

Indian Songs

Mary Austin

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- I. SONG FOR THE PASSING OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
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I. SONG FOR THE PASSING OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

GO thy way in comeliness!
Strong sun across the sod doth make
Such quickening as thy countenance.

Pursue thy unguessed errand and pass by;
I am more worth for what thy passing wakes,
Great races in my loins to thee that cry!
My blood is redder for thy loveliness.
Prosper; be fair; pass by!

II

II. SONG OF A PASSIONATE LOVER

COME not near my songs,
You who are not my lover,
Lest from that ambush
Leaps my heart upon you!

When my songs are glowing
As an almond thicket
With the bloom upon it,
Lies my heart in ambush

Indian Songs

All amid my singing;
Come not near my songs,
You who are not my lover!

Do not hear my songs,
You who are not my lover!
Over-sweet the heart is
Where my love has bruised it,
Breathe you not that fragrance,
You who are not my lover;
Do not stoop above my heart
With its languor on you,
Lest I should not know you
From my own beloved,
Lest from out my singing
Leaps my heart upon you!