

“The grass-path hardly can be stepped,
 The lane is like a pool!”—
 Her dream is shown to be inept,
 Her wish they overrule.

“To go forth shod in satin soft
 A coach would be required!”
 For thickest boots the shoes were doffed—
 Those shoes her soul desired. . . .

All day the bride, as overborne,
 Was seen to brood apart,
 And that the shoes had not been worn
 Sat heavy on her heart.

From her wrecked dream, as months flew on,
 Her thought seemed not to range.
 What ails the wife?” they said anon,
 “That she should be so strange?” . . .

Ah—what coach comes with furtive glide—
 A coach of closed-up kind?
 It comes to fetch the last year’s bride,
 Who wanders in her mind.

She strove with them, and fearfully ran
 Stairward with one low scream:
 “Nay—coax her,” said the madhouse man,
 “With some old household theme.”