

From My Gallery

The towering bastion crown'd with pine
Was silent in the moonlight clear;
It smiled at peace in its dream-shrine,
Waiting the lover's call to hear;
Deep, deep within its quiet breast
Reposed the answer to his quest.

Not once but twice he made assay,
And once and twice his spirit quailed;
His words strove thrice to make their way
And thrice again his courage failed;
Then in an accent weak and poor
He whisper'd forth, '*Après l'amour?*'

A silence reigned; then suddenly
He raised a clamour unafraid;
It shot across the windless sky,
And struck against the palisade;
Quick and sharp as thunder-crack
'*L'Amour*' the echo hurtled back.

'*L'Amour, l'amour*' the night invades;
The sounds across the waters swell;
'*L'Amour,*' the flower which never fades,
The sweetest, purest immortelle,
The priceless gem, the Koh-i-noor—
"*Après l'amour?*" "*L'Amour,*" "*l'amour!*"

SHAKESPEARE

The outward astle of the soul, its walls,
Its moat and fortalice with curious glance,
Its scarps and battlements the poet scans;
Anon at his behest the drawbridge falls,
And he is swept within its lofty halls,
A master of the revels, catch and dance;
By smoking cresset taken from its stance
Guided, with pity in his heart, he crawls

Down to the den, where evil things and dire
Are prison'd far beyond the light of noon;
Aloft, where martlets build in tower and spire,
And eagles soar, he mounts, companion boon
Of nimble air, storm-cloud and shooting fire,
Of misty purple hills and shining moon.