

She told him of his royal courtesy,
 And tender words of sympathy for him
 And all the loyal people, doubly scourged
 By fire and famine in their forest homes.
 She told him of the messengers by her
 Outrun, but following in haste with food
 To aid the dwellers on the Chenonda,—
 While she had brought a basket in her hand
 For present need, until the men arrived
 With waggon train and plenty for them all !

“Thanks for God’s mercies !” said he. “Thank the Prince
 And thee, my love, for all that thou hast done !
 I now can die content. The country’s saved !
 Content to die—except in leaving thee.”

He turned upon his couch and looked at her,
 As if his heart were bursting with the thought.
 “O, Minne mine !” he whispered, “bend thy ear
 As thou didst in those happy autumn days
 When I first claimed thy hand and all thy love.
 As thou wert to me then, so be thou now !
 For now a greater sorrow waits us both
 Than then, if possible, our mutual joy.
 Together we have lived our life of love
 In perfect oneness. Now apart ; one dead
 One living, shall we love alway as now ?
 I hear thee whisper yes, O Minne mine !
 Then be it so ; for there is nought to fear ;
 Though fall between us the mysterious veil
 Which hides from mortal eyes the life beyond,—
 The veil that is not lifted till we die.”

Between those two that veil did never fall !
 She heard, but only in her inward ear,
 His dying whispers, as she speechless lay
 Kneeling beside his couch ; nor marked that day
 Had faded in the west and Night had come,
 Bearing upon her shoulder, draped with cloud,
 The harvest moon, that made the very sky
 About it black, so silver clear it shone.
 The south wind rose. The smoke which filled the air
 Far down upon th’ horizon rolled away ;
 While shorn of radiance in the moonlight clear,
 The stars looked blankly in the porch and saw,
 With eyes as pitiless as stony fate,
 A sight had melted human eyes to tears.
 The rustling sedges on the river-side