

One swift look,—all is lost !
Wild heaven-arousing cries
Pierce to the dull dead skies ;
My heaven, my all is lost !

The unrelenting gods
Refuse me. "No," say they,
"Thy chance is thrown away."
Fierce unrelenting gods !

The sky is blue no more,
The spring-tide airs are bleak,
I find not her I seek,
The earth is fair no more !

I loathe all earth, all life !
These Thracian women gaze
And whispering, go their ways,
Seeing I loathe my life.

Only my song remains.
I may not cease to sing,
Though hot tears start and sting,
The song that still remains,

Even—"Come Eurydice !"
The sea rolls on in pain,
Echoing the note again :
"Lost, lost Eurydice !"

And still the sea moves on,
The woods give back the thrill
"Eurydice !" and still
The quiet sea moves on.

The years, Eurydice,
The long unquiet years
Heed not or sighs or tears,
Oh Heart, Eurydice !