

## THE CAPTIVE



Y lady is robed for the ball to-night,  
All in a shimmer and silken sheen.  
She glides down the stairs like a  
thing of light,  
The ballroom's beautiful queen.

Priceless gems on her bosom glow—  
Half hid by laces a queen might wear.  
Robed is she, as befits, you know,  
The wife of a millionaire.

Gliding along at her liege lord's side,  
Out-shining all in that company,  
Into the mind of the o'd man's bride  
There creeps a curious simile.

She thinks how once in the Long Ago,  
A beautiful captive, all aflame  
With jewels that weighed her down like woe,  
Close in the wake of her captor came.