

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT TO HIS LADY

(DREAM-LIFE)

AWAY, away ! It is not I
 (As in days of happier breath)
Who every moment seem to die,
 Breathing this air of death !

Not so—yet God is merciful,
 And there are blessed hours
When, through this trance of anguish
 dull,
 Pierces the scent of flowers ;

And o'er long terraces I rove,
 Where I have walked my last—
Dream-splendours come to me, my love,
 As sweet as in the past !