

Of sunset, shone like waves of burning gold.
And o'er her eyes, so spiritually clear,
The lids droop'd, as the water lily folds
Its snowy petals o'er its golden breast.
Tranquil she lay, nor spake. All breathlessly
They watched, but deeming that their Constance slept.
'Length when the shades of night had gathered o'er,
Unto her sister there, came Rosaline,
Saying, with tender words, "Shall we depart."
She answered not, and when again they spake,
Stirred not, for in that silent hour had fled
Her spirit pure, unto its longed for home.
And with a wailing cry, fell Rosaline
All swooning there her sister's couch beside.
Then raised her, e'en with sorrow deep as hers,
Guy De Lestrage, and then in quav'ring tones
Bade those attending home to follow him,
And silently they bore the sacred dead,
And in her virgin bower laid her down.
'Length Rosaline to consciousness restored
Then wildly sobbed, until Lestrage advanced
And pleaded thus : "Come Rosaline, with me ;
" For when thou gazest on that angel face,
" Methinks thou couldst not call her back again."
Then she arose and to that bower went,