

## The Second Wooing.

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There came to me One at midnight, on golden pinions, and said :  
“ Lo ! I am, Love, and I bring thee a passion back from the  
dead ? ”

Then I rose in the darkness and lit the lamp, and there shone in  
my face

The beauty of bygone years and the hope of a bygone grace.

Then I clad myself as of old and sang to myself in joy :

“ Shall we change as woman and man who changed not as  
girl and boy. ”

And He entered the room in the midst of my song and we stood  
apart,

And I raised my eyes to His eyes, and love died out of my  
heart.

But we kissed each other once on the lips, and His lips were  
cold ;

And hand touched hand for a moment, and then we loosened hold.

And His words were as smooth as mine, but His eyes were as  
carven stone ;

And I laid my hand on His wrist, and His pulse was as calm as  
my own.

Yet I strove to talk of our love as a thing that should have  
no end,

But the words were changed on my tongue—and I talked as the  
merest friend.

And he spoke of His hopes and my beauty, our struggles and  
hundred fears,

As men tell of a dream they have dreamt to their children in  
after years.

And as children parade the cart, the Noah's Ark and the ball,

And set them in rank and order, though delight be passed from  
all.

As men seek for fire in the embers, and rake them and turn them  
over,

We paraded old love and we sought for new love, I and my Lover.

And then, when the dawn was approaching, He paled in the  
coming light ;

And e'en as He faded from me so Love passed out of my right.

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