

THE CHIMES

That morning when I trod the town
The twitching chimes of long renown
 Played out to me
The sweet Sicilian sailors' tune,
And I knew not if late or soon
 My day would be:

A day of sunshine beryl-bright
And windless; yea, think as I might,
 I could not say,
Even to within years' measure, when
One would be at my side who then
 Was far away.

When hard utilitarian times
Had stilled the sweet Saint-Peter's chimes
 I learnt to see
That bale may spring where blisses are,
And one desired might be afar
 Though near to me.