

Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful
season bland,
105 When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a
softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of
sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the
land?

II

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet
and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip,
scandal, and spite;
110 And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies
as a Czar;¹
And here on the landward side, by a red rock,
glimmers the Hall;
And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like
a light;
But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading
star!

III

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head
of the race?
115 I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her
brother I bow'd:
I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the
moor;

¹ *As a Czar.* Every patriotic Englishman was at this time convinced of the duplicity of the Czar of Russia. See note on line 1284.