

*LADY LORGNETTE*

I see you over the footlights' glare

Down in the pit 'mid the common mob,—

Your throat is burning, and brown, and bare,

You lean, and listen, and pulse, and throb;

The viols are dreaming between us two,

And my gilded crown is no make-believe,

I am more than an actor, dear, to you,

For you called me your king but yester eve,

And your heart is my golden coronet,

Little Babette.