

LE VIN DU SOLITAIRE.

THE strange look of a woman of the town,
Who glides toward us like the rays that slake
the wave-wrought moon within the trembling lake,
Where she would dip her careless beauty down ;
The last crown unto which a gambler's fingers cling ;
A libertine caress from hungry Adeline ;
The sound of music, lulling, silver, clean,
Like the far cry of human suffering :

All these, deep bottle ! are of little worth
Beside the piercing balm thy fertile girth
Holds in the reverent poet's lifted soul ;
To him thou givest youth, and hope, and life,
And pride, this treasure of all beggar's strife
That gives us triumph, Godhead, for its dole.