

Two Songs

TWO SONGS

I

MY Love is dark, but she is fair ;
As dark as damask roses are,
As dark as woodland lake-water,
Which mirrors every star.

For she, as shines the moon by night,
Can win the darker air
To blend its beauty with her light—
Till dark is doubly fair.

II

Gaze on me, though you gaze in scorn,
O Lady, turn your eyes to me ;
And then the darkness may be borne,
When two such glorious lights I see :
For who is there if stars shine bright
That will not praise the dark of night ?

As gloaming brings the bending dew,
That flowers may faint not in the sun,
So, Lady, now your looks renew
My heart, although it droops adown ;
And thus it may unwithered be,
When you shall deign to smile on me.

OLIVER GOGARTY