

A MEMORY.

By E. J. C.

"Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein."—*Heine.*

I.

The water-lilies gleam them fair,
In the black ooze their roots I see—
If pulseless thou wert lying there,
Dost think that she would weep for thee
The weeping of a single tear ?

No gleam of tears the proud eyes know—
The proud lips meet with icy press,
Keeping the whisper'd words so low
The dead alone may hear their hiss—
Thou hadst thy warning : be it so !