

DREAM-LAND.

Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep:

Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.

Thro' sleep, as thro' a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.

She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:

Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

And win the fiery antidote:

Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;

To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI, JUNE 8, 1857.

A hundred, a thousand to one; even so:
Not a hope in the world remained:
The swarming howling wretches below
Gained and gained and gained,

Skene looked at his pale young wife:—
"Is the time come?"—"The time is come!"—
Young, strong, and so full of life:
The agony struck them dumb.

Close his arm about her now,
Close her cheek to his,
Close the pistol to her brow—
God forgive them this!

"Will it hurt much?"—"No, mine own;
I wish I could bear the pang for both."
"I wish I could bear the pang alone:
Courage, dear, I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss: "It is not pain
Thus to kiss and die.
One kiss more."—"And yet one again."—
"Good bye."—"Good bye."

- desensualization
of Keatsian
Nature
- Not elegiac

unintentionally
reminiscent