Song

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Abstract

The night holds nothing That a prince can buy: Not the stars, for they are pearls set high...
Song

The night holds nothing
That a prince can buy:
Not the stars, for they are pearls set high
In the crown of heaven;
Nor the moon, for it is but a mountain
Of green and bitter cheese,
So that he would weep if he had got it,
And cast it off again:
Not the darkness, sly, formless shadow
Of stupid, solid Earth;
Nor the breeze, whispering in the fig trees,
For it is the breath of a god.
He cannot know love, vowed in a garden
To himself alone;
For women barter kingdoms for pearls and cheese,
And grasp at shadows,
And long to dance to the singing of the gods.
Princes do not own night;
It is the world's, and mine.

—Elinor Chase, H. Ec., So.