

Sweet were the days of the summer I dwelt in his tent,  
 And glad and loving the nights that I lay on his bosom ;  
 But woe, woe, woe, to the summer that fades into autumn,  
 And woe upon woe is the love that dwindles and dies,  
 And ere my hot heart was abrim with its summer of loving  
 I knew that its autumn had come, that his love was another's.  
 A blue-eyed, haughty captive they brought from the East,  
 Her hair like moving sunlight that rippled and ran  
 With the golden flow of a brook from her brow to her girdle ;  
 He saw her, he looked on her face, and I was forgotten.  
 Yea, I and the love that fed on my soul in its anguish.

I bowed my head with its woe to him in mine anguish,  
 I veiled my face in my hair like the night of my sorrow,  
 And I pled with him there by a love that was true and forgiving,  
 " Oh, my Lord and my Love, by the days that are past of our loving,  
 O slay thy poor Saki, but send her not forth in her anguish."  
 And I fell to the earth with my face, like the moon hid in heaven,  
 In the folds of my hair ; but he sate there and uttered no answer,  
 And the white woman sate there and scorned at the woe of my sorrow.  
 Then I bit my tongue through that had pled for the pity ungiven,  
 And I rose with my hate in my eyes like the lightning in heaven  
 That leaps red to kill, with a hiss like the snake that they called me,  
 And I looked on them there and I cursed them, the man and the woman,  
 The man whose lips had kissed my love into being,  
 And the woman whose beauty had withered that love into ashes,  
 With curses so dread and so deep that he rose up and smote me :  
 And hounded me forth like a dog to die in the desert.

Then wandered I forth an outcast, hounded and beaten ;  
 Careless whither I went, or living or dying,  
 With that load of despair at my heart-strings wearing to madness.  
 Long and loud I laughed at the heaven that mocked me  
 With its beautiful sounds and its sights and the joy of its being ;  
 For I longed but to die and to go to that region of blackness  
 Where I might shroud me and curse in my madness forever.  
 Far, O far I fled, till my feet were wounded  
 And bruised and cut by the ways unkindly and cruel,  
 Then all the world grew red and the sun as a furnace,  
 And I raved till I knew no more for a horrible season.  
 Then I arose, and stood, like one in a dream,