

LII.

Apart from her I love I wander here,
In thought communing with that absent one ;
In body distant, though in spirit near,
I feel our hearts are in communion.
Then, softly murmuring, I breathe this lay
To her so near, and yet so far away.

From regions remote my message shall float
On zephyrs across the sea,
And softly thou'lt hear the words in thine ear,
"I love thee, I love but thee."*

Though distant I rove, sweet thoughts of my love
Are ever at home with me.
Each day and each hour but strengthen their power ;
I love thee, I love but thee.

*Yet in spite of thy queenly disdain,
Thou art seared by my passion and pain ;
Thou shall hear me repeat till I die for it, Sweet,
"I love thee ! I dare to love thee.

—*Marie Corelli*, "*The Romance of Two Worlds*."