

POEMS

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Poems by Emily Pfeiffer

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EMILY PFEIFFER

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P O E M S

By EMILY PFEIFFER

AUTHOR OF "GERARD'S MONUMENT"




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LOVED FLORIMEL.



GOD! I thank Thee that I still am
fair!

I saw it imaged in his eyes to-day ;

That weary years of waiting and of care

Have not yet filch'd the gold from out my hair,

Nor so have tamed my heart but it could rush

To lift the flaming signal of a blush,

And show him what I lack'd the breath to say :

That all my soul in tribute to him lay,

And I was his, to cherish or to slay.

O eyes and hair, have ye through all these years
 Been soft as now I feel ye first to be ?
Eyes that I knew but as the source of tears,
Hair as the tawny harvest of the shears,
 When binding its full sheaves had wearied me.
But now that with all else which may him move,
They are the spoil of mine all-conquering love,
 I tremble when some silken curl I touch,
 Nor dare mine eyes to question overmuch.

Long-loveless heart ! how little have I known
 You held such rare surprises stored away ;
I feel as one who, looking on some lone
Tree-shadow'd pool, has seen its waters thrown
 A laughing fountain in the face of Day.
Deep joy that from innumerable rills
Comes filtered from the far Eonean hills,