

It is not this wind she is feeling,
 Not this cool grass below ;
 'Tis the wind and the grass of an evening
 A hundred years ago.

She sees no roses darkling,
 No stately hollyhocks dim ;
 She is only thinking and dreaming
 Of the garden, the night, and him ;

Of the unlit windows behind her,
 Of the timeless dial-stone,
 Of the trees, and the moon, and the shadows,
 A hundred years ago.

'Tis a night for all ghostly lovers
 To haunt the best-loved spot :
 Is he come in his dreams to this garden ?
 I gaze, but I see him not.

VII.

I will not look on her nearer—
 My heart would be torn in twain ;
 From mine eyes the garden would vanish
 In the falling of their rain.

I will not look on a sorrow
 That darkens into despair ;
 On the surge of a heart that cannot—
 Yet cannot cease to bear.

My soul to hers would be calling—
 She would hear no word it said ;
 If I cried aloud in the stillness,
 She would never turn her head.

She is dreaming the sky above her,
 She is dreaming the earth below :
 For this night she lost her lover
 A hundred years ago.

GEORGE MACDONALD.