

“But thou art queen, and thou art free;—free
now to go or stay,
I would not bind thee to my side—not by one
golden hair.—
Leave thou this land of peril e’er the breaking
of the day,
Or give thy life to my dark life—and bear
what it doth bear.”

Then blanched her face to whiteness of the lilies
on her gown,
And low she bowed as lilies bow in drift of
wind and rain;
“My Lord,” she said, “I have no will except to
lay it down
At thy desire. As I have done, so will I do
again.

“Thou art my king; my son is thine. It is not
mine to say
That I will bear him hence.—Yet gropes my
soul unto a light;
The quarrel is ’twixt Heaven and thee alone—
so I will stay
With him I love within the tower throughout
this fateful night.”