

EURYDICE

EURYDICE in the cool grass sleeping
By wind in the leaves lulled
As by her lover's lyre,
Will stir again and wake now
While the sun still dazes her
And will hear the ringing branches and the leaves made loud,
For the whole wood she lies in is singing with a hundred strings.
Then does she close her eyes and turn to sleep,
With this music drifting,
While Sun to Earth comes nearer
And now burns upon the branches,
And when its fire comes down to her
The thick shades piercing
She'll murmur in her sleep and lift her arms to Orpheus.
Still lower does the Sun sink as he drops down through the boughs
And his last beam will wake her as he climbs below,
His flame upon her flesh lights and now she comes to life again
By the Sun's touch quickened though he now is hidden;
She listens for his music awake and longing,
But although the branches ring with it, it is not his;
Above her in the branches on those open windows beating,
At those ledges where the sun climbed, does moon pass slow
And loud ring those tongues of light the nightingales,
Their fierce fire burning under every bough,
Air, like glass, loud rattles with the clash of tongues
And dark, like daylight, comes a web of words —
Eurydice is wide awake and listens to the voices,
For Orpheus never nearer comes, but lives in this music,
With hot sun walking, or abroad in the lit night,
Those loud tongues his whispers, and the light his cloak.