

REVERIE

I THINK that once thy tender feet were shod
With silken sandals, while amidst thy hair
White diamonds glimmered at thy head's slow
 nod,

And all was done for thy sweet body's care ;
But thou didst stoop to sin on some old day,
That day which only dreams may bring again,
And so thou walkest in the shadows gray
Attended only by the wind and rain.