

Beneath the lids that veil thine eyes
Illumined from above,
A universe of feeling lies,
I seek for nought but love.

My soul, that Poesy inspires,
With thoughts to man unknown
Could fill the world—yet it desires
To fill thy heart alone.

Oh, smile and sing ! my ecstasy
Transcends Elysian joys,
What matters now yon crowd to me
With all its roaring noise ?

Too keen at length my rapture seems,
And so, to cause its flight,
I call before me in my dreams
The poets' forms of light :

But still, regardless of their blame,
I'll love thy soothing songs
More than the stirring trump of Fame,
While Heaven my life prolongs.

And if my name on wings of fire
Should soar to worlds above,
Half of my soul would still desire
To linger here, and love.

Sadly, or pensively at least,
I'll love thee in the shade—
Love's radiance ever seems increased
By dusky twilight's aid.

O Angel with the starry eyes !
O maid, whose tears are sweet !
Take my soul with thee to the skies,
My heart is at thy feet.

Montreal.
