

A Madrigal

By Olive Custance

AH ! leave my soul like forest pool
In shadow smiling unafraid—
Let not thy laughter stir its cool
Clear depths, sweet maid,
Let not, I pray, thy sunlike hair
Pierce to the thoughts that slumber there !

My soul is still as summer noon—
Its inmost shrines are full of sleep ;
But when the stars of dreamland swoon
'Twill wake and weep ;
The dawn of Love that brings thy blue
Bright eyes, will bring a sorrow too !

My soul is silent—trouble not
Its secret reveries with thy songs,
The rare red tint thy lips have got !
The whole world longs
To kiss them—therefore speak not, dear ;
My soul must struggle, should it hear.

* * * * *

I see

A Madrigal

I see thee, and my soul is swung
 In golden trances of delight ;
I hear thee, and my tremulous tongue
 Hurls forth a flight
Of bird-like songs, saluting thee.
Oh, *come* and dwell and dream with me.