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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## To Isadore

I

Beneath the vine-clad eaves,  
Whose shadows fall before  
Thy lowly cottage door  
Under the lilac's tremulous leaves—  
Within thy snowy clasped hand  
The purple flowers it bore.  
Last eve in dreams, I saw thee stand,  
Like queenly nymphs from Fairy-land—  
Enchantress of the flowery wand,  
Most beautiful Isadore!

II

And when I bade the dream  
Upon thy spirit flee,  
Thy violet eyes to me  
Upraised, did overflowing seem  
With the deep, untold delight  
Of Love's serenity;  
Thy classic brow, like lilies white  
And pale as the Imperial Night  
Upon her throne, with stars bedight,  
Enthralled my soul to thee!

III

Ah I ever I behold  
Thy dreamy, passionate eyes,  
Blue as the languid skies

Hung with the sunset's fringe of gold;  
Now strangely clear thine image grows,  
    And olden memories  
Are startled from their long repose  
Like shadows on the silent snows  
When suddenly the night-wind blows  
    Where quiet moonlight ties.

IV

Like music heard in dreams,  
    Like strains of harps unknown,  
    Of birds forever flown  
Audible as the voice of streams  
That murmur in some leafy dell,  
    I hear thy gentlest tone,  
And Silence cometh with her spell  
Like that which on my tongue doth dwell,  
When tremulous in dreams I tell  
    My love to thee alone!

V

In every valley heard,  
    Floating from tree to tree,  
    Less beautiful to, me,  
The music of the radiant bird,  
Than artless accents such as thine  
    Whose echoes never flee!  
Ah! how for thy sweet voice I pine:—  
For uttered in thy tones benign  
(Enchantress!) this rude name of mine  
    Doth seem a melody!

