

A BALLAD OF VICTORY ●

And when the autumn winds are up and leading  
The day adown the amber-coloured west,  
I know the wound that Cupid gave is bleeding ;  
I see the vermeil on my lady's vest ;  
I feel the stabs of pain within her breast.

The golden sunsets speaking rain to-morrow  
Point their long shadows to one memory ;  
And when the fields and sea lie in the sorrow  
Of winter's chill, the winds for ever cry,  
" O sobbing Love ! thine, thine was victory."