

XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the
moor and the main.

Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come
to me here?

O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves
of pain,

Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit
and the fear?

XVII

65 Workmen up at the Hall! — they are coming back
from abroad;

The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a mil-
lionaire:

I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular
beauty of Maud;

I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised
then to be fair.

XVIII

inched
Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles
and childish escapes,

70 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the
Hall,

Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father
dangled the grapes,

Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced
darling of all, —

XIX

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may
bring me a curse.

No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let
me alone.