

SONG OF LOVE.

("S'il est un charmant gazon.")

[XXII, Feb. 18, 1834.]

If there be a velvet sward
By dewdrops pearly drest,
Where through all seasons fairies guard
Flowers by bees carest,
Where one may gather, day and night,
Roses, honeysuckle, lily white,
I fain would make of it a site
For thy foot to rest.

If there be a loving heart
Where Honor rules the breast,
Loyal and true in every part,
That changes ne'er molest,
Eager to run its noble race,
Intent to do some work of grace,
I fain would make of it a place
For thy brow to rest.

And if there be of love a dream

Rose-scented as the west,
Which shows, each time it comes, a gleam,--
A something sweet and blest,--
A dream of which heaven is the pole,
A dream that mingles soul and soul,
I fain of it would make the goal
Where thy mind should rest.

TORU DUTT.