

EN SOURDINE

CALM in the twilight of the lofty boughs
Pierce we our love with silence as we drowse ;

Melt we our souls, hearts, senses in this shrine,
Vague languor of arbutus and of pine !

Half-close your eyes, your arms upon your breast ;
Banish for ever every interest !

The cradling breeze shall woo us, soft and sweet,
Ruffling the waves of velvet at your feet.

When solemn night of swart oaks shall prevail
Voice our despair, musical nightingale !