

# “TO A LADY PLAYING THE HARP”

BY

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Thy tones are silver melted into sound,  
And as I dream  
I see no walls around,  
But seem to hear  
A gondolier  
Sing sweetly down some slow Venetian stream.

Italian skies — that I have never seen —  
I see above.  
(Ah, play again, my queen;  
Thy fingers white  
Fly swift and light  
And weave for me the golden mesh of love.)

Oh, thou dusk sorceress of the dusky eyes  
And soft dark hair,  
‘T is thou that mak’st my skies

So swift to change  
To far and strange:  
But far and strange, thou still dost make them fair.

Now thou dost sing, and I am lost in thee  
As one who drowns  
In floods of melody.  
Still in thy art  
Give me this part,  
Till perfect love, the love of loving crowns.