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NEVERMORE answer thy glowing  
Youth with their ardour, nor cherish  
With lovely longing thy spirit,  
Nor with soft laughter beguile thee,  
O Lityerses?

HEEDLESS, assuaged, art thou sleeping  
Where the spring sun cannot find thee,  
Nor the wind waken, nor woodlands  
Bloom for thy innocent rapture  
Through golden hours?

HAST thou no passion nor pity  
For thy deserted companions?  
Never again will thy beauty  
Quell their desire nor rekindle,  
O Lityerses?