

29. Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat *a-weeping* : in the whole world *wide*
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.
30. Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell *us what* those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and *young*
And the great Deluge still had left it *green*;
Or was it then so *old* that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?
31. Lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened *wide*,
As if a cavern *were* suddenly *hollowed*;
And the piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last
The door in the mountain side shut *fast*.
Alas, alas for Hamelin!
32. *Strange* we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird *has flown*;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers *are gone*;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem *one-half* so *fair*
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.
33. And so she pined, and so she died *forlorn*,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was *there* in Florence *but* did mourn
In pity of her love, so *overcast*.
And a sad ditty of this story *borne*
From mouth to mouth through all the country passed:
Still is the burden sung—"O cruel;
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"
34. 'Tis said, as through the aisle they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,