

To Elsa

By Robert W. Chambers

As a Black Veil of Lace,
Parted in sombre grace,
Shadows a pallid face,
So shall the Veil of Night,
Dimly withdrawn,
Shadow the coming Dawn.

Changed are the ashen skies,—
The clearer blue
Deep mirrored in thine eyes
Is changing too.

If the dim Dawn be fair,
Can its pale flames compare
In glory to thy hair?
What, in the jewelled skies,
Matches the dyes
In thine uplifted eyes!

Out from the splendid night
Bright as a spirit's flight
Thou com'st with the Light.
And in the East the World spins, grey and old,
And in the West wait Life and Death; behold!

Bend down with me; behold!
This is the World,—
This tattered scroll unrolled,—
This chart unfurled.
Here at thy feet,
The Seven Oceans part and meet.

Trace with thy finger tips
The round World round,
Free as a shadow slips
Over the ground.
The World sleeps there
Steeped in the shadow of thy hair.