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NAY, but in vain their clear voices  
Call thee. Thy sensitive beauty  
Is become part of the fleeting  
Loveliness, merged in the pathos  
Of all things mortal.

I N the faint fragrance of flowers,  
On the sweet draft of the sea-wind,  
Linger strange hints now that loosen  
Tears for thy gay gentle spirit,  
O Lityerses!