

## ONE AUTUMN PAST.

AND she, what shall I tell the hours of her?  
 She for whose soul mine was as waves that are  
 Companion to the strand whereon they mar  
 Their lovely being, growing lovelier far.  
 She for whose life my love bore blooms and flowers,  
 As Ocean with his fairest foam endowers  
 The sudden shore that stoops from wooded bowers  
 To clasp and kiss him for a stormy space.  
 She for whose tenderness of queenly grace  
 ✓ And glance made marvellous by sovereign stress  
 Of all that ministers to loveliness,  
 I had dared aught but suffer Love's disgrace,  
 Forsaking Love to plant a rival there  
 Where my soul touched her soul, nor felt despair  
 Should issue from the fairest mood of joy.  
 Now clasped and scorching through my severed soul  
 Remains the sense of what her beauty bore  
 Or e'er her eyes foreshadowed Death's alloy  
 Of sadness. Dear remembered eyes implore  
 My grief to be forgetful of its sorrow,  
 And even from the darkened tomb to borrow  
 A light to shed her beauty everywhere  
 That shapes of glory nourish the thin air,  
 And give endurance to all souls' desire.