

IN A EWELEAZE NEAR WEATHERBURY

The years have gathered grayly
 Since I danced upon this leaze
With one who kindled gaily
 Love's fitful ecstasies!
But despite the term as teacher,
 I remain what I was then
In each essential feature
 Of the fantasies of men.

Yet I note the little chisel
 Of never-napping Time,
Defacing ghastr and grizzel
 The blazon of my prime.
When at night he thinks me sleeping,
 I feel him boring sly
Within my bones, and heaping
 Quaintest pains for by-and-by.

Still, I'd go the world with Beauty,
 I would laugh with her and sing,
I would shun divinest duty
 To resume her worshipping.

But she'd scorn my brave endeavour,

She would not balm the breeze

By murmuring "Thine for ever!"

As she did upon this leaze.

1890.