

"Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call —
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet even-fall.
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall.

"Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep, and weep and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

"Get thee hence, nor come again,
Pass and cease to move about —
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

"Would the happy Spirit descend
In the chamber or the street
As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the region of thy rest.'

"But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,