

MANDOLINE

(From the "Fêtes Galantes" of Paul Verlaine).

THE singers of serenades
Whisper their faded vows
Unto fair listening maids
Under the singing boughs.

Tircis, Aminte, are there,
Clitandre is over-long,
And Damis for many a fair
Tyrant makes many a song.

Their short vests, silken and bright,
Their long, pale, silken trains,
Their elegance of delight,
Twine soft, blue, shadowy chains.

And the mandolines and they,
Faintlier breathing, swoon
Into the rose and grey
Ecstasy of the moon.

ARTHUR SYMONS.