

She stood upon the grave of her dead truth,
 And saw her soul's bright armour red with rust,
 And knew that all the riches of her youth
 Were Dead Sea apples, crumbling into dust.

Love that had turned to bitter, biting scorn,
 Hearthstones despoiled, and homes made desolate,
 Made her cry out that she was ever born
 To loathe her beauty and to curse her fate.

LIPPO

NOW we must part, my Lippo. Even so,
 I grieve to see thy sudden pained surprise ;
 Gaze not on me with such accusing eyes—
 'Twas thine own hand which dealt dear Love's death-
 blow.

I loved thee fondly yesterday. Till then
 Thy heart was like a covered golden cup
 Always above my eager lip held up.
 I fancied thou wert not as other men.

I knew that heart was filled with Love's sweet wine,
 Pressed wholly for my drinking. And my lip
 Grew parched with thirsting for one nectared sip
 Of what, denied me, seemed a draught divine.