

A REFRAIN OF A FAR COUNTRY

WHERE flower and foam draw close to kiss,
And seabirds call to nightingales,
And olives mix with clematis ;
Where the sun seeks a path, and fails
To burn the beechen groves, and rails
On the cool leaves, that bend and meet
To shape us arches in the dales
Where love has chosen our retreat !

No tide is lapping on the sand
Where the stream sleeps along the glade ;
No nymphs are bathing on the strand,
Nor in the pools a Tuscan maid ;
Nor lurks a fawn within the shade ;
Nor springs the moss to foxes' feet ;
For all the world in sleep is laid
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

They wake when drops the spring sun down
Beyond the poplar yonder set,
Beyond the quiet little town,
Beyond the distant coronet
Of fire-crowned waves of foaming jet
That England rules with iron feet—
The England we may not forget
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

The beeches wave, the poplar dips ;
I know the breeze is here at last ;
I see the dainty-masted ships
Leap like young fawns beneath the blast :
The water beats the shingle fast
As if its heart with passion beat,
And the sweet hour of sleep is past

Where Love has chosen our retreat.

The moon is up ; the star-sky dawns ;
My lover turns a ruby lip :
There gather nymphs, and eager fauns
To watch us play ; the shadows slip,
And sylph and fountain-fairy dip
Between the leaves, to scent the sweet
Perfume of kisses, when we clip,
Where Love has chosen our retreat.

ENVOI

Princess, the fishing-boats are free,
Whose brown sails kiss the zephyrs fleet.
Come to my arms beyond the sea
Where Love has chosen our retreat !