

Lyrics by Cora Fabbri.

One turns tenderly the pages of this lovely book of songs, which are the early blossoms of the imagination of a girl who died without having seen her poems in print and binding that would have made her delicate dreams appear to her a reality to hold in the hand. The talent of Signorina Fabbri had the quick brightness of the American girl and the natural voice and fantasy of the Italian; her verse is always and entirely lyric, with a sweet and spontaneous flow that belongs to the early time when one is

Too young to know her dreams were dreams.

The delight and the melancholy of her verse are altogether girlish; there is a compelling charm

of innocent despair and of instinctive joy in these songs. It is impossible to say what the later development of this sympathetic talent might have been; but as it is, there remains a perfect memorial of an ardent, delicate young creature, looking upon life with the wonder of childhood still in her eyes. In the first pages of the book it is evident that she had pored over the verse of Mrs. Browning. When influenced by this English model, Signorina Fabbri was not at her best, nor in the strict bonds of the pantoum and the tiny fetters of the triolet—artificial forms which she did not understand. Her songs are loveliest when she sings of love and death, moonlight and roses and nightingales—the mingling of elegy and delight that a young soul in the Tuscan air cannot, if it would, escape. This is one of her tender fancies :

I bear three flowers shrined in my heart of hearts. . . .
When on the first I look, which is a rose,
I see a Star, and hear two birds that sing;
When on the next, a pale anemone,
I see a white hand with a golden ring;
When on the last, which is a dead wild weed,
I see a green grave in the heart of Spring.

Still more airy is the lyric that begins :

O moonlight spider-web,
Filmy and fine and fair,
A cloud of dewdrops blown
From rose-hearts overgrown—
Transfixed upon the bosom of the air.

To the affection and the fantasy of other girls
we commend this memorial of Cora Fabbri.
—Harper & Brothers.