

VII.

Dost thou remember how I gave to thee
A little flower on that far-off shore
Where the wild Danube dashes evermore
Through its cleft chasm to the distant sea.
And how, as we returned at eventide
Through the cool woods, with our companions
gay,

I missed the flower—and said, O Cruel, say,
That which I gave thee, hast thou cast aside ?
And how with low quick whisper you replied
Non, je l'ai gardé !—All the go'den sky,
The rustling pine-boughs and the reeling ground,
And all my heart within me, then went round
In one wild dance and thr'll of ecstasy !
Through its cleft rocks the river rushes on—
The pine woods darken to the twilight still—
But where art thou—and where the wondrous
thrill
That fill'd my heart in those old days ago !