

L'AMOUR QUI PASSE.

LOVE comes to flit, a spark of steel  
Struck on the flint of youth and wit;  
Ay, little maid, for woe or weal,  
Love comes to flit.

Hermes one whisper thrills. Admit!  
Kupris one smile aims—do you feel?  
Eros one arrow—has he hit?

Why do you sit there immobile?  
A spark extinct is not relit.  
Beyond resource, above appeal,  
Love comes to flit.