

IV



AND in this garden sloping
to the sea
I dwelt (it seemed) to watch
a pageant pass,—
Great Kings, their armour
strong with iron and brass,
Young Queens, with yellow
hair bound wonderfully.
For love's sake, and because
of love's decree,

Most went, I knew; and so the flowers and grass
Knew my steps also: yet I wept Alas,
Deeming the garden surely lost to me.
But as the days went over, and still our feet
Trod the warm, even places, I knew well
(For I, as they, followed the close-heard beat
Of Love's wide wings who was her sentinel)
That here had Beauty built her citadel
And only we should reach her mercy-seat.