

" And then thy feet returned no more, —
While years went over the garden floor,

" With frost and maple, with rose and dew,
In the world thy river wandered through ; —

" Came never again to revive and recall
Thy youth from its water burial.

" But now thy face is battle-dark ;
The strife of the world has graven a mark

" About the lips that are no more mine,
Too sweet to forget, too strong to repine.

" With the ends of the earth for thy garden
now,
What solace and what reward hast thou ? "

Then he of the earth's sun-traversed side
To him of the under-world replied,

" O glad mysterious face in the stream,
My lost illusion, my summer dream,

" Thou fairer self of a fonder time,
A far imperishable clime,

The Face
In the
Stream