell us, love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits our being.
Ah ! life, they say, is a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow.
For where the sunlight falls to-day
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow ;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness,
As well as depths of pleasure ;
And those who love, love not, unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover,
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the lover.

There are some spots where each may fall,
And each will need sustaining ;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining ;
Then wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavour ?

Then, while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing ;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though he should change the showing.
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by his hand are led,
And hear what he is saying.

— *Anonymous.*

THE FIRST KISS.

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longer stays when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

— *Thomas Campbell.*

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

OH, let us go home in the gloaming,
Ere the night-cloud creeps over the sky ;
Too long, love, our feet have been roaming,
And the day is beginning to die :
I would ask, as we pass through the heather,
With our face to the faint-flushing west,
Shall we make our life journey together ?
Will you heed my heart's longing request ?

Nay, dearest, no need for replying, —
In your sweet eyes the answer shines clear !
All day my strong love has been crying,
And I felt I must tell it you here :
Such hope in my heart had arisen,
As homeward we turned in the glow,
That my love burst the bars of its prison, —
Though you knew it, I think, long ago !

— *J. G. F. Nicholson.*

A LOVE SYMPHONY.

A LONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak ;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek ;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair :
Each look'd its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were ; they warbled on,
Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you :
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—

Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

— *Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

I THINK of thee, when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee, wherever thou art roaming, —
And thou art near!
The sun goes down, and soon the stars are coming;
Would thou wert here!

— *Goethe. (Translated by J. S. Dwight.)*

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I NTO my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes ;
And what before was shadow, took
The light of summer skies.
The first-born Love was in that look,
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone solemn spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before,
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned, and crept to thine,
As if in times of yore
Thy soul had been a part of mine,
Which claimed it back once more —
Thy very self no longer thine,
But merged in that delicious life
Which made us one of yore !

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,
But round thee breathed the enchanted
air,
'Twas life and death to meet.
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And, though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet !

— *Lord Lytton.*

THE LOST LOVE.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and O !
The difference to me !

— *William Wordsworth.*

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken !
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

— *Thomas Moore.*

GIVE ME MORE LOVE.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
 The torrid or the frozen zone
 Brings equal ease unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none ;
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danæe in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes ; and he's possessed
 Of heaven that's but from hell released ;
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
 Give me more love, or more disdain.

— *Thomas Carew.*

A HEART FOR EVERY ONE.

O H, there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it;
Then up and seek, ere youth is gone,
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it;
For if you chance to meet at last
With that one heart, intended
To be a blessing unsurpassed,
Till life itself is ended,
How would you prize the labour done,
How grieve if you resigned it;
For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it!

Two hearts are made, the angels say,
To suit each other dearly;
But each one takes a different way, —
A way not found so clearly!
Yet though we seek, and seek for years,
The pains are worth the taking,
For what the life of home endears
Like hearts of Angel's making?
Then haste, and guard the treasure now,
When fondly you've enshrined it,

For there's a heart for every one,
If every one could find it.

— *Charles Swain.*

LONGING.

COME to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again !
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me !

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth ;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say, *My love ! why sufferest thou ?*

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again !
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

— *Matthew Arnold.*

“YES.”

THEY stood above the world,
In a world apart ;
And she dropped her sunny eyes,
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart.
And the moonlight fell above her,
Her secret to discover ;
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

“Look up, brown eyes,” he said,
“And answer mine ;
Lift up those silken fringes
That hide a happy light
Almost divine ;”
The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger half-uplifted
Where shone the opal ring —
Where the colours danced and shifted
On the pretty, changeful thing.

Just the old, old story
Of light and shade,

Love like the opal tender,
 Like it may be to vary —
 May be to fade.
 Just the old tender story,
 Just a glimpse of morning glory
 In an earthly Paradise,
 With shadowy reflections
 In a pair of sweet brown eyes.

Brown eyes a man might well
 Be proud to win !
 Open to hold his image,
 Shut under silken lashes,
 Only to shut him in.
 O glad eyes, look together,
 For life's dark, stormy weather
 Grows to a fairer thing
 When young eyes look upon it
 Through a slender wedding ring.

— *R. D. Blackmore.*

MY LADY'S EYES.

BY studying my lady's eyes,
 I've grown so learned day by day
 So Machiavelian in this wise,
 That when I send her flowers, I say

To each small flower (no matter what—
 Geranium, pink, or tuberose,
 Syringa, or forget-me-not,
 Or violet) before it goes:

“Be not triumphant, little flower,
 When on her haughty heart you lie,
 But modestly enjoy your hour;
 She’ll weary of you by and by.”

PENANCE.

HE kissed me — and I know ’twas wrong,
 For he was neither kith nor kin.
 Need one do penance very long
 For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand — that wasn’t right!
 Why *will* men have such wicked ways?
 It wasn’t for a minute, quite,
 But in it there were days and days!

There’s mischief in the moon, I know;
 I’m positive I saw her wink
 When I requested him to go;
 I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame,
He took the kiss! I do think men
Are quite without the sense of shame!
I wonder when he'll come again.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

DOST thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us — never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest —
“My life, my only life!” among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still intral me,
Thou saidst, “Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
For life soon passes — but how bless'd to be
That soul which never, never parts from thee!”

— *Thomas Moore.*

THE FAREWELL.

THE conflict is over, the struggle is past,
I have look'd — I have loved — I have wor-
shipp'd my last,
And now back to the world, and let Fate do her
worst
On the heart that for thee such devotion hath
nursed :
To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign ;
I blame not — upbraid not — one motive of thine ;
I ask not what change has come over thy heart,
I reckon not what chances have doom'd us to part ;
I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one — O ! loved but too
well,
Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell —
Farewell ! thou hast trampled love's faith in the
dust,
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its
trust !

Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell !

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the
name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame

Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree ;

For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,

I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;

Every thought of my reason was thine ;

In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live

The days of thy glory to see ;

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

— *Thomas Moore.*

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go,
My dearest life, I love thee.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
My dearest life, I love thee.

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone encircled waist ;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
My dearest life, I love thee.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone ;
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul ;

Can I cease to love thee? No!
My dearest life, I love thee.

— *Lord Byron.*

OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS
BOUGHT.

OH! say not woman's heart is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows, —
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm, —
She loves, and loves for ever.

— *Thomas Love Peacock.*

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O H! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove ;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream :
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past ;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last ;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

Pense-t-il à Moi

From Painting by G. Papperitz



No, — that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced ;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed ;
 'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.
 Oh ! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

— *Thomas Moore.*

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from Heaven,
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the soul above,
 But Heaven itself descends in Love.
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought !
 A ray of Him who formed the whole ;
 A glory circling round the soul !

— *Lord Byron.*

SONG.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it, to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

— *Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

ROSE kissed me to-day,
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.

But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow.
Rose kissed me to-day —
Will she kiss me to-morrow ?

— *Austin Dobson.*

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath passed,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee ?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still ?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows :
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, " This heart when living,
With all its faults was mine."

— *Thomas Moore.*

DREAM - LOVE.

THERE is a mate for every heart
That throbs beneath the sun,
Though some by fate are kept apart
Till life is nearly done.
Where is the loyal heart and hand
Shall make my life complete?
God bless my Love, on sea or land,
Until our paths shall meet!

My faith is sure
And will endure,
Till that glad hour shall be;
Sweet moment, haste
Across the waste
And bring my Love to me.

The glow of morn is in her face,
Its dew-lights in her eyes,
Amid her hair the peerless grace
That tints the morning skies;
And, oh, her feet, her little feet,
They are so lithe and small,
I dream I catch their rhythmic beat
Whene'er the rose leaves fall.

In dreaming, oft,
With lustre soft,
Her winsome smile I see.
Sweet moment, haste
Across the waste
And bring my Love to me.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

THINE EYES.

THOU hast diamonds and pearls of rare beauty,
Thou hast all that the heart can admire ;
Thine eyes shine far brighter than jewels —
What more can my darling desire ?

In thine eyes, bright as stars of the evening,
Have I written and tuned to my lyre
Whole volumes of rapturous sonnets —
What more can my darling desire ?

With thine eyes of unquenchable splendour
Hast thou kindled my heart into fire,
And forced me to kneel as thy suitor —
What more can my darling desire ?

— *From the German of Heine.*

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;

Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

— *Thomas Moore.*

TRUE LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown although his height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

— *William Shakespeare.*

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I AM a woman — therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not !

Then when he comes to me, I must sit quiet :
Still as a stone —
All silent and cold.
If my heart riot —
Crush and defy it !
Should I grow bold,
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him —
What to atone
Is enough for my sinning !
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning —
That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
At last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me,

Hurt beyond cure —
Calm and demure
Then must I hold me,
In myself fold me,
Lest he discover ;
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me —
How my heart turns to him,
Follows him, yearns to him,
Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,
Thou God above me !

— *Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE SILENCE OF LOVE.

I HOLD that we are wrong to seek
To put in words our deepest thought ;
The purer things by Nature taught
Are turned to coarser when we speak.
The flower whose perfume charms the sense
Grows hard and common to the touch,
And love that's wordy overmuch
Is marred by its experience ;
For love, like sympathy, hath bands

More strong in silence than in speech,
And hearts speak loudest, each to each,
Through meeting lips and clasp of hands.
Nor could I hope for fitting word
To form in speech the thoughts that start;
The inner core of every heart
Hath yearnings that are never heard.

— *Anonymous.*

THE HOUR HAS COME.

THE hour has come to part us;
Adieu! my own dear love!
I feel my spirit fleeing
To brighter realms above.
Though strong the ties that bound me
To thee on this lone earth,
In heav'n our pure affection,
May have immortal birth.

If from this world when severed,
My soul have pow'r to roam,
With thee to hold communion,
'Twould leave its starry home.
Awhile for me thou'lt sorrow,
With tears my loss deplore,

But there will dawn a morrow
When we shall part no more.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those
bowers

Where thou and I wander'd in long-vanish'd hours ;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always
too late ;
When lingering full oft, through a summer night's
moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd as the time went, that Love had no
power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

— *Thomas Moore.*

TRUE LOVE.

I THINK true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part ;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light ;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb ;
You but the steps that turn astray ;
I see the soul, the unharmed, sublime ;
You, but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod ;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
 Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
 Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
 And lo ! I worship at his feet !

— *Phæbe Cary.*

KISS ME SOFTLY.

KISS me softly and speak to me low, —
 Malice has ever a vigilant ear ;
 What if malice were lurking near ?

Kiss me, dear !

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —
 Envy too has a watchful ear ;
 What if envy should chance to hear ?

Kiss me, dear !

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —
 Trust me, darling, the time is near
 When lovers may love with never a fear, —

Kiss me, dear !

Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

— *John Godfrey Saxe.*

A KISS IN THE RAIN.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town ;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tript along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then — and then — I know 'twas wrong —
I kist her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose ;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her finger stole in mine ;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below ;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow ;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honours I disdain :

She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kist her in the rain.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my luvè's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
Oh, my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I ;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt in the sun,
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luvè,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

— *Robert Burns.*

FOUR WORDS.

BELOVED, the briefest words are best ;
 And all the fine euphonious ways
 In which the truth has been expressed
 Since Adam's early Eden days,
 Could never match the simple phrase, —
 Sweetheart, I love you !

If I should say the world were blank
 Without your face ; if I should call
 The stars to witness, rank on rank,
 That I am true although they fall, —
 'Twould mean but this, — and this means
 all, —
 Sweetheart, I love you !

And so, whatever change is wrought
 By time or fate, delight or dole,
 One single, happy, helpful thought
 Makes strong and calm my steady soul,
 And these sweet words contain the whole, — —
 Sweetheart, I love you !

I will not wrong their truth to-day
 By wild, impassioned vows of faith,

Since all that volumes could convey
Is compassed thus in half a breath,
Which holds and hallows life and death,—
Sweetheart, I love you!

— *Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

SOFTLY THE EVENING SHADOWS.

SOFTLY the evening shadows
Kiss the trailing robes of day;
And clustering round the roses
At my feet, they seem to say,
As the meadows lose their being,
And the lengthened shadows wane:
“Have you done your every duty
Pour l’amour de Madeleine?”

“Are you nobler, stronger, better,
Than you were when early dawn
Blazoned all the day with splendour
At the advent of the morn?
Have you sought with manly courage
Some far distant height to gain?
Are your aspirations higher
Pour l’amour de Madeleine?”

— *Daniel Chauncey Brewer.*

A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come ;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I'm alone; for the others have flitted
To dine with a neighbour at Kew ;
Alone, but I'm not to be pitied, —
I'm thinking of you !

I wish you were here ! Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear ;
I'm drest in your favourite colour, —
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !
I'm wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fasten'd askew ;
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you ?

I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot :
Of course you know " Janet's Repentance " ?
I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott.
That story of Edgar and Lucy,
How thrilling, romantic, and true !

The Master (his bride *was* a goosey!)
Reminds me of you.

They tell me Cockaigne has been crowning
A Poet whose garland endures ;
It was you that first told me of Browning, —
That stupid old Browning of yours !
His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due,
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you !

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echoed the echoing cheer.
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
Dear Fred, I believe it, I do !
Small marvel that Folly is making
Her idol of you.

Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, its fugitive bliss ;
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss ;
But, perhaps, one is blest with " a measure
Of pelf," and I'm not sorry, too,

That I'm pretty, because 'tis a pleasure,
My dearest, to you !

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art : —
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart ;
Lay it by in some sacred deposit
For relics, — we all have a few !
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you.

— *Frederick Locker.*

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm ;
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss — thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee ;

Expectation

From Painting by Becker



Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth —
Shall I wed thee ?

— *Bayard Taylor.*

OH, FEAR TO CALL IT LOVING.

UNLESS you can think, when the song
is done,

No other is soft in the rhythm ;

Unless you can feel, when left by One

That all men else go with him ;

Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath

That your beauty itself wants proving ;

Unless you can swear — “ For life, for death ! ”

Oh, fear to call it loving !

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,

On the absent face that fixed you ;

Unless you can love, as the angels may,

With the breadth of heaven betwixt you ;

Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,

Though behooving and unbehooving ;

Unless you can *die* when the dream is past, —

Oh, never call it loving.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

HEREIN IS LOVE.

HEREIN is love: to take this strange sweet
thing
That we call life, and for love's sake to fling
It to that outer darkness men deem death
That love may have a longer, sweeter breath;
To face with unaffrighted heart the gloom,
The terror and the agony of doom.

Herein is love: to lift another's cross,
To give away the gold and keep the dross,
To trample into dust the worm of self,
To crowd its clam'rings on the soul's back shelf;
Nor let it ever dare upraise its head,
Deny its every call till it lies dead.

Herein is love: to strip the shoulders bare,
If need be, that a frailer one may wear
A mantle to protect it from the storm,
To bear the frost-king's breath so one be warm;
To crush the tears it would be sweet to shed,
And smile so others may have joy instead.

Herein is love: to daily sacrifice
The hope that to the bosom closest lies,

To mutely bear reproach and suffer wrong,
Nor lift the voice to show where both belong,
Nay, now, nor tell it e'en to God above, —
Herein is love, indeed, herein is love.

— *Susie M. Best.*

THE CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

THE clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet,
While I who may not kiss her hand
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest,
I'm jealous of its arms of gold ;
Oh, that these arms her form might fold !

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair !
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by,
O dearest ! Love me or I die.

— *Oscar Laighton.*

WE LOVE BUT FEW.

O H, yes, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends and to new ;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day :
We love but few.

We love ! we love ! What easy words to say
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendour brightens all the way,
And, far and near,

Are breath of flowers and carolling of birds,
And bells that chime.
Our hearts are light : we do not weigh our words
At morning time !

But when the matin music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love.
The words have grown !
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands
 No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
 Can separate.

The world is wide, and many friends are dear,
 And friendships true ;
Yet do these words read plainer year by year :
 We love but few.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY LOVE?

WHAT shall I do for my love,
 Who is so tender
And dear and true,
Loving and true and tender,
My strength and my defender —
What shall I do ?

I will cleave unto my love,
Who am too lowly
For him to take.
With a self-surrender holy
I will cleave unto him solely,
I will give my being wholly
For his dear sake.

— *Lewis Morris.*

EUREKA.

WHOM I crown with love is royal,
Matters not her blood or birth ;
She is queen, and I am loyal
To the noblest of the earth.

Neither place, nor wealth, nor title,
Lacks the man my friendship owns ;
His distinction, true and vital,
Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.

Where true love bestows its sweetness,
Where true friendship lays its hand,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,
All the wealth of every land.

Man is greater than condition,
And where man himself bestows,
He begets, and gives position
To the gentlest that he knows.

Neither miracle nor fable
Is the water changed to wine ;
Lords and ladies at my table
Prove Love's simplest fare divine.

And if these accept my duty,
If the loved my homage own,
I have won all worth and beauty;
I have found the magic stone.

— *Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

GO, time and tide, go as you will —
I cannot heed your ways.
What care I for summer glow,
What care I for ice and snow,
When love doth fill my days ?

Into its ark through wind and rain
My heart flies as the dove ;
Oh, rosy is the darkened day
And rosy is the stormy way
That leads me to my Love.

How can I care if leaves be green
Or gray with early rime ?
Love, ruling, reigning in the soul
With pure and passionate control,
Makes its own summer-time.

— *Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.*

THE HEART'S CALL.

HE rides away at early light,
Amid the tingling frost,
And in the mist that sweeps her sight
His form is quickly lost.

He crosses now the silent stream,
Now skirts the forest drear,
Whose thickets cast a silver gleam
From leafage thin and sear.

Long falls the shadow at his back
(The morning springs before) ;
His thoughts fly down the shadow'd track
And haunt his cottage door.

Miles gone, upon the hilltop bare
He draws a sudden rein ;
His name, her voice, rings on the air,
Then all is still again !

She sits at home, she speaks no word,
But deeply calls her heart ;
And this it is that he has heard,
Though they are miles apart.

— *Edith M. Thomas.*

A QUESTION.

MY heart, I will put thee a question,
Say, what is love, I entreat ?
Two souls with one thought between them,
Two hearts with a single beat.

And say whence love comes hither ?
Here he is, we know, that is all.
When he goes tell me how and whither ?
If he goes, 'twas not love at all.

And what love loves most purely ?
The love that has no self quest.
And where is the deepest loving ?
Where love is silentest.

And when is love at its richest ?
When most it has given away.
And what is the tongue love useth ?
The love that it cannot say.

— *H. I. D. Ryder.*

From the German of Halm.

I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee — I love thee !
'Tis all that I can say ;
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day ;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray.
I love thee — I love thee !
Is all that I can say.

I love thee — I love thee !
Is ever on my tongue.
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung ;
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young :
I love thee — I love thee !
A thousand maids among.

I love thee — I love thee !
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance.
But most dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance !

I love thee — I love thee !
Whatever be thy chance.

— *Thomas Hood.*

I LOVE YOU, DEAR.

“ I LOVE you, dear ! ” and saying this,
My heart responds, “ ’Tis true ! ’tis true ! ”
And thrills with more than earthly bliss
While still I say, “ I love but you ! ”

“ Why should I love you, dear ? ” you ask,
As tho’ true love could reason why ;
If love could think, ’twould be a task
For me to love, and love would die.

I love you just because I do,
The key I do not care to find,
For fear the strands would break in two
That me a willing captive bind.

The fact is all I want to know,
I will not grieve while that is given ;
To lose my love would be my woe ;
To keep it as it is, is heaven.

— *George W. Crofts.*

LOVE.

WHEN daffodils began to blow,
And apple-blossoms thick to snow
Upon the brown and breaking mould, --
'Twas in the spring, — we kissed and sighed
And loved, and heaven and earth defied,
We were so young and bold.

The fluttering bob-link dropped his song,
The first young swallow curved along,
The daisy stared in sturdy pride,
When, loitering on, we plucked the flowers,
But dared not own those thoughts of ours
Which yet we could not hide.

Tiptoe you bent the lilac spray
And shook its rain of dew away
And reached it to me with a smile:
“Smell that, how full of spring it is” —
'Tis now as full of memories
As 'twas of dew erewhile.

Your hand I took, to help you down
The broken wall, from stone to stone,

Across the shallow bubbling brook.
Ah ! what a thrill went from that palm,
That would not let my blood be calm,
And through my pulses shook.

Often our eyes met as we turned,
And both our cheeks with passion burned,
And both our hearts grew riotous,
Till, as we sat beneath the grove,
I kissed you — whispering, “ We love ” —
As thus I do — and thus.

When passion had found utterance,
Our frightened hearts began to glance
Into the Future’s every day ;
And how shall we our love conceal,
Or dare our passion to reveal, —
“ We are too young,” they’ll say.

Alas ! we are not now too young,
Yet love to us hath safely clung,
Despite of sorrow, years, and care —
But ah ! we have not what we had,
We cannot be so free, so glad,
So foolish as we were.

— *William Wetmore Story.*

WHAT ELSE ?

THEY walked together, in the dusk,
Along the garden's shrubbery-edge ;
The heavy roses' scattered musk
Blew faint across the cedar-hedge :
A spotted snake came gliding through :—
To shield her from imagined harms,
What should he do, what *could* he do,
But take her safe into his arms ?

While for one happy moment still
Her head was leaning on his breast,
He felt a little tremor thrill
The hand against his shoulder prest :
The parted lips were trembling too :—
Some feeling for her fears to show,
What should he do, what *could* he do,
But kiss her ere he let her go ?

Redder than in the garden bed
The roses blossomed to her cheek :
"You wicked, wicked cheat !" she said,
Soon as the injured lips could speak.
Lest he should prove her charge for true,
And seem the most depraved of men,

What should he do, what *could* he do,
But give her back the kiss again?

— *Kate Putnam Osgood.*

LIFE.

WE meet and we part; the world
is wide;

We journey onward side by side
A little way, and then again
Our paths diverge; a little pain,
A silent yearning of the heart
For what had grown of life a part,
A feeling of somewhat bereft,
A closer clasp on what is left,
A shadow passing o'er the sun,
Then gone, and light again has come.
We meet and part, and then forget,
And life holds blessings for us yet.

SONG.

NOT from the whole wide world I chose thee—
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

— *Richard Watson Gilder.*

“OH, LOVE IS NOT A SUMMER MOOD.”

OH, Love is not a summer mood,
 Nor flying phantom of the brain,
 Nor youthful fever of the blood,
 Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.
 Love is not born of blinded chance,
 Nor bred in simple ignorance.

Love is the flower of maidenhood ;
 Love is the fruit of mortal pain ;
 And she hath winter in her blood.
 True love is steadfast as the skies,
 And once alight she never flies ;
 And love is strong, and love is wise.
 — *Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE FIRST MEETING.

I WISH I could remember that first day,
 First hour, first moment of your meeting me,
 If bright or dim the season, it might be
 Summer or winter for aught I can say ;
 So unrecorded did it slip away,
 So blind was I to see and to foresee,
 So dull to mark the budding of my tree

That would not blossom yet for many a May.
If only I could recollect it — such
 A day of days! I let it come and go
 As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch,
 First touch of hand in hand — did one but
 know!

— *Christina Rossetti.*

IF MINE I COULD BUT CALL THEE.

IF mine I could but call thee,
 How blest my lot would be!
My life's supremest pleasure
 Would be in loving thee;
Within those sweet and gentle eyes,
A well-spring of affection lies.

Ah! wert thou mine, mine only,
 An Eden earth would be!
My soul would ne'er feel lonely,
 While gazing upon thee;
The hours would calmly glide away —
Life would be for us one summer day.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But — we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease !
How many come forth in the morning
Who never go home at night,
And hearts have been broken for harsh words
spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn,

'Twere cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

— *Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.*

LOVE'S MEANING.

I THOUGHT it meant all glad ecstatic things, —
Fond glance and touch and speech, quick
blood and brain,
And strong desire, and keen, delicious pain,
And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings
Twixt hope and fear, like to the little stings
The rose-thorn gives, and then the utter gain —
Worth all my sorest strivings to attain —
Of the dear bliss long-sought possession gives.

Now with a sad, clear sight that reassures
My often sinking soul, with longing eyes
Averted from the path that still allures,
Lest, seeing that for which my sore heart sighs,
I seek my own good at the cost of yours, —
I know at last that love means sacrifice.

— *Carlotta Perry.*

A LETTER.

TWO things love can do,
Only two ;
Can distrust or can believe ;
It can die or it can live.
There is no syncope
Possible to love or me.
Go your ways !

Two things you can do,
Only two ;
Be the thing you used to be,
Or be nothing more to me,
I can but joy or grieve,
Can no more than die or live.
Go your ways !

So far I wrote, my darling, drearily,
But now my sad pen falls down wearily
From out my trembling hand.

I did not, do not, cannot mean it, Dear !
Come life or death, joy, grief, or hope or fear,
I bless you where I stand !

I bless you where I stand excusing you,
 No speech nor language for accusing you
 My laggard lips can learn.

To you — be what you are, or can, to me —
 To you or blessedly or fatefully
 My heart must turn!

— *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

FULLNESS OF LOVE.

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And *be* all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, . . . another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
 That's hardest! If to conquer love, has tried,
 To conquer grief tries more . . . as all things
 prove,
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love —
 Yet love me — wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

THE letter which you wrote me
 Disturbs me not a whit ;
 You'll love no more, you tell me, —
 But there's too much of it.

Twelve pages, fine and neatly, —

A little manuscript ;

One writes not so completely

When love's true knot is slipped.

— *Merle St. Croix Wright.*

FROM "MAUD."

QUEEN rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one ;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear

From the passion-flower at the gate.

She is coming, my dove, my dear ;

She is coming, my life, my fate ;

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near ;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late ;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

MY JEAN.

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roll between,
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

— *Robert Burns.*

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS.

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —
What, both these snowy hands! Ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

A Messenger of Love

From Painting by N. Sichev



WHEN LOVE MOST SECRET IS.

THE fountains smoke, and yet no flames they
show ;

Stars shine by night, though undiscerned by day ;
And trees do spring, yet are not seen to grow ;

And shadows move, although they seem to stay :
In Winter's woe is buried Summer's bliss,
And Love loves most when love most secret is.

The stillest streams descry the greatest deep ;

The clearest sky is subject to a shower ;
Conceit's most sweet whenas it seems to sleep,

And fairest days do in the morning lower :
The silent groves sweet nymphs they cannot miss,
For Love loves most when love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yield ;

The sweet of traffic is a secret gain ;

The year once old doth show a barren field ;

And plants seem dead, and yet they spring again :
Cupid is blind ; the reason why is this, —
Love loveth most when love most secret is.

— *Robert Jones.*

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time, and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee, for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains.
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their minutes
 pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
 A noble task-time, and will therein strive
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
 More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me
 A thousand graces which shall thus be thine ;
 So may my love and longing hallowed be,
 And thy dear thought and influence divine.

— *Frances Anne Kemble.*

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
 It's the thing you leave undone,
 Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
 At the setting of the sun.
 The tender word forgotten,
 The letter you did not write,
 The flower you might have sent, dear,
 Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

— *Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.*

PRISCILLA.

MY little Love sits in the shade
Beneath the climbing roses,
And gravely sews in a half-dream
The dainty measures of her seam
Until the twilight closes.

I look and long, yet have no care
To break her maiden musing ;
I idly toss my book away,
And watch the pretty fingers stray
Along their task confusing.

The dews fall, and the sunset light
Goes creeping o'er the meadows,
And still, with serious eyes cast down,
She gravely sews her wedding-gown
Among the growing shadows.

I needs must gaze, though on her cheek
The bashful roses quiver —
She is so modest, simple, sweet,
That I, poor pilgrim, at her feet
Would fain adore for ever.

A heavenly peace dwells in her heart ;
Her love is yet half duty,
Serene and serious, still and quaint,
She's partly woman, partly saint,
This Presbyterian beauty.

She is so shy that all my prayers
Scarce win a few small kisses —
She lifts her lovely eyes to mine
And softly grants, with blush divine,
Such slender grace as this is.

I watch her with a tender care
And joy not free from sadness —
For what am I that I should take
This gentle soul and think to make
Its future days all gladness?

Can I fulfil those maiden dreams
In some imperfect fashion ?
I am no hero, but I know
I love you, Dear — the rest I throw
Upon your sweet compassion.

— *Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.*

LOVE IS ETERNAL.

LOVE is eternal, so the strong souls say,
But seeing how hard life doth give the lie
Unto the mighty words, with sneer or sigh,
The weaker ones cry out in sad dismay
That love is changeful as an April day,
Holding within itself no strength whereby
It can the subtle shafts of time defy,
And in the heart of man abide alway.

Not every heart is great enough to hold
A great immortal tenant. Love hath fled
Always from natures narrow, weak, and cold.
Know, when by scornful lips you hear it said
That Love is traitor, that the truth is told
Not of dear Love, but of that soul instead.

— *Carlotta Perry.*

BUT oh! 't was hard to have him go, — to know
Day after day must pass without one sight
Of him who was so dear, *so dear!* to pine,
And sigh, and long for one hand-clasp; one sound
Of that soft, pleasant voice, to me so sweet;
One glance of those dear eyes I loved to meet.

— *Celia E. Gardiner.*

O FILIA PULCHRA!

HOW your sweet face revives again
The dear old time, my Pearl, —
If I may use the pretty name
I called you when a girl.

You are so young; while Time of me
Has made a cruel prey,
It has forgotten you, nor swept
One grace of youth away.

The same sweet face, the same sweet smile,
The same lithe figure, too! —
What did you say? It was perchance
Your mother that I knew?

Ah, yes, of course, it must have been,
And yet the same you seem,
And for a moment, all these years
Fled from me like a dream.

Then what your mother would not give,
Permit me, dear, to take,
The old man's privilege — a kiss —
Just for your mother's sake.

— *William Wetmore Story.*

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face !
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care,
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be, —
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea ;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

— *Nora Perry.*

AT NOON AND MIDNIGHT.

FAR in the night, yet no rest for him! The
pillow next his own
The wife's sweet face in slumber pressed — yet he
awake, alone! alone!
In vain he courted sleep; one thought would ever
in his heart arise, —
The harsh words that at noon had brought the tear-
drops to her eyes.

Slowly on lifted arm he raised and listened. All
was still as death.
He touched her forehead as he gazed, and listened
yet with bated breath,
Still silently as though he prayed, his lips moved
lightly as she slept —
For God was with him, and he laid his face with
hers and wept.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE NEWLY WEDDED.

NOW the rite is duly done,
Now the word is spoken,
And the spell has made us one
Which may ne'er be broken :
Rest we, dearest, in our home, —
Roam we o'er the heather, —
We shall rest, and we shall roam,
Shall we not? together.

From this hour the summer rose
Sweeter breathes to charm us ;
From this hour the winter snows
Lighter fall to harm us :
Fair or foul — on land or sea —
Come the wind or weather,
Best or worst, whate'er they be,
We shall share together.

Death, who friend from friend can part,
Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
Closer to each other :
We will call his anger play,
Deem his dart a feather,

When we meet him on our way
Hand in hand together.

— *Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

THE BOAT OF MY LOVER.

O BOAT of my lover! go softly, go safely,
O boat of my lover that bears him from me,
From the homes of the clachan, from the burn sing-
ing sweetly,
From the loch and the mountain he'll never more see.

O boat of my lover! go softly, go safely,
Thou bearest my soul with thee over the tide.
I said not a word, but my heart it was breaking;
For life is so short and the ocean so wide!

O boat of my lover! go softly, go safely,
Though the dear voice is silent, the kind hand is
gone;
But oh, love me, my lover, and I'll live till I find
thee,
Till our parting is over, and our dark days are
done.

— *Dinah Maria Muloch Craik.*

THE DIFFICULTY.

ABOUT my Darling's lovely eyes
 I've made no end of verses;
 About her precious little mouth,
 Songs, which each voice rehearses;
 About my Darling's little cheek,
 I wrote a splendid sonnet;
 And, — if she only had a heart,
 I'd write an ode upon it.

— *Translated from Heine by James Freeman Clarke.*

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not

The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT.

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself, and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
— *William Shakespeare.*

HOW MANY TIMES.

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of the evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love, again.
— *Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

MY LOVE.

IF on the clustering curls of thy dark hair,
And the pure arching of thy polished brow,
We only gaze, we fondly dream that thou
Art one of those bright ministers who bear,

Along the cloudless bosom of the air,
 Sweet solemn words, to which our spirits bow, —
 With such a holy smile thou lookest now,
 And art so soft and delicately fair.

A veil of tender light is mantling o'er thee ;
 Around thy opening lips young loves are playing,
 And crowds of youths, in passionate thought
 delaying,
 Pause, as thou movest by them, to adore thee ;
 By many a sudden blush and tear betraying
 How the heart trembles when it bends before thee !
 — *James Gates Percival.*

JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief ! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in.
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
 Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
 Say I'm growing old, but add —
 Jenny kissed me !
 — *Leigh Hunt.*

WORDS FOR PARTING.

OH, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone for ever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years, to find you never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder?
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing,
My life for having known you:
For ever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul I must own you, —
For ever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December,

Not mine to have or hold,
 But to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,
 That reaches out before us.
 God's tender heavens above us bend,
 His love is smiling o'er us.
 A little while is ours,
 For sorrow or for laughter :
 I'll lay the hand you love in yours,
 On the shore of the hereafter.

—*Mary Clemmer.*

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

YET love will dream and faith will trust
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees !
 Who hopeless lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play !
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death
 And Love can never lose its own !

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PRESAGE.

IF, some day, I should seek those eyes
So gentle now, and find the strange,
Pale shadow of a coming change,
To chill me with sad surprise :

Shouldst thou recall what thou hast given,
And turn me slowly cold and dumb,
And thou thyself again become
Remote as any star in heaven, —

Would the sky ever seem again
Perfectly clear? Would the serene,
Sweet face of Nature steal between
This grief and me, to dull its pain?

Oh, not for many a weary day
Would sorrow soften to regret;
And many a sun would rise and set
Ere I, with cheerful heart, could say:

“All undeserved it came. To-day
God takes it back again, because
Too beautiful a thing it was
For such as I to keep for aye.”

A Shady Nook.

From Painting by F. Andreotti



And ever, through the coming years,
 My star remote in happy skies
 Would seem more heavenly fair through eyes
 Yet tremulous with unfallen tears.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

LOVE'S FINAL POWERS.

THERE are strong powers of love that early
 years

Know little of. — All added force of being
 Gives love new, deeper, tenderer eyes for seeing,
 And love wins sweetness from a lifetime's tears.
 All pangs and hopes and joys and trembling fears
 And strength to love. As life's black darkness
 grows,
 Love's firmer step through that murk darkness goes,
 And dauntless over the grave's brink Love peers.

There are strange powers of love that youthful days
 Know little of.— There is a love beside
 Whose strength the passion of the ocean wide
 Is like the ripples whispering in blue bays :
 A love beside whose strength death's fingers wild
 Are weak as pink soft fingers of a child.

— *George Barlow.*

THE WAYS OF LOVE.

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise ;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith ;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life ! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

TO A GIRL.

THOU art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an overcare
To ask thee to be good or wise.

As if a little bird were blam'd
Because its song unthinking flows ;
As if a rose should be asham'd
Of being nothing but a rose.

— *Anon.*

AMONG THE HEATHER.

WINTRY winds are blowing cold
On the moors of purple heather,
Where in summer days of old
Hand in hand we idly strolled,
Thou and I together.
But those sunny days are past,
And no more we walk together
Where the snow, on every blast,
Whirls above the heather.

On the dreary moorland now
In the storm I wander, lonely,
Longing — love alone knows how —
For thy kiss on lips and brow,
Longing for thee only :
Life can bring me nought but pain
Till among the purple heather
Hand in hand we walk again, —
Thou and I together !

— *George Arnold.*

THROUGH the tense, clear sky above us
The keen stars flash and gleam,
And wrapped in their silent shroud of snow
The broad fields lie and dream.

And jingling with low, sweet clashing
Ring the bells as our good horse goes,
And tossing his head, from his nostrils red
His frosty breath he blows.

And closely you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped — 'tis so bitter, bitter cold —
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
And suddenly — you know why —
I stooped — could I help it? You lifted your
face —
We kissed — there was nobody nigh.

I never told it — did you, dear? —
From that day unto this;
But my memory keeps in its inmost recess,
Like a perfume, that innocent kiss.

I dare say you have forgotten,
'Twas so many a year ago,
Or you may not choose to remember it,
Time may have changed you so.

The world so chills us and kills us,
Perhaps you may scorn to recall
That night, with its innocent impulse,
Perhaps you'll deny it all.

But if, of that fresh, sweet nature
The veriest vestige survive,
You remember that moment's madness,—
You remember that moonlight drive.
— *William Wetmore Story.*

THEY PARTED.

THEY parted — if it be to part
Still to live in each other's heart,
For ever one dear face behold,
For ever one dear form enfold,
One voice for ever seem to hear.

— *James Robinson Planche.*

SONG.

LOVE is not a feeling to pass away,
 Like the balmy breath of a summer-day ;
 It is not — it cannot be — laid aside ;
 It is not a thing to forget or hide.
 It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me !
 As the ivy clings to the old oak-tree.

Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
 As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold ;
 For when all these wishes have died away,
 The deep strong love of a brighter day,
 Though nourished in secret, consumes the more,
 As the slow rust eats to the iron's core.

— *Charles Dickens.*

THE LOVE-LETTER.

WARMED by her hand and shadowed by her
 hair
 As close she leaned and poured her heart through
 thee,
 Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
 The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness
 fair, —

Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath aware, —
 Oh, let thy silent song disclose to me
 That soul wherewith her lip and eyes agree
 Like married music in Love's answering air.

Fain had I watched her when, at some fond thought,
 Her bosom to the writing closelier press'd,
 And her breast's secrets peered into her breast ;
 When, through eyes raised an instant, her soul
 sought
 My soul, and from the sudden confluence caught
 The words that made her love the loveliest.

—*Dante G. Rossetti.*

AGRO - DOLCE.

ONE kiss from all others prevents me,
 And sets all my pulses astir,
 And burns on my lips and torments me :
 'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requites me,
 Although it is never to be,
 And sweetens my dreams and invites me :
 'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

LOVE'S JUSTIFICATION.

IT must be right sometimes to entertain
Chaste love with hope not overcredulous :
Since if all human loves were impious,
Unto what end did God the world ordain ?
If I love thee and bend beneath thy reign,
'Tis for the sake of beauty glorious
Which in thine eyes divine is stored for us,
And drives all evil thought from its domain.
That is not love whose tyranny we own
In loveliness that every moment dies ;
Which, like the face it worships, fades away :
True love is that which the pure heart hath known,
Which alters not with time or death's decay,
Yielding on earth earnest of Paradise.

— *Michael Angelo.*

THE LOVER'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,

And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
 Lo ! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

— *William Shakespeare.*

TO LUCASTA.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore ;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honour more.

— *Richard Lovelace.*

HOME.

TWO birds within one nest ;
 Two hearts within one breast ;
 Two spirits in one fair,
 Firm league of love and prayer,
 Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
 A hand upon the latch ;
 A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
 A world of care without,
 A world of strife shut out,
 A world of love shut in.

— *Dora Greenwell.*

MARRIAGE.

THEN before all they stand, — the holy vow
 And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
 Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
 And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
 His house she enters, — there to be a light,
 Shining within, when all without is night ;
 A guardian angel o'er his life presiding ;
 Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,

Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas ! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, — the certainty to please
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject, — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow !
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

— *Samuel Rogers.*

LOVE NOTES.

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

— *William Ernest Henley.*

THREE KISSES.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clean and white, —
Slow to world-greetings, — quick with its “ Oh, list ! ”
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed !
That was the chrism of love, with love’s own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state ! since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, “ My Love, my own.”

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

MY LETTERS.

MY letters all dead paper — mute and white ! —
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said — He wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend ; this fixed a day in spring

To come and touch my hand, — a simple thing,
 Yet I wept for it! — this — the paper's light —
 Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and quailed,
 As if God's future thundered on my past;
 This said, *I am thine*, — and so its ink has paled
 With lying at my heart, that beat too fast;
 And this — O Love, thy words have ill availed,
 If what this said I dared repeat at last!

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

ONE FACE.

ONE face looks up from every page,
 From snowy cloud or tranquil sea;
 One face that can all woes assuage,
 Dearer than all the world to me.

The eyes are mild, the brow is fair;
 The voice is sweet as song of bird:
 How oft my hand upon the hair
 Has rested with no spoken word!

The years will come and go again;
 Their joys and sorrows they will trace
 On lip, and brow, and busy brain, —
 And heaven will hold that one dear face.

— *Sara K. Bolton.*

UNDER THE ROSE.

SHE wears a rose in her hair,
At the twilight's dreamy close;
Her face is fair, *how* fair
Under the rose!

I steal like a shadow there,
As she sits in rapt repose,
And whisper my loving prayer
Under the rose!

She takes the rose from her hair,
And her colour comes and goes;
And I — a lover will dare
Under the rose!

— *Richard Henry Stoddard.*

THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

THE sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part;
For you it is a rose;
For me it is my heart.

The fragrance it exhales
 (Ah, if you only knew !),
Which but in dying fails,
 It is my love of you.

The sweetest flower that grows
 I give you as we part ;
You think it but a rose ;
 Ah, me ! it is my heart.

— *Frederick Peterson.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHAT love do I bring you? The earth
 Full of love were far lighter ;
The great hollow sky full of love
 Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less
 Than the full measure given :
Nay, say a heart full, — the heart
 Holds earth and heaven !

— *Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

“IF one find a four-leaf clover”
 (She said, sitting on the grass),
“ He can wish whate’er he likes to, —
 And that wish shall come to pass.”

“ Do you say so ? ” then down kneeling
 ’Mong the sorrel and cropt grass,
Looked I for a four-leaf clover
 And my wish to come to pass.

Long I searched among the sorrel,
 Close beside me she searched too ;
Now and then some commonplaces
 Broke the silence, — but it grew.

For my heart was full of yearning,
 And my mouth of eager words,
But I dared not give them utterance, —
 So I hearkened to the birds ;

And kept looking, looking, looking,
 While beside me she looked too —
Two bent figures in the twilight,
 Green hills paling into blue.

“ Ha, I have one ! ” “ Yes, and wished for ? ”

“ You, and shall it be ? ” I cried,
Eyes cast down she asked demurely,

“ Hath the clover not replied ? ”

— *George Houghton.*

IN LOVE'S OWN TIME.

HAD I but earlier known that from the eyes
Of that bright soul that fires me like the
sun,

I might have drawn new strength my race to run,
Burning as burns the phoenix ere it dies ;

Even as the stag or lynx or leopard flies

To seek his pleasure and his pain to shun,
Each word, each smile of her would I have won,
Flying where now sad age all flight denies.

Yet why complain ? For even now I find

In that glad angel's face, so full of rest,
Health, and content, heart's ease and peace of
mind.

Perchance I might have been less simply blest,

Finding her sooner : if 'tis age alone

That lets me soar with her to seek God's throne.

— *Michael Angelo.*

“WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?”

WHEN shall we meet again,
Dearest and best ?
Thou going Eastward, and
I going West.
Thou in whose love my heart
Seeks for its rest ;
When shall we meet again,
Dearest and best ?

Not in love's common way
Was my love spoken —
No sweet confession made
Sealed by sweet token :
Calmly I uttered it
Though half heart-broken ;
Not in love's common way
Was my love spoken.

What will its issue be ?
Cloud-shadows fall —
All is uncertainty —
Yet over all
One guideth steadily
Great things and small :

In Love

From Painting by Marcus Stone



What will the issue be ?
God guideth all.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

TELEPATHY.

“AND how could you dream of meeting?”
Nay, how can you ask me, sweet ?
All day my pulse had been beating
The tune of your coming feet.

And as nearer and ever nearer
I felt the throb of your tread,
To be in the world grew dearer,
And my blood ran rosier red.

Love called, and I could not linger,
But sought the forbidden tryst,
As music follows the finger
Of the dreaming lutanist.

And though you had said it and said it,
“We must not be happy to-day,”
Was I not wiser to credit
The fire in my feet than your nay?

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low
desires ;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;
For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven ;
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

— *Michael Angelo.*

Translated by Hartley Coleridge.

HER fittest triumph is to show that good
Lurks in the heart of evil evermore ;
That love, though scorned and outcast and withstood,
Can without end forgive, and yet have store.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish ;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal,
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

— *Bernard Barton.*

COME TO ME, DEAREST.

COME to me, Dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about
thee ;

Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee ;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten ;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it burgeon and blossom ;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even,
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven ;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other ;

Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple; —
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was glad-
dened;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened? '
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love :
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing ;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak,
love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek,
love.

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary —
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary —
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

—*Joseph Brenan.*

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;

If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she will grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

— *G. Wither.*

THERE is a glory in tree and blossom,
A trill in the wild bird's tone,
A balm in the summer breezes,
That Love revealeth, alone.

— *Benjamin S. Parker.*

A CHAIN.

THE bond that links our souls together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it moulder and decay
As the long hours pass away?
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,
When dark and weary hours have tried us?
Oh, if it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links to-night!

It was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands;
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognise:
In the bright light it seems to fade,
And it is hidden in the shade;
While Heaven nor Earth have never heard
Or solemn vow or plighted word.

Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break:
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And, if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,

Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes, save thine and mine.

And see! though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust, and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem, to bear
The breathings of the summer air,
We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour flew
The stronger for its burthen grew.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decay to-morrow;
But through that fiery trial last,
When earthly ties and bonds are past;
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our Love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by Pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again:
So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on through joy and woe:
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,

Or the bleak, winter's stormy weather,
 For we shall meet them, Love, together!
 — *Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF
 TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying :
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

— *Robert Herrick.*

A Love Song

From *Painting* by Sonderland



NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee ;
And that smile the song rewarded —
Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —
Joys that, like the starlight, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading memory fly,
Of that starlight, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf, shall die !

— *Thomas Moore.*

FOR they alone have need of sorrow,
And they alone are poor,
For whom, in life, Love's holy angel
Hath opened not her door.

— *Mary Clemmer.*

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to
 qualify :

As easy might I from myself depart

As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie ;

That is my home of love ; if I have ranged,

Like him that travels, I return again,

Just to the time, not with the time unchanged,

So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd

All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,

That it could so preposterously be stain'd

To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :

For nothing this wide universe I call,

Save thou, my rose : in it thou art my all.

— *William Shakespeare.*

“ I ’M sorry that I spelt the word,

I hate to go above you,

Because ” — the brown eyes lower fell —

“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SONG.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'rt a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

— *Sir John Suckling.*

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

FARE thee well, thou lovely one !
Lovely still, but dear no more ;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived ;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
Lovely still, but dear no more ;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light ;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies ;
Love lies in every other part,
But there, alas ! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one !
Lovely still, but dear no more ;

Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

— *Thomas Moore.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'TIS sweeter than all else below,
The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest, and so
Relinquish all regards but one ;
To see her features in the dark ;
To lie and meditate once more,
Some grace he did not fully mark,
Some tone he had not heard before ;
Then from beneath his head to take
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put there for joy when he shall wake,
And press them to the heart of love ;
And then to whisper " Wife," and pray
To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis ;
And still from joy's unfathomed well
To drink, in sleep, while, on her brow
Of innocence ineffable,
The laughing bridal roses blow.

— *Coventry Patmore.*

KING AND SLAVE.

I F in my soul, dear,
An omen should dwell,
Bidding me pause, ere
I love thee too well ;
If the whole circle
Of noble and wise,
With stern forebodings,
Between us should rise ; —

I will tell *them*, dear,
That Love reigns — a King,
Where storms cannot reach him,
And words cannot sting ;
He counts it dishonour
His faith to recall ;
He trusts ; — and for ever
He gives — and gives all !

I will tell *thee*, dear,
That Love is — a Slave,
Who dreads thought of freedom,
As life dreads the grave ;
And if doubt or peril
Of change there may be,

Such fear would but drive him
Still nearer to thee !

— *Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

THE SILENCE OF LOVE.

OH, inexpressible as sweet,
Love takes my voice away ;
I cannot tell thee, when we meet,
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine,
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong ;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

— *G. E. Woodberry.*

I CANNOT tell the spell that binds thine image
For ever in my heart ;
I only know thou art to my existence
Its very, vital part.

— *Annie Chambers-Ketchum.*

A FOREBODING.

WHAT were the whole void world, if thou wert
dead,
Whose briefest absence can eclipse my day,
And make the hours that danced with Time away
Drag their funereal steps with muffled tread?
Through thee, meseems, the very rose is red,
From thee draw life all things that grow not gray,
And by thy force the happy stars are sped.
Thou near, the hope of thee to overflow
Fills all my earth and heaven, and when in Spring,
Ere April come, the birds and blossoms know,
And grasses brighten round her feet to cling;
Nay, and this hope delights all nature so
That the dumb turf I tread on seems to sing.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,

That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon —
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they :
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !

— *Thomas Moore.*

I KNOW MYSELF THE BEST BELOVED
OF ALL.

I KNOW myself the best beloved of all
The many dear to him ; yet not indeed
Because of his swift thought for every need
Of my love's craving ; I could scarcely call
My very own the power to enthrall
Such chivalry as his, that turns to heed
Each slightest claim, nor thinks to ask the meed
Of Love returned where Love's sweet offerings fall.
Not then because of all he is to me ;
But by this surer token : when he earns

The right to his own happiness, or yearns
For some sweet, sudden, answering sympathy,
Ah me! with what quick-beating heart I see
For his own joy it is to me he turns!

— *Alice Wellington Rollins.*

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

— *Thomas Moore.*

JEAN.

O F a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
 Hae pass'd atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part
 That night she gaed awa !
 The Powers aboon can only ken
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

— *Robert Burns.*

SEEK NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER.

WHY seek her heart to understand,
 If but enough thou knowest
 To prove that all thy love, like sand,
 Upon the wind thou throwest ?
 The ill thou makest out at last
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,
 While all the good thou learnest yet,
 But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness
 Which in her breast resideth,
 And what the warmth and tenderness
 Her mien of coldness hideth,
 If but ungenerous thoughts prevail
 When thou her bosom wouldst assail,

While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er,
By any chance, toward thee appear ?

Sum up each token thou hast won

Of kindred feeling there —

How few for Hope, to build upon,

How many for Despair !

And if e'er word or look declareth

Love or aversion, which she beareth,

While of the first, no proof thou hast,

How many are there of the last ?

Then strive no more to understand

Her heart, of whom thou knowest

Enough to prove thy love like sand

Upon the wind thou throwest :

The ill thou makest out at last

Doth but reflect the bitter past,

While all the good thou learnest yet

But makes her harder to forget.

— *Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

TO THE READER.

LET, Reader, this suffice. But shouldst thou
wish for more,

Then read in thine own heart a page of mystic lore.

— *Angelus Silesius.*

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