

SONG.

SPEAK to me not of other days,
Of happier themes and pleasant places,
Read to me not the poet's praise
Of perfect women's perfect faces.

But kiss once more my willing cheek
And stroke again my passive brow,
While, mother, unto thee I speak
The secret nope hath known till now.

Thy hand lies soft within my hair,
Thy voice falls sweet upon my brain,
But my lost love was wondrous fair,
And oh, for the touch of her hand again !

Her dark eyes shone with the sudden gleam
Of waters smitten of the sun,
Or glowed with ardours of a dream
Like forest pools where the shadows run.

Her voice and touch in unison
Thrilled through the silent night,
And when her face all dimly shone
These ministered delight.

Tho' spiritual forms uprising
To make less strange Death's lonely land,
I want the glory of her eyes,
The touch of her ethereal hand.