

III

Is it an echo of something
 Read with a boy's delight,
 295 Viziers nodding together
 In some Arabian night?

IV

Strange, that I hear two men, A
 Somewhere, talking of me; B
 "Well, if it prove a girl, my boy C
 300 Will have plenty: so let it be." E

VIII

She came to the village church, A
 And sat by a pillar alone; B
 An angel watching an urn C
 Wept over her, carved in stone; D
 305 And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
 And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
 To find they were met by my own;
 And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
 And thicker, until I heard no longer
 310 The snowy-banded, dilettante,
 Delicate-handed priest intone;
 And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd
 "No surely, now it cannot be pride."

IX

I was walking a mile,
 315 More than a mile from the shore,
 The sun look'd out with a smile
 Betwixt the cloud and the moor,