

And such the music from remotest spheres
That fills my mind with weird and haunting fears.
For in the fancies of delirious hours
I dream we are the playthings of fierce powers,
Who waft us with their cold, capricious breath
Broken and bruised, the toilsome way to death.
For as with boisterous and triumphant glee
A strong wind smites the unsuspecting sea,
So sudden a blast of misery now blows
Upon the serene calm of my repose.
For long ago you cast a flaming brand
Upon my heart, and all its ardours fanned
To a consuming passion, till bereft
Of your loved ministry, desertion left
Heart's shrine a desolation, and my fate
The symbol of high purpose desecrate.
And in those days I bade my soul at rest
Seek bird-like the warm shelter of your breast ;
And you did nourish it, and cherish long,
That, bird-like, in the melody of song
It sang your worship, till a sadness fell
Upon the music that you loved so well,
And the warm refuge of my Love's repose
Grew chill and cheerless as the wintry snows—
And my soul, songless and with broken wing,
Returned to me, — could you not let it sing ?

And I, I have dreamed my dream,—lived long enough
Within the memories of a perished love.