

A BRAVE LADY

(MADAME ALFRED DREYFUS, 1894-1899.)

TRUE heart ! Life's shadows come and go ;
 (Dark shadows o'er thee rest ;)
But in thy love and in thy woe
 Alike thou must be blest :
For comfort o'er those souls must sweep
 Through years of misery,
Who love and tenderness can keep
 As in the days gone by !

A maid most rarely beautiful
 Thou wast, and true and sweet, --
When first a heart's devotion full
 Was lavished at thy feet !
And when that love thou didst return
 With youth's divinest trust—
Ah me ! what happiest fires may burn,
 And yet die down to dust !