

COLOPHON

INCIDENT.

(RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE, 182.)

SPELL-BOUND we sat ; the vivid violin  
Wailed, pleaded, waited, triumphed. Kingly note  
By note imperial from its passionate throat  
Vibrates ; the shadows fall like pauses in  
The workshop of the Master ; where there spin  
Phrases in marble ; fancies fall or float,  
Passions exult, despairs abound, loves dote,  
Thoughts gallop or abide ; and prayer is sin.

Spell-bound we sat ; one, young, eagerly moves.  
One sits in thought ; one listens, dreams, and loves.  
One, critical, approves with conscious nod.  
But I abode without the spell ; saw these—  
Diverse harmonics of identical keys !—  
And these were thus ; but Rodin heard like God.