

LINES FOR AN OMAR PUNCH-BOWL.

(To C. B.)

Omar, dying, left his dust
To the rose and vine in trust.



“Thro’ a thousand springs,” said he,
“Mix your memories with me.

“Fire the sap that fills each bud
With an essence from my blood.

“When the garden glows with June
Use me thro’ the scented noon

“Till the heat’s alchemic art
Fashions me in every part.

“You, whose petals strew the grass
’Round my lone inverted glass,

“Each impassioned atom mould
To a red bloom with core of gold.

“You, whose tendrils, soft as tears,
Touch me with remembered years,