

Doubt.

I do not know if all the fault be mine,
Or why I may not think of thee and be
At peace with mine own heart. Un-
ceasingly

Grim doubts beset me, bygone words of
thine

Take subtle meaning, and I cannot rest
Till all my fears and follies are confessed.

Perhaps the wild wind's questioning has
brought

My heart its melancholy, for, alone

In the night stillness, I can hear him moan

In sobbing gusts, as though he vainly sought
Some bygone bliss. Against the drip-
ping pane

In storm-blown torrents beats the driving
rain.