

LES DEMOISELLES DE SAUVE.

Beautiful ladies through the orchard pass ;
Bend under crutched-up branches, forked and low,
Trailing their samet palls o'er dew-drenched grass.

Pale blossoms, looking on proud Jacqueline,
Blush to the colour of her finger tips,
And rosy knuckles, laced with yellow lace.

High-crested Berthe discerns, with slant, clinched eyes,
Amid the leaves, pink faces of the skies :
She locks her plaintive hands Sainte-Margot-wise.

Ysabeau follows last with languorous pace ;
Presses, voluptuous, to her bursting lips,
With backward stoop, a bunch of eglantine.

Courtly ladies through the orchard pass ;
Bow low, as in lords' halls, and springtime grass
Tangles a snare to catch the tapering toe.

JOHN GRAY.