

VERLAINE'S "CHANSON D'AUTOMNE."

The Autumn wind wails thin,  
Like a sobbing violin,  
Long and low.  
How it thrills my heart with pain,  
This monotonous refrain,  
Sad and slow!

Passion-pale I pant, "Alas!"  
For the chiming hours that pass  
To their sleep,  
Till the visions throng my head  
Of the good glad days long dead—  
And I weep.

But the wind so wild and fleet  
Overbears my willing feet,  
And I go  
As the withered leaves that spin—  
When the winter gusts begin—  
To and fro.

THE BROOK AND THE OCEAN.

(From Victor Hugo.)

A brook from a headland was falling  
In drops to the terrible sea,  
When Ocean, the grave of the sailor,  
Cried: "Weeper! What would'st thou with me?

My life is all tempest and terror,  
No limit I own but the sky,