

## III.

## THE VENUS OF MILO.

The panting rabble of the Paris street  
Give him no heed, but round him surge and  
    roar,  
A grief-aged man, a cynic at death's door,  
And drive him to the Louvre's calm retreat.  
There, as he stands bewildered, his eyes meet  
    The Venus Victrix, and he falls before  
That radiant Beauty-vision, weeping sore,  
And prints a kiss upon her naked feet.

Through years of grief and passion he had  
    sung  
The praises of the vision of his youth,  
Till with his music all the world had rung,  
    Only to find, at last, when death was  
    near,  
That vision of soul beauty and sweet truth  
    Still graspless in the marble form appear.