

aves
Their eyes were overclouded, they could see
(Who had drawn water there perpetually)
Nothing but water in a depth serene,
With a few moony stones of palish green.
They thought perchance it was her face she saw
And answered, beauty unto beauty's law,
But when they showed her image in a glass,
She was not cured and nothing came to pass;
So then they left her to her own strange will,
And here she stayed when the fair pool was
still.

But when the wind would hurl the heavy rain,
She peered out sadly from her window-pane;
And when the night set wildly close and deep,
She took her trouble down the dale of sleep:
But when the night was warm and no dew fell,
She waked and dreamed beside the starlit well.

Then came a change, each day some offering
She laid beside the clear soft flowing spring;
And there she found them at the break of morn,
And everything would take away forlorn;
Until beside the unconscious spring was laid
Each treasure held most precious by a maid.

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