

GUITAR SONG.

("Comment, disaient-ils.")

[XXIII., July 18, 1838.]

How shall we flee sorrow--flee sorrow? said he.

How, how! How shall we flee sorrow--flee sorrow? said he.

How--how--how? answered she.

How shall we see pleasure--see pleasure? said he.

How, how! How shall we see pleasure--see pleasure? said he.

Dream--dream--dream! answered she.

How shall we be happy--be happy? said he.

How, how! How shall we be happy--be happy? said he.

Love--love--love! whispered she.

EVELYN JERROLD

COME WHEN I SLEEP.

("Oh, quand je dors.")

[XXVII.]

Oh! when I sleep, come near my resting-place,

As Laura came to bless her poet's heart,

And let thy breath in passing touch my face--

At once a space

My lips will part.

And on my brow where too long weighed supreme

A vision--haply spent now--black as night,

Let thy look as a star arise and beam--

At once my dream

Will seem of light.

Then press my lips, where plays a flame of bliss--

A pure and holy love-light--and forsake

The angel for the woman in a kiss--

At once, I wis,

My soul will wake!

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

EARLY LOVE REVISITED.

("O douleur! j'ai voulu savoir.")

[XXXIV. i., October, 183-.]

I have wished in the grief of my heart to know
 If the vase yet treasured that nectar so clear,
And to see what this beautiful valley could show
 Of all that was once to my soul most dear.
In how short a span doth all Nature change,
 How quickly she smoothes with her hand serene--
And how rarely she snaps, in her ceaseless range,
 The links that bound our hearts to the scene.

Our beautiful bowers are all laid waste;
 The fir is felled that our names once bore;
Our rows of roses, by urchins' haste,
 Are destroyed where they leap the barrier o'er.
The fount is walled in where, at noonday pride,
 She so gayly drank, from the wood descending;
In her fairy hand was transformed the tide,
 And it turned to pearls through her fingers wending

The wild, rugged path is paved with spars,

Where erst in the sand her footsteps were traced,
When so small were the prints that the surface mars,
That they seemed to smile ere by mine effaced.
The bank on the side of the road, day by day,
Where of old she awaited my loved approach,
Is now become the traveller's way
To avoid the track of the thundering coach.

Here the forest contracts, there the mead extends,
Of all that was ours, there is little left--
Like the ashes that wildly are whisked by winds,
Of all souvenirs is the place bereft.
Do we live no more--is our hour then gone?
Will it give back naught to our hungry cry?
The breeze answers my call with a mocking tone,
The house that was mine makes no reply.

True! others shall pass, as we have passed,
As we have come, so others shall meet,
And the dream that our mind had sketched in haste,
Shall others continue, but never complete.
For none upon earth can achieve his scheme,
The best as the worst are futile here:
We awake at the selfsame point of the dream--
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere.

Yes! others shall come in the bloom of the heart,
To enjoy in this pure and happy retreat,
All that nature to timid love can impart
Of solemn repose and communion sweet.
In our fields, in our paths, shall strangers stray,
In thy wood, my dearest, new lovers go lost,
And other fair forms in the stream shall play
Which of old thy delicate feet have crossed.

Author of "Critical Essays."