

V.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

25

VI.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead;
 "Thou, paid by the world,—what dost thou owe
 Me?" God might question: now instead
 'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.

30

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop 5
 As they crop—
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since 10
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.