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AND Ye, are ye not with me
 now alway?—
 Thy raiment, Glauce, shall
 be my attire!
 East of the Sun I, too, seek
 my desire!
 My kisses, also, quicken
 the well-wrought clay!
 And thou, Alcestis, lest my
 little day

Be done, art glad to die! Upon my pyre,
 O Brynhild, let thine ashes feed the fire!
 And, O thou Wood Sun, pray for me, I pray!
 Yea, ye are mine! Yet there remaineth one
 Who maketh Summer-time of all the year,
 Whose glory darkeneth the very sun.
 For thee my sword was sharpened and my spear,
 For thee my least poor deed was dreamed and done,
 O Love, O Queen, O Golden Guenevere!