

PYGMALION.

To work at sunrise nor till sunset rest,  
Week's end spliced in week's end: 'twas thus he wrought;  
Tools blunt,—not patience tempered by hot thought.  
With eager bare arms leant across her breast  
He chiselled chin or cheek, and, where they pressed,  
His labour's sweat made bright the marble bust.  
At length she stands amid the workshop dust  
In proudest pose of loveliness undressed.

His work once stayed, he, weakened by long strife,  
Falls like a swathe from summer-heat's keen scythe:  
So sees he, waking at the day's decease,—  
Not the sea-mothered mother of all life,  
Then vanished—but alone, alive he sees  
A naked woman quailing at the knees.

ON A DRAWING BY C. H. S.

Deep-noted thy bucolic peace,  
Such as no rose-lured insect hum  
Or witty water-splash can tease;  
In staid divine delirium  
Entranced till princely Palma come.

T. STURGE MOORE.