

THE HEART OF PIERROT.

I.

All I am thy love has made me:
All that I would be thou art:
When the look of life dismayed me,
Thy glad courage gave me heart.

Now the Pathway of Perfection
Finds me tranquil, finds me gay,
With no hope nor recollection
But thy presence in the way.

And when the good Lord shall ask me,
By what guide my feet were set
In the Road that well might task me,
I shall answer him, "Pierrette."

II.

Mine ancient enemy Despair,
With all his companies of ills,
Is camped about me everywhere,—
A ghostly ambush in the hills.

Until above these sombre curves
Appears Pierrette, the gay, the bright.
Then love comes up with his reserves,
And all my foes are in full flight.

BLISS CARMAN.