

III

I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago.

I LOVED thee, Atthis, in the long ago,
 When the great oleanders were in flower
 In the broad herded meadows full of sun.
 And we would often at the fall of dusk
 Wander together by the silver stream,
 When the soft grass-heads were all wet with dew
 And purple misted in the fading light.
 And joy I knew and sorrow at thy voice,
 And the superb magnificence of love,—
 The loneliness that saddens solitude,
 And the sweet speech that makes it durable,—
 The bitter longing and the keen desire,
 The sweet companionship through quiet days
 In the slow ample beauty of the world,
 And the unutterable glad release
 Within the temple of the holy night.
 O Atthis, how I loved thee long ago
 In that fair perished summer by the sea.

IV

The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the
 time is going by, and I sleep alone.*

ONCE you lay upon my bosom,
 While the long blue-silver moonlight
 Walked the plain, with that pure passion
 All your own.

Now the moon is gone, the Pleiades
 Gone, the dead of night is going,
 Slips the hour, and on my bed
 I lie alone.

V

SOFTLY the first step of twilight
 Falls on the darkening dial,
 One by one kindle the lights
 In Mitylene.