

XXIX

Dear heart, why will you use me so?
Dear eyes that gently me upbraid,
Still are you beautiful—but O,
How is your beauty raimented!

Through the clear mirror of your eyes,
Through the soft sigh of kiss to kiss,
Desolate winds assail with cries
The shadowy garden where love is.

And soon shall love dissolved be
When over us the wild winds blow—
But you, dear love, too dear to me,
Alas! why will you use me so?