

The work of their own hearts, and that must be
 Our chastisement or recompense.—O child !
 I would that thine were like to be more mild
 For both our wretched sakes,—for thine the most,
 Who feel'st already all that thou hast lost,
 Without the power to wish it thine again.
 And, as slow years pass, a funereal train,
 Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend
 Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend
 No thought on my dead memory ?

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“ Aias, love !

“ Fear me not : against thee I'd not move
 A finger in despite. Do I not live
 That thou mayst have less bitter cause to grieve ?
 I give thee tears for scorn, and love for hate ;
 And, that thy lot may be less desolate
 Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain
 From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.
 Then—when thou speakest of me—never say,
 ‘ He could forgive not.’—Here I cast away
 All human passions, all revenge, all pride ;
 I think, speak, act no ill ; I do but hide
 Under these words, like embers, every spark
 Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark