

"To me thou gav'st not e'en a name,
 And I had none to own,
 Had none to love and none to claim,
 A pointed outcast and alone—
 Despised and alone.

"An outcast I and all alone !—"
 The lady's cheek is pale,
 Her eyes are fixed ; she maketh moan ;
 Her haughty lord hath heard the tale—
 The coarse-clad peasant's tale.

Her lord had heard the shameful tale ;
 His soul is hot with flame ;
 His teeth are set ; he doth not rail ;
 And, oh, but for a word of blame—
 Not e'en a word of blame.

Alas, not e'en reproof and blame—
 A word of blame in sooth ;
 The weir's wild minstrelsy doth frame
 Her dying song of death and ruth,
 A dirge of death and ruth.

A requiem of death and ruth,
 The waters fret and yearn ;
 The wind is sweet as love and truth,
 It softly woos the moss and fern—
 The stippled moss and fern.

It dallies with the moss and fern ;
 The crescent moon looks down,
 Remorse has lessons one must learn ;
 And far away the lights of town—
 The irksome lights of town.

Across the leagues, the glare of town,
 And one doth moan and stare—
 Where armour glints and dark brows frown,
 And vesper bell doth call to pray'r—
 The sinner call to pray'r.

The vesper bell doth call to pray'r ;
 So sweetly doth it call,
 We'll bow our heads and enter there,
 And pray that God may help us all,—
 That Christ will save us all.

KEPPELL STRANGE.

