

Caught and cuff'd by the gale:
195 I had fancied it would be fair.

II

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
200 Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet,
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.¹

III

And thus a delicate spark
205 Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams
Ready to burst in a colour'd flame;
Till at last when the morning came
210 In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

IV

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
215 Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like² as of old

¹ *Not return'd*: See lines 115-119 and 748-749.

² *Cleopatra-like*. The Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, led captive by her charm and beauty not only Julius Cæsar, but also Marcus Antonius.