

No wonder that this window-place
Could make the Lady Alice glad,
When sights like these were what she had !
Yet there was one that made her face
For a little space

*The
Window
of
Dreams.*

Grow like a face that God has known.
I think she was the happiest
When the sun dropped into the west ;
This was the thing she then was shown,
And this alone :

*A laden ship that followed fast
The way the setting sun had led ;
In the east wind her great sail spread ;
A brave knight standing near the mast ;
The shore at last !*

Of all things, this the best did seem.
And now the gathering darkness fell ;
The morn would bring him, she knew well ;
She slept ; and in her sleep, I deem,
She had one dream.

Against the window-side she slept.
This window-place was very strange ;
Since it was made it had known change.
Beneath it once no women wept,
And no vines crept