

THE DEAD SOUL

WHEN they have borne me out beyond the hill
And laid me down behind that chiselled door,
I shall lie there forever wanly still,
And none that live or die shall see me more.

So frail my soul, I think it could not rise
Above the earth when I should come to rest,
But as a flame blown by a night wind dies
So should it fade what time it leaves my breast.

For all too well thou hast long cherished me,
Bringing me amber for my sun-swept hair,
Silks woven silver as a moon-drowned sea,
Corals and topaz for mine arms to bear.