

THE NINETEENTH DAY.

“The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.”

*Richard III.*

SHE dared not come into my room to-night.  
So? I was acquiescent, sharp despair  
And nervous purpose mixing in me there  
The while I waited: then I glided light  
(Clad in the swart robe of an eremite)  
Across the passage. Now, all unaware  
My kisses underneath the veil of vair  
Woke her: she turned and sighed and held me  
tight.

Her child slept gently on the farther side.  
But we took danger by the throat, despised  
All but the one sole splendour that we prized;  
And she, whose robe was far too slight to hide  
The babe-smooth breasts, was far too frail to  
cover  
Her heart's true fire and music from her lover.