

A RONDEL

SAY, how long shall our love remain
Keen as the sea and strong,
Light as the wind, and glad as the rain :—
Say, how long ?

Say, to whom shall the lips belong
This year, next year, never again ?
Say, whose lips will have done me wrong ?

Tell me, little shy bird, if pain
Dwell in thy heart at an idle song ;
Now we are one ; we shall soon be twain !
Say, how long ?