And no scorn could make us falter.
When the evening glimmered mild
In the tinted panes, we bowed
Gravely on the flags, and vowed
Not as yet before the altar
Of the Mother, but her Child.

II

The island-garden sleeps. No step, no sound,
And magic holds the palace dim and mute.
No priest, or prince, or marquis can be found,
No guard displays the banner in salute.

A breath of fever from the river fumes,
A fire falls, a fire mounts and flows,
On every colour greyish vapour glooms
And wilts the shrubs and flowers in formal rows.

The stranger is expectant and afraid,
He hastens up the path between the yews...
No glimmer of a child in blue brocade,
Or of the impress of his saffian shoes?

III

Across a plain of snow we sped,
And parting swiftly lost its sting,
The whirl of wheels that chugged ahead
  Hurried straight into the spring.

How thoughts revolved abreast of night
I know, and how we scarcely slept,
How mists were downed before the light,
  Gleam of day through windows crept,

Where rush and tiny palm and leaf
Of sheerest crystal were unfurled
Among the bracken, moss, and sheaf,
  Flora of a wonder-world!
What balms on brittle bark
Of fence and branches ooze?
Autumnal colours with sheen
Of lingering sunset fuse:
Red-gold, a stipple of dark,
Scarlet and curious green.

Who comes to the unknown soul,
Alone in its sorrowful maze?
A child in a flutter of blue —
Shy rustle of wind, the adieu
Of roses spending their toll
Of scent to the last warm rays.

By shimmering hedges and through
The crackle of withered trails
And sough of glossy bough,
Clinging together we go
Like siblings in fairy-tales,
And falter in dazzled awe.

THE CLASP

I planned it as an iron band,
As something cool and smooth and plain,
But not a mine in all the land
Had metal of the wanted grain.

So now it shall be otherwise:
A rare and lavish cluster tooled
Of gold as red as flame, and jewelled
With precious stones in flashing dyes.