

That breathed of life and sense !—
 Could not again supply the vital flame
 That organised her frame.

A shadow of deep suffering arose
 Over his manly brow—it was the gloom
 Of speechless passion, such as finds its close
 But in the silent tomb.
 And then as from a troubled sleep awoke,
 Thus mournfully he spoke :—

‘ My Ines, my beloved one—Oh ! thou
 Who art among the bright ones who have been ;
 Did I not swear that thou shouldst be a queen,
 And look around—have I not kept my vow ?—

‘ Thou hast a glittering diadem—the throne
 Of many kings is thine, the sceptre dwells
 Within thy grasp :—and where’s he who rebels
 ‘Gainst the authority its sway shall own ?

‘ Princes here kneel in homage ; heroes wait
 Ready to battle for thee ; churchmen stand
 With holy prayers to bless the work in hand ;
 And thou art honoured by the good and great.

‘ But, O ! thou knowest not the glories here—
 The film of death has glazed thy brilliant eye,
 The lustre of that gaze has long passed by,
 That warmed the smile and glorified the tear.

‘ Thy gentle heart the slimy worm has sought,
 And the kind feelings which it knew are o’er ;
 Thy look is passionless—thy lips no more
 Speak of the fervent love which once they taught.

‘ The heaven-born impulses thy spirit felt
 Cannot remain with the insensate dead ;
 They’ve passed, they’ve perished—have dissolved and fled,
 And left me but the clay in which they dwelt.