

# Her Voice By Oscar Wilde

The wild bee reels from bough to bough  
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing.  
Now in a lily-cup, and now  
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,  
In his wandering;  
Sit closer love: it was here I trow  
I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one  
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,  
As long as the sunflower sought the sun,—  
It shall be, I said, for eternity  
'Twixt you and me!  
Dear friend, those times are over and done.  
Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees  
Sway in the summer air,  
Here n the valley never a breeze  
Scatters the thistledown, but there  
Great winds blow fair  
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,  
And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull screams,  
What does it see that we do not see?  
Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams  
On some outward voyaging argosy,—  
Ah! can it be  
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!  
How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say  
But this, that love is never lost,  
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May  
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,  
Ships tempest-tossed  
Will find a harbor in some bay,  
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do  
But to kiss once again, and part,  
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,  
I have my beauty,—you your Art,  
Nay, do not start,  
One world was not enough for two  
Like me and you.