

Like slow vibrations of a soulless sea ;
Or is it that thy feet do follow mine,
And echoes sounding are the beat of thine ?

So soft, so slow the summer rains descend
Upon the flow'ring spaces of the ground,
Where now the languid Lenten lilies bend
As swayed by one who passes without sound ;
The grasses tremble 'neath the drops they
bear,
Are they thy tears now fallen lightly there ?

So wanly now the white moths stirring rise,
Their silver wings as frail as were thy hands,
Which at the last caressed my face, mine
eyes