

AN UNTOLD STORY.

I.

*When the dark falls, and as a single star
The orient planets blend in one white ray
A-quiver through the violet shadows far
Where the rose-red still lingers mid the grey :*

*And when the moon, half-cirque around her hollow,
Casts on the upland pastures shimmer of green :
And the marsh-meteors the frail lightnings follow,
And wave laps into wave with amber sheen—*

*O then my heart is full of thee, who never
From out thy beautiful mysterious eyes
Givest one glance at this my wild endeavour,
Who hast no heed, no heed, of all my sighs :*

*Is it so well with thee in thy high place
That thou canst mock me thus even to my face ?*

II.

*Dull ash-grey frost upon the black-grey fields :
Thick wreaths of tortured smoke above the town :
The chill impervious fog no foothold yields,
But onward draws its shroud of yellow brown.*

*No star can pierce the gloom, no moon dispart :
And I am lonely here, and scarcely know
What mockery is " death from a broken heart "
What tragic pity in the one word : Woe.*

*But I am free of thee, at least, yea free !
No more thy bondager 'twixt heaven and hell !
No more there numbs, no more there shroudeth me
The paralysing horror of thy spell :*

*No more win'st thou this last frail worshipping breath,
For twice dead he who dies this second death.*

LIONEL WINGRAVE.