

THE TWO WOMEN

Lo! very fair is she who knows the ways Of joy: in pleasure's mocking
wisdom old, The eyes that might be cold to flattery, kind; The hair that
might be grey with knowledge, gold.

But thou art more than these things, O my queen, For thou art clad in
ancient wars and tears. And looking forth, framed in the crown of thorns, I
saw the youngest face in all the spheres.