

LA CRUCHE CASSEE.

THE waterpot is broken at the well.
Forth rush the waters, bubbling from the brim,
Curling and coiling round the riven rim,
Lost beyond hope ; and she, her sighs up-swell,
And sorrow shakes her ; shame's oblivious hell
Burns round her body ; in her eyes there swim
Tears of deep joy, deep anguish ; love's first hymn
Is choral in her ear's young miracle.

She knows the utmost now ; what waters white
She held from heaven's crystal fountains ; flight
Of what celestial birds struck down :—Ah me !
What god or demigod hath struck remorse
Into the close-crouched, cold, and desolate corse,
Wailing her violate virginity ?