

DEDICATION.

TO KAROG.

Lithe shall be your lover ;
Blithe shall be your breast ;
How your heart shall hover
When your breast is prest !

Be green trees above you ;
The blue sea beyond ;
Make your lover love you
If you'd have him fond.

So he still shall follow,
Your siren-glamoured man :
Be yours the wise Apollo,
Be his the lurking Pan.