

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Jacques Tahureau**

**- poems -**

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## **Moonlight**

The high Midnight was garlanding her head  
With many a shining star in shining skies,  
And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes,  
And, after sorrow, quietness was shed.  
Far in dim fields cicadas jargonéd  
A thin shrill clamour of complaints and cries;  
And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,  
With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place,  
And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace  
And hang upon my neck, and kissed me over;  
Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,  
And sweeter is the shadow than the light,  
Since night has made me such a happy lover.

Jacques Tahureau

## **Shadows of His Lady**

Within the sand of what far river lies  
The gold that gleams in tresses of my Love?  
What highest circle of the Heavens above  
Is jewelled with such stars as are her eyes?  
And where is the rich sea whose coral vies  
With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough?  
What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof  
The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?

What Parian marble that is loveliest,  
Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast?  
When drew she breath from the Sabaeen glade?  
Oh happy rock and river, sky and sea,  
Gardens, and glades Sabaeen, all that be  
The far-off splendid semblance of my maid!

Jacques Tahureau