

Saavedra

"Contemplation"

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Thou, O my Grief!
Be wise and tranquil still
The eve is thine which even now drops down
To carry peace or care to human will
And in a misty veil enfolds the town.

While the vile mortals of the multitude
By pleasure, cruel tormentor, goaded on
Gather remorseful blossoms in light mood-
Grief, place thy hand in mine, let us be gone.

Far from them. Lo, see how the vanished years
In robes outworn lean over heaven's rim
And from the water, smiling through her tears
Remorse arises, and the sun grows dim
And in the east, her long shroud trailing light
List, O my grief, the gentle steps of Night!

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