

LA BELLE HEAULMIERE.

AGE and despair, poverty and distress  
    Bend down the head that once was blithe and  
        fair.  
Embattled toward the ancient armouress  
Age and despair!

Where is the force of youth? The beauty where?  
    What two-edged memory of some lost caress  
Lurks in the sorrowful pose and lingers there?

O melancholy mother! Sorceress,  
    No more enchantress! What the harvest rare  
Sprung from the seed of youth and happiness?  
    Age and despair.