

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
 And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
 175 And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
 Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
 Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
 Till I well could weep ¹ for a time so sordid and mean,
 And myself so languid and base.

III

180 Silence, beautiful voice!
 Be still, for you only trouble the mind
 With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
 A glory I shall not find.
 Still! I will hear you no more,
 185 For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
 But to move to the meadow and fall before
 Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
 Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
 Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI

I

190 Morning arises stormy and pale,
 No sun, but a wannish glare
 In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
 And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd

¹ *Could weep.* "The meanness and the sordid spirit of the world now begin to call forth tears instead of sarcasm and railery; and he could weep too for his own inactivity and baseness as well as for its meanness. The change of the measure beautifully expresses the character of the transformation the voice and its mistress are working to the hearer." — DR. R. J. MANN.