

HEART'S DEMESNE.

Listen, bright lady, thy deep pansie eyes
Made never answer when my eyes did pray,
Than with those quaintest looks of blank surprise,

But my love-longing has devised a way
To mock thy living image, from thy hair
To thy rose toes, and keep thee by alway.

My garden's face is o! so maidly fair,
With limbs all tapering, and with hues all fresh ;
Thine are the beauties all that flourish there.

Amaranth, fadeless, tells me of thy flesh ;
Briar-rose knows thy cheek ; the Pink thy pout ;
Bunched kisses dangle from the Woodbine mesh.

I love to loll, when Daisy stars peep out,
To hear the music of my garden dell,
Hollyhock's laughter, and the Sunflower's shout,

And many whisper things I dare not tell.

JOHN GRAY.