

TO CASSANDRA

(From PIERRE RONSARD)

O DEAREST, at this vesper hour
Let us unto our favourite bower
And see if that voluptuous rose
Which but this morning did disclose
Its glowing splendours to the sun
Is not now utterly faded.
Alas! its beauty, like to yours,
No more enchants, no more allures,
For in the dust its petals lie,
And all the wooing winds go by.
O nature! too step-motherly
Thou seem'st to me indeed to be,
That thou hast taken little care
In nourishing a flower so fair
Which but a day rich fragrance shed
(O life too brief!) and now lies dead.
Dearest, believe me, it is best,