

THE LEAST OF LOVE.

Only let one fair frail woman
Mourn for me when I am dead, —
World, withhold your best of praises!
There are better things instead.

Shall the little fame concern me,
Or the triumph of the years,
When I keep the mighty silence,
Through the falling of her tears?

I shall heed not, though 'twere April
And my field-larks all returned,
When her lips upon these eyelids
One iast poppied kiss have burned.