

III.

*Thou leanest to the shell of night
 Dear lady, a divining ear.
 In that soft choiring of delight
 What sound hath made thy heart to fear!
 Seemed it of rivers rushing forth
 From the grey deserts of the north?
 That mood of thine, O timorous
 Is his, if thou but scan it well,
 Who a mad tale bequeaths to us
 At ghosting hour conjurable —
 And all for some strange name he read
 In Purchas or in Holinshed.*

IV.

*Dear heart, why will you use me so?
 Dear eyes that gently me upbraid
 Still are You beautiful — but O
 How is your beauty raimented!
 Through the clear mirror of your eyes,
 Through the soft sigh of kiss to kiss,
 Desolate winds assail with cries
 The shadowy garden where love is.
 And soon shall love dissolved be
 When over us the wild winds blow —
 But you, dear love, so dear to me,
 Alas! Why will You use me so?*