

BALLAD OF LOVE

Where is my love! I cried.
Life, I bid thee to say.
Who hath taken away
Her who sate at my side.
For whiter is she than any pearl;
But the nights be lonely and dread.
Life, what hast thou done with thy loveliest girl?
Look to the wood, She said.
For the white bird, O, the white bird,
Sleep he toucheth the white bird,
The white bird and the red.

Give me her eyes! I cried.
For I would kiss them asleep,
That are so cool and deep,
So soft and wondering wide.
Bluer are they than ponds of dream;
But the skies be grey o'erhead.
Life, where may the eyes of thy fairest gleam?
Look to the field, She said.
For the blue flower, O, the blue flower,
Night he stilleth the blue flower,
The blue flower and the red.

O, for her hair! I cried.
Her young and wonderful hair,
To hide my sorrow there,
In the heart of a shining tide.
For her hair is more yellow than Heaven's dawn;
But the world's last leaves be shed.
Life, where is thy youngest angel gone?
Look to the west, She said.
For the yellow light, O, the yellow light,
Death he moweth the yellow light,
The yellow light and the red.