

[TO ONE IN PARADISE]

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed round with flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

But the dream—it could not last!
Young Hope! thou did'st arise
Only to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries,
"Onward!" while o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

Like the murmur of the breaking sea
To sands on the sea-shore,
A voice is whispering unto me,
"The day is past"; and never more
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

Alas! for that accursed time
They bore thee o'er the billow
From me—to titled age and crime,
And an unholy pillow—
From Love, and from our misty clime
Where weeps the silver willow!

And all my hours are trances,
And all my nights are dreams
Of where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In the maze of flashing dances,
By the slow Italian streams.