

BESIDE THE RIVER.

RAIN, rain in May. The river sadly flows,
A sullen silver crossed with sable bars,
Damp, gloomy, shivering, while reluctant stars,
Between swart masses of thick clouds that close,
Drive with drooped plumes their winged cars
Toward sleep, the scythe of woes.

Woes, woes in Spring. Ere summer deepeneth
The pink of roses to a purpler tint ;
Ere ripening corn shafts back the sudden glint
Of sunshine that brings healing with the breath
Of western winds that sigh, they hint
Of sleep, twin soul with death.

Death, death ere dawn. The night is over dark ;
Trees are grown terrible ; the shadows wan
Make shudder all the tense desires of man ;
No gleam of moonlight bears the golden mark
Of sunny lips, nor shines upon
Our sleep—Love's birchen bark.

Love, love to-night. To-night is all we know,
Is all our care ; lips joined to lips we lie,
Tender hands touching, hearts in tune to die,
With willing kiss reluctant to let go ;
So sweet love's last enduring sigh
For sleep, so sure, so slow.

Sleep, sleep to-night. Our arms are intertwined ;
Breath desires breath and hand imprisons hand ;
Breezes cool faces, rosy with the brand
Of long sweet kisses ; sun shall dawn and find
Two lovers who have passed the land
Of sleep—and found Death kind.