

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

“I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.”

Richard II.

ALICE was desperately ill at morn.

Hour by sweet hour I watched her sorrowing,
While the strong fever fought unconquering
With native coolness of her life, o'er-worn
Or poisoned; thus I fought the long forlorn
Battle all day, until the evening
Brought back sweet health on sleep and noiseless
wing :
Strong love of the long battle was reborn.

The child slept elsewhere that she might sleep well.

Therefore, not fearing anything, I came ;
Lit my love's candle at her body's flame,
And fought not with the fevers now that swell
Our burning lips and bosoms, until shame
Nearly surrendered the sweet citadel.