

They bade me come to them when I was free.
And I am free, my doom not fully spent,
Because I have been faithful in the tasks
Of my captivity. And I am here
To find a ship for England. I shall work
My passage there : thence to the far new home,
To live my life again and cleanse its blot.
In a dark hour you found me, hungry, cold,
A pauper, spurned by burly captains when
I asked employment ; but you came, and hope
Came with you, and my heart is strong once more.
And Malcolm I am glad to see your face
And say, 'Forgive me' : I was false to you :
My thoughts soared not with yours. You had large
That would reform the world ——" [plans
" Hold, Eric, hold !

My plans are humbler now ; and it is I
Who need forgiveness : for you looked to me
Who with false lights perplexed you ; but tell me now,
This fair white soul, this chosen of God who brought