

He said their love needed no bonds to hold,
And she had always bent unto his will. . . .
And yet she scarcely blamed him even now,
That he had grown so wearied of her soon,
A man may not keep always to his vow,
And day shall not stand ever at full noon. . . .
But those like her should never have a child,
And so she had to put her babe to sleep;
It seemed to her just now those white lips
 smiled,
How glad she was her child would never weep,
Ah, she was thankful for what she had done.
So often she would think of this green wood
When she was gone, of how the shining sun
Would fall between the leaves in yellow flood,
Of how the flowers were sprinkled on the
 ground