

Because their natures are little, and, whether he
 heed it or not,
 155 Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of
 poisonous flies.

X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness
 of love,
 The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless
 ill.
 Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet
 for a wife.
 Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in
 marble above;
 160 Your father is ever in London, you wander about at
 your will;
 You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies
 of life.

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
 In the meadow under the Hall!
 She is singing an air that is known to me,
 165 A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
 A martial song like a trumpet's call!
 Singing alone in the morning of life,
 In the happy morning of life and of May,
 Singing of men that in battle array,
 170 Ready in heart and ready in hand,
 March with banner and bugle and fife
 To the death, for their native land.¹

¹ *For their native land.* See lines 1319-1324.