

MEMORY OF LOVE

O DREAD Desire of Love! O lips and eyes!
O image of the love that never dies,
But, fed by furtive fire, rages most
When Hope and Faith have been for ever lost!
O oft-kissed lips and soul-remembered eyes,
O stricken heart—the old love never dies!

O Passion of dead lips that used to cling
To warm red living ones that breathed no pain!
O Passion of dead hours that daily bring
To life some phantom pale that died in vain! . . .
Some echo tuned to Memory's dying strain,
Some witness of the immemorial spring!

MEREDITH STARR.