

THE WINDOW OF DREAMS

FT was quite dark within the room
Wherein the Lady Alice sat ;
One had not seen, who looked thereat,
The gathered dust upon her loom,
There was such gloom.

And though the hangings on the wall
Were wrought so well and cunningly
That many had come far to see
Their glory once (for they were all
Of cardinal,

And gold, and silk, and curious glass)
The ladies with the long red hair
Thereon, the strong men fighting there,
The little river edged with grass, —
Were now, alas,

As if they had been always gray.
Likewise the lily, whose perfume
Had once been over all the room,
In which dark corner now it lay, —
What man might say ?

She did not see these things, or know
That they had changed since she had seen.
She liked it best to sit between
Two little firs (they used to grow,
Once, long ago !)