

EN SOURDINE.

By
PAUL VERLAINE

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Calm in the twilight of the lofty boughs
Pierce we our love with silence as we dowse;

Melt we our souls, hearts, senses in this shrine,
Vague languor of arbutus and of pine!

Half-close your eyes, your arms upon your breast;
Banish for ever every interest!

The cradling breeze shall woo us, soft and sweet
Ruffling the waves of velvet at your feet.

When solemn night of swart oaks shall prevail
Voice our despair, musical nightingale!

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY.