

May listened eagerly—while on her cheek
 The dimples went and came, quick as her smiles.
 True woman she ! who gave the sighs where due
 The old French thorns—the love that went astray—
 Then put the grief aside. Her eyes shone out,
 Washed by a tear ; the brighter for th' eclipse
 Of sorrow, and a love-grief not her own.
 She took the proffered hand of one she liked ;
 With liking almost loving, sooth to say ;
 A youth who worshipped her—as well she knew,
 And pleased to think so—for it seemed her due,
 The right divine of woman to be loved,
 And be herself heart free, if so she chose—
 Mistrusting little how her strength might fail
 Just at the moment of its least avail !
 As there was one who once did 'wilder him,
 Who wrote the tale—loved him perhaps—nay more,
 Kneelt by his side at the Castalian spring,
 And, dipping with both hands the water pure,
 Gave him to drink of immortality—
 And kissed him into death, of all beside,
 To live with him in verse for ever more.

May joined the dancers, while a merry tune,
 In triple time of lilting airs they loved,
 Greeted her coming—for where all were fair
 May was the fairest, with her tossing hair,
 And thousand charms in motion everywhere.
 Her waving robe revealed two dainty feet
 Light as a plover's tripping on the grass,
 And scarcely touching it, as she danced through
 The joyous set and then renewed it, too !—
 Her dimpled smiles and merry glances caught
 Reflections of themselves in every face
 That turned to her, as she flew gaily past.
 And so May danced without a single care,
 Until her thought reverted to a scene
 Like this, her favourite poet had described,
 A happy hour of others' joys, forbid
 To him who wrote the story—to relieve
 The weary night thoughts, and forget the pain,
 The want—the isolation, and the strain
 Upon the heartstrings, until one by one
 They snapped, and silent lay the broken harp,
 But not the music ; which had been set free
 To float forever in the heart of May,
 And those who, like her, loved the poet's lay.
 The girl had in her heart of hearts, a fount
 Perennial, hid from eye of garish day ;
 Ideals of love and duty—words of prize
 From poets gathered, many, rich and wise—
 And most from him whose book she loved the best ;
 That old unprinted volume, whence she drew
 Day dreams of fancy, tender, lovely, pure,
 Illumed by hope, and warmed by youthful fire ;
 And in them lived the life of her desire.

Amid the meadows and beside the brook
 The lake's lone shore—or by the winter fire,
 She filled the varied scene with forms she loved
 Flowers—trees—cascades, rocks, castles in the air ;