Love Songs

by Sara Teasdale

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[Note on text: Italicized stanzas are indented 5 spaces. Two italicized lines are marked by asterisks (*). Lines longer than 78 characters are broken, and the continuation is indented two spaces.]

[This etext was transcribed from a 1918 reprinting of the 1917 edition, which was the original. It is interesting that some of those poems included from earlier volumes

have been slightly changed in this book.]

Love Songs

By

Sara Teasdale

[American (Missouri & New York) poet, 1884-1933.]

Author of "Rivers to the Sea", "Helen of Troy and Other Poems", Etc.

To E.

I have remembered beauty in the night, Against black silences I waked to see A shower of sunlight over Italy And green Ravello dreaming on her height; I have remembered music in the dark, The clean swift brightness of a fugue of Bach's, And running water singing on the rocks When once in English woods I heard a lark.

But all remembered beauty is no more Than a vague prelude to the thought of you— You are the rarest soul I ever knew, Lover of beauty, knightliest and best; My thoughts seek you as waves that seek the shore, And when I think of you, I am at rest.

Prefatory Note

Beside new poems, this book contains lyrics taken from "Rivers to the Sea", "Helen of Troy and Other Poems", and one or two from an earlier volume.

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Love Songs

I

Barter

Life has loveliness to sell, All beautiful and splendid things, Blue waves whitened on a cliff, Soaring fire that sways and sings, And children's faces looking up Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell, Music like a curve of gold, Scent of pine trees in the rain, Eyes that love you, arms that hold, And for your spirit's still delight, Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness, Buy it and never count the cost; For one white singing hour of peace Count many a year of strife well lost, And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been, or could be.

Twilight

Dreamily over the roofs The cold spring rain is falling; Out in the lonely tree A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth The wings of night are falling; My heart like the bird in the tree Is calling, calling, calling.

Night Song at Amalfi

I asked the heaven of stars What I should give my love— It answered me with silence, Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea Down where the fishers go— It answered me with silence, Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping, Or I could give him song— But how can I give silence, My whole life long?

The Look

Strephon kissed me in the spring, Robin in the fall, But Colin only looked at me And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest, Robin's lost in play, But the kiss in Colin's eyes Haunts me night and day.

A Winter Night

My window-pane is starred with frost, The world is bitter cold to-night, The moon is cruel, and the wind Is like a two-edged sword to smite.

God pity all the homeless ones, The beggars pacing to and fro, God pity all the poor to-night Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.

My room is like a bit of June, Warm and close-curtained fold on fold, But somewhere, like a homeless child, My heart is crying in the cold.

A Cry

Oh, there are eyes that he can see, And hands to make his hands rejoice, But to my lover I must be Only a voice.

Oh, there are breasts to bear his head, And lips whereon his lips can lie, But I must be till I am dead Only a cry.

Gifts

I gave my first love laughter, I gave my second tears, I gave my third love silence Through all the years.

My first love gave me singing, My second eyes to see, But oh, it was my third love Who gave my soul to me.

But Not to Me

The April night is still and sweet With flowers on every tree; Peace comes to them on quiet feet, But not to me.

My peace is hidden in his breast Where I shall never be; Love comes to-night to all the rest, But not to me.

Song at Capri

When beauty grows too great to bear How shall I ease me of its ache, For beauty more than bitterness Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea With isles like flowers against her breast, Only one voice in all the world Could give me rest.

Child, Child

Child, child, love while you can The voice and the eyes and the soul of a man; Never fear though it break your heart— Out of the wound new joy will start; Only love proudly and gladly and well, Though love be heaven or love be hell.

Child, child, love while you may, For life is short as a happy day; Never fear the thing you feel— Only by love is life made real; Love, for the deadly sins are seven, Only through love will you enter heaven.

Love Me

Brown-thrush singing all day long In the leaves above me, Take my love this April

song, "Love me, love me, love me!"

When he harkens what you say, Bid him, lest he miss me, Leave his work or leave his play, And kiss me, kiss me, kiss me!

Pierrot

Pierrot stands in the garden Beneath a waning moon, And on his lute he fashions A fragile silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden, He thinks he plays for me, But I am quite forgotten Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden, And all the roses know That Pierrot loves his music,— But I love Pierrot.

Wild Asters

In the spring I asked the daisies If his words were true, And the clever, clear-eyed daisies Always knew.

Now the fields are brown and barren, Bitter autumn blows, And of all the stupid asters Not one knows.

The Song for Colin

I sang a song at dusking time Beneath the evening star, And Terence left his latest rhyme To answer from afar.

Pierrot laid down his lute to weep, And sighed, "She sings for me." But Colin slept a careless sleep Beneath an apple tree.

Four Winds

"Four winds blowing through the sky, You have seen poor maidens die, Tell me then what I shall do That my lover may be true." Said the wind from out the south, "Lay no kiss upon his mouth," And the wind from out the west, "Wound the heart within his breast," And the wind from out the east, "Send him empty from the feast," And the wind from out the north, "In the tempest thrust him forth; When thou art

more cruel than he, Then will Love be kind to thee."

Debt

What do I owe to you Who loved me deep and long? You never gave my spirit wings Or gave my heart a song.

But oh, to him I loved, Who loved me not at all, I owe the open gate That led through heaven's wall.

Faults

They came to tell your faults to me, They named them over one by one; I laughed aloud when they were done, I knew them all so well before,— Oh, they were blind, too blind to see Your faults had made me love you more.

Buried Love

I have come to bury Love Beneath a tree, In the forest tall and black Where none can see.

I shall put no flowers at his head, Nor stone at his feet, For the mouth I loved so much Was bittersweet.

I shall go no more to his grave, For the woods are cold. I shall gather as much of joy As my hands can hold.

I shall stay all day in the sun Where the wide winds blow,— But oh, I shall cry at night When none will know.

The Fountain

All through the deep blue night The fountain sang alone; It sang to the drowsy heart Of the satyr carved in stone.

The fountain sang and sang, But the satyr never stirred— Only the great white moon In the empty heaven heard.

The fountain sang and sang While on the marble rim The milk-white peacocks slept, And their dreams were strange and dim.

Bright dew was on the grass, And on the ilex, dew, The dreamy milk-white birds Were all a-glisten, too.

The fountain sang and sang The things one cannot tell; The dreaming peacocks stirred And the gleaming dew-drops fell.

I Shall Not Care

When I am dead and over me bright April Shakes out her rain-drenched hair, Though you should lean above me broken-hearted, I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful When rain bends down the bough, And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted Than you are now.

After Parting

Oh, I have sown my love so wide That he will find it everywhere; It will awake him in the night, It will enfold him in the air.

I set my shadow in his sight And I have winged it with desire, That it may be a cloud by day, And in the night a shaft of fire.

A Prayer

Until I lose my soul and lie Blind to the beauty of the earth, Deaf though shouting wind goes by, Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length And I have left the land of men, Oh, let me love with all my strength Careless if I am loved again.

Spring Night

The park is filled with night and fog, The veils are drawn about the world, The drowsy lights along the paths Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets, Gold and gleaming the misty lake, The mirrored lights like sunken swords, Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be Here with this beauty over me? My throat should ache with praise, and I Should kneel in joy beneath the sky. O, beauty, are you not

enough? Why am I crying after love, With youth, a singing voice, and eyes To take earth's wonder with surprise?

Why have I put off my pride, Why am I unsatisfied,— I, for whom the pensive night Binds her cloudy hair with light,— I, for whom all beauty burns Like incense in a million urns? O beauty, are you not enough? Why am I crying after love?

May Wind

I said, "I have shut my heart As one shuts an open door, That Love may starve therein And trouble me no more."

But over the roofs there came The wet new wind of May, And a tune blew up from the curb Where the street-pianos play.

My room was white with the sun And Love cried out in me, "I am strong, I will break your heart Unless you set me free."

Tides

Love in my heart was a fresh tide flowing Where the starlike sea gulls soar; The sun was keen and the foam was blowing High on the rocky shore.

But now in the dusk the tide is turning, Lower the sea gulls soar, And the waves that rose in resistless yearning Are broken forevermore.

After Love

There is no magic any more, We meet as other people do, You work no miracle for me Nor I for you.

You were the wind and I the sea— There is no splendor any more, I have grown listless as the pool Beside the shore.

But though the pool is safe from storm And from the tide has found surcease, It grows more bitter than the sea, For all its peace.

New Love and Old

In my heart the old love Struggled with the new; It was ghostly waking All night

through.

Dear things, kind things, That my old love said, Ranged themselves reproachfully Round my bed.

But I could not heed them, For I seemed to see The eyes of my new love Fixed on me.

Old love, old love, How can I be true? Shall I be faithless to myself Or to you?

The Kiss

I hoped that he would love me, And he has kissed my mouth, But I am like a stricken bird That cannot reach the south.

For though I know he loves me, To-night my heart is sad; His kiss was not so wonderful As all the dreams I had.

Swans

Night is over the park, and a few brave stars Look on the lights that link it with chains of gold, The lake bears up their reflection in broken bars That seem too heavy for tremulous water to hold.

We watch the swans that sleep in a shadowy place, And now and again one wakes and uplifts its head; How still you are—your gaze is on my face— We watch the swans and never a word is said.

The River

I came from the sunny valleys And sought for the open sea, For I thought in its gray expanses My peace would come to me.

I came at last to the ocean And found it wild and black, And I cried to the windless valleys, "Be kind and take me back!"

But the thirsty tide ran inland, And the salt waves drank of me, And I who was fresh as the rainfall Am bitter as the sea.

November

The world is tired, the year is old, The fading leaves are glad to die, The wind goes shivering with cold Where the brown reeds are dry.

Our love is dying like the grass, And we who kissed grow coldly kind, Half glad to see our old love pass Like leaves along the wind.

Spring Rain

I thought I had forgotten, But it all came back again To-night with the first spring thunder In a rush of rain.

I remembered a darkened doorway Where we stood while the storm swept by, Thunder gripping the earth And lightning scrawled on the sky.

The passing motor busses swayed, For the street was a river of rain, Lashed into little golden waves In the lamp light's stain.

With the wild spring rain and thunder My heart was wild and gay; Your eyes said more to me that night Than your lips would ever say. . . .

I thought I had forgotten, But it all came back again To-night with the first spring thunder In a rush of rain.

The Ghost

I went back to the clanging city, I went back where my old loves stayed, But my heart was full of my new love's glory, My eyes were laughing and unafraid.

I met one who had loved me madly And told his love for all to hear— But we talked of a thousand things together, The past was buried too deep to fear.

I met the other, whose love was given With never a kiss and scarcely a word— Oh, it was then the terror took me Of words unuttered that breathed and stirred.

Oh, love that lives its life with laughter Or love that lives its life with tears Can die—but love that is never spoken Goes like a ghost through the winding years. . . .

I went back to the clanging city, I went back where my old loves stayed, My heart was full of my new love's glory,— But my eyes were suddenly afraid.

Summer Night, Riverside

In the wild, soft summer darkness How many and many a night we two together Sat in the park and watched the Hudson Wearing her lights like golden spangles Glinting on black satin. The rail along the curving pathway Was low in a happy place to let us cross, And down the hill a tree that dripped with bloom Sheltered us, While your kisses and the flowers, Falling, falling, Tangled my hair. . . .

The frail white stars moved slowly over the sky.

And now, far off In the fragrant darkness The tree is tremulous again with bloom, For June comes back.

To-night what girl Dreamily before her mirror shakes from her hair This year's blossoms, clinging in its coils?

Jewels

If I should see your eyes again, I know how far their look would go— Back to a morning in the park With sapphire shadows on the snow.

Or back to oak trees in the spring When you unloosed my hair and kissed The head that lay against your knees In the leaf shadow's amethyst.

And still another shining place We would remember—how the dun Wild mountain held us on its crest One diamond morning white with sun.

But I will turn my eyes from you As women turn to put away The jewels they have worn at night And cannot wear in sober day.

II

Interlude: Songs out of Sorrow

I. Spirit's House

From naked stones of agony I will build a house for me; As a mason all alone I will raise it, stone by stone, And every stone where I have bled Will show a sign of

dusky red. I have not gone the way in vain, For I have good of all my pain; My spirit's quiet house will be Built of naked stones I trod On roads where I lost sight of God.

II. Mastery

I would not have a god come in To shield me suddenly from sin, And set my house of life to rights; Nor angels with bright burning wings Ordering my earthly thoughts and things; Rather my own frail guttering lights Wind blown and nearly beaten out; Rather the terror of the nights And long, sick groping after doubt; Rather be lost than let my soul Slip vaguely from my own control— Of my own spirit let me be In sole though feeble mastery.

III. Lessons

Unless I learn to ask no help From any other soul but mine, To seek no strength in waving reeds Nor shade beneath a straggling pine; Unless I learn to look at Grief Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes, And take from Pleasure fearlessly Whatever gifts will make me wise— Unless I learn these things on earth, Why was I ever given birth?

IV. Wisdom

When I have ceased to break my wings Against the faultiness of things, And learned that compromises wait Behind each hardly opened gate, When I can look Life in the eyes, Grown calm and very coldly wise, Life will have given me the Truth, And taken in exchange—my youth.

V. In a Burying Ground

This is the spot where I will lie When life has had enough of me, These are the grasses that will blow Above me like a living sea.

These gay old lilies will not shrink To draw their life from death of mine, And I will give my body's fire To make blue flowers on this vine.

"O Soul," I said, "have you no tears? Was not the body dear to you?" I heard my soul say carelessly, "The myrtle flowers will grow more blue."

VI. Wood Song

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk Twirl three notes and make a star— My heart that walked with bitterness Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had, And yet they made a starry call— I caught life back against my breast And kissed it, scars and all.

VII. Refuge

From my spirit's gray defeat, From my pulse's flagging beat, From my hopes that turned to sand Sifting through my close-clenched hand, From my own fault's slavery, If I can sing, I still am free.

For with my singing I can make A refuge for my spirit's sake, A house of shining words, to be My fragile immortality.

III

The Flight

Look back with longing eyes and know that I will follow, Lift me up in your love as a light wind lifts a swallow, Let our flight be far in sun or blowing rain— But what if I heard my first love calling me again?

Hold me on your heart as the brave sea holds the foam, Take me far away to the hills that hide your home; Peace shall thatch the roof and love shall latch the door— But what if I heard my first love calling me once more?

Dew

As dew leaves the cobweb lightly Threaded with stars, Scattering jewels on the fence And the pasture bars; As dawn leaves the dry grass bright And the tangled weeds Bearing a rainbow gem On each of their seeds; So has your love, my lover,

Fresh as the dawn, Made me a shining road To travel on, Set every common sight Of tree or stone Delicately alight For me alone.

To-night

The moon is a curving flower of gold, The sky is still and blue; The moon was made for the sky to hold, And I for you.

The moon is a flower without a stem, The sky is luminous; Eternity was made for them, To-night for us.

Ebb Tide

When the long day goes by And I do not see your face, The old wild, restless sorrow Steals from its hiding place.

My day is barren and broken, Bereft of light and song, A sea beach bleak and windy That moans the whole day long.

To the empty beach at ebb tide, Bare with its rocks and scars, Come back like the sea with singing, And light of a million stars.

I Would Live in Your Love

I would live in your love as the sea-grasses live in the sea, Borne up by each wave as it passes, drawn down by each wave that recedes; I would empty my soul of the dreams that have gathered in me, I would beat with your heart as it beats, I would follow your soul as it leads.

Because

Oh, because you never tried To bow my will or break my pride, And nothing of the cave-man made You want to keep me half afraid, Nor ever with a conquering air You thought to draw me unaware— Take me, for I love you more Than I ever loved before.

And since the body's maidenhood Alone were neither rare nor good Unless with it I gave to you A spirit still untrammeled, too, Take my dreams and take my mind That

were masterless as wind; And "Master!" I shall say to you Since you never asked me to.

The Tree of Song

I sang my songs for the rest, For you I am still; The tree of my song is bare On its shining hill.

For you came like a lordly wind, And the leaves were whirled Far as forgotten things Past the rim of the world.

The tree of my song stands bare Against the blue— I gave my songs to the rest, Myself to you.

The Giver

You bound strong sandals on my feet, You gave me bread and wine, And sent me under sun and stars, For all the world was mine.

Oh, take the sandals off my feet, You know not what you do; For all my world is in your arms, My sun and stars are you.

April Song

Willow, in your April gown Delicate and gleaming, Do you mind in years gone by All my dreaming?

Spring was like a call to me That I could not answer, I was chained to loneliness, I, the dancer.

Willow, twinkling in the sun, Still your leaves and hear me, I can answer spring at last, Love is near me!

The Wanderer

I saw the sunset-colored sands, The Nile like flowing fire between, Where Rameses stares forth serene, And Ammon's heavy temple stands.

I saw the rocks where long ago, Above the sea that cries and breaks, Swift Perseus with Medusa's snakes Set free the maiden white like snow.

And many skies have covered me, And many winds have blown me forth, And I have loved the green, bright north, And I have loved the cold, sweet sea.

But what to me are north and south, And what the lure of many lands, Since you have leaned to catch my hands And lay a kiss upon my mouth.

The Years

To-night I close my eyes and see A strange procession passing me— The years before I saw your face Go by me with a wistful grace; They pass, the sensitive, shy years, As one who strives to dance, half blind with tears.

The years went by and never knew That each one brought me nearer you; Their path was narrow and apart And yet it led me to your heart— Oh, sensitive, shy years, oh, lonely years, That strove to sing with voices drowned in tears.

Enough

It is enough for me by day To walk the same bright earth with him; Enough that over us by night The same great roof of stars is dim.

I do not hope to bind the wind Or set a fetter on the sea— It is enough to feel his love Blow by like music over me.

Come

Come, when the pale moon like a petal Floats in the pearly dusk of spring, Come with arms outstretched to take me, Come with lips pursed up to cling.

Come, for life is a frail moth flying, Caught in the web of the years that pass, And soon we two, so warm and eager, Will be as the gray stones in the grass.

Joy

I am wild, I will sing to the trees, I will sing to the stars in the sky, I love, I am loved, he is mine, Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame, I have heart-fire and singing to give, I can tread on the grass or the stars, Now at last I can live!

Riches

I have no riches but my thoughts, Yet these are wealth enough for me; My thoughts of you are golden coins Stamped in the mint of memory;

And I must spend them all in song, For thoughts, as well as gold, must be Left on the hither side of death To gain their immortality.

Dusk in War Time

A half-hour more and you will lean To gather me close in the old sweet way— But oh, to the woman over the sea Who will come at the close of day?

A half-hour more and I will hear The key in the latch and the strong, quick tread— But oh, the woman over the sea Waiting at dusk for one who is dead!

Peace

Peace flows into me As the tide to the pool by the shore; It is mine forevermore, It will not ebb like the sea.

I am the pool of blue That worships the vivid sky; My hopes were heaven-high, They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold When sunset burns and dies— You are my deepening skies; Give me your stars to hold.

Moods

I am the still rain falling, Too tired for singing mirth— Oh, be the green fields calling, Oh, be for me the earth!

I am the brown bird pining To leave the nest and fly— Oh, be the fresh cloud shining, Oh, be for me the sky!

Houses of Dreams

You took my empty dreams And filled them every one With tenderness and nobleness, April and the sun.

The old empty dreams Where my thoughts would throng Are far too full of happiness To even hold a song.

Oh, the empty dreams were dim And the empty dreams were wide, They were sweet and shadowy houses Where my thoughts could hide.

But you took my dreams away And you made them all come true— My thoughts have no place now to play, And nothing now to do.

Lights

When we come home at night and close the door, Standing together in the shadowy room, Safe in our own love and the gentle gloom, Glad of familiar wall and chair and floor,

Glad to leave far below the clanging city; Looking far downward to the glaring street Gaudy with light, yet tired with many feet, In both of us wells up a wordless pity;

Men have tried hard to put away the dark; A million lighted windows brilliantly Inlay with squares of gold the winter night, But to us standing here there comes the stark Sense of the lives behind each yellow light, And not one wholly joyous, proud, or free.

"I Am Not Yours"

I am not yours, not lost in you, Not lost, although I long to be Lost as a candle lit at noon, Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still A spirit beautiful and bright, Yet I am I, who long to be Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love—put out My senses, leave me deaf and blind, Swept by the tempest of your love, A taper in a rushing wind.

Doubt

My soul lives in my body's house, And you have both the house and her— But

sometimes she is less your own Than a wild, gay adventurer; A restless and an eager wraith, How can I tell what she will do— Oh, I am sure of my body's faith, But what if my soul broke faith with you?

The Wind

A wind is blowing over my soul, I hear it cry the whole night through— Is there no peace for me on earth Except with you?

Alas, the wind has made me wise, Over my naked soul it blew,— There is no peace for me on earth Even with you.

Morning

I went out on an April morning All alone, for my heart was high, I was a child of the shining meadow, I was a sister of the sky.

There in the windy flood of morning Longing lifted its weight from me, Lost as a sob in the midst of cheering, Swept as a sea-bird out to sea.

Other Men

When I talk with other men I always think of you— Your words are keener than their words, And they are gentler, too.

When I look at other men, I wish your face were there, With its gray eyes and dark skin And tossed black hair.

When I think of other men, Dreaming alone by day, The thought of you like a strong wind Blows the dreams away.

Embers

I said, "My youth is gone Like a fire beaten out by the rain, That will never sway and sing Or play with the wind again."

I said, "It is no great sorrow That quenched my youth in me, But only little sorrows Beating ceaselessly."

I thought my youth was gone, But you returned— Like a flame at the call of the

wind It leaped and burned;

Threw off its ashen cloak, And gowned anew Gave itself like a bride Once more to you.

Message

I heard a cry in the night, A thousand miles it came, Sharp as a flash of light, My name, my name!

It was your voice I heard, You waked and loved me so— I send you back this word, I know, I know!

The Lamp

If I can bear your love like a lamp before me, When I go down the long steep Road of Darkness, I shall not fear the everlasting shadows, Nor cry in terror.

If I can find out God, then I shall find Him, If none can find Him, then I shall sleep soundly, Knowing how well on earth your love sufficed me, A lamp in darkness.

IV

A November Night

There! See the line of lights, A chain of stars down either side the street— Why can't you lift the chain and give it to me, A necklace for my throat? I'd twist it round And you could play with it. You smile at me As though I were a little dreamy child Behind whose eyes the fairies live. . . . And see, The people on the street look up at us All envious. We are a king and queen, Our royal carriage is a motor bus, We watch our subjects with a haughty joy. . . . How still you are! Have you been hard at work And are you tired to-night? It is so long Since I have seen you—four whole days, I think. My heart is crowded full of foolish thoughts Like early flowers in an April meadow, And I must give them to you, all of them, Before they fade. The people I have met, The play I saw, the trivial, shifting things That loom too big or

shrink too little, shadows That hurry, gesturing along a wall, Haunting or gay—and yet they all grow real And take their proper size here in my heart When you have seen them. . . . There's the Plaza now, A lake of light! To-night it almost seems That all the lights are gathered in your eyes, Drawn somehow toward you. See the open park Lying below us with a million lamps Scattered in wise disorder like the stars. We look down on them as God must look down On constellations floating under Him Tangled in clouds. . . . Come, then, and let us walk Since we have reached the park. It is our garden, All black and blossomless this winter night, But we bring April with us, you and I; We set the whole world on the trail of spring. I think that every path we ever took Has marked our footprints in mysterious fire, Delicate gold that only fairies see. When they wake up at dawn in hollow tree-trunks And come out on the drowsy park, they look Along the empty paths and say, "Oh, here They went, and here, and here, and here! Come, see, Here is their bench, take hands and let us dance About it in a windy ring and make A circle round it only they can cross When they come back again!" . . . Look at the lake— Do you remember how we watched the swans That night in late October while they slept? Swans must have stately dreams, I think. But now The lake bears only thin reflected lights That shake a little. How I long to take One from the cold black water—new-made gold To give you in your hand! And see, and see, There is a star, deep in the lake, a star! Oh, dimmer than a pearl—if you stoop down Your hand could almost reach it up to me. . . .

There was a new frail yellow moon to-night— I wish you could have had it for a cup With stars like dew to fill it to the brim. . . .

How cold it is! Even the lights are cold; They have put shawls of fog around them, see! What if the air should grow so dimly white That we would lose our way along the paths Made new by walls of moving mist receding The more we follow. . . . What a silver night! That was our bench the time you said to me The long new poem—but how different now, How eerie with the curtain of the fog Making it

strange to all the friendly trees! There is no wind, and yet great curving scrolls Carve themselves, ever changing, in the mist. Walk on a little, let me stand here watching To see you, too, grown strange to me and far. . . . I used to wonder how the park would be If one night we could have it all alone— No lovers with close arm-encircled waists To whisper and break in upon our dreams. And now we have it! Every wish comes true! We are alone now in a fleecy world; Even the stars have gone. We two alone!

[End of Love Songs.]

{As an item of interest to the reader, the following, which was at the end of this edition, is included. Only the advertisement for the same author is included}.

By the same author

Rivers to the Sea

"There is hardly another American woman-poet whose poetry is generally known and loved like that of Sara Teasdale. 'Rivers to the Sea', her latest volume of lyrics, possesses the delicacy of imagery, the inward illumination, the high vision that characterize the poetry that will endure the test of time."—'Review of Reviews'.

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Sara Teasdale (1884-1933):

Teasdale was born in St. Louis, Missouri, where she attended a school that was founded by the grandfather of another great poet from St. Louis—T. S. Eliot. She later associated herself more with New York City.

Her first book of poems was "Sonnets to Duse" (1907), [at least one poem in the current volume, "Faults", is from this book,] but "Helen of Troy" (1911) was the true launch of her career, followed by "Rivers to the Sea" (1915), "Love Songs" (1917), "Flame and Shadow" (1920) and more. Her final volume, "Strange Victory", is considered by many to be predictive of her suicide in 1933.

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