

FAINTHEART IN A RAILWAY TRAIN

AT nine in the morning there passed a church,
 At ten there passed me by the sea,
 At twelve a town of smoke and smirch,
 At two a forest of oak and birch,
 And then, on a platform, she :

A radiant stranger, who saw not me.
 I said, "Get out to her do I dare?"
 But I kept my seat in my search for a plea,
 And the wheels moved on. O could it but be
 That I had alighted there !

AT MOONRISE AND ONWARDS

I THOUGHT you a fire
 On Heath-Plantation Hill,
 Dealing out mischief the most dire
 To the chattels of men of hire
 There in their vill.

But by and by
 You turned a yellow-green,
 Like a large glow-worm in the sky ;
 And then I could descry
 Your mood and mien.

How well I know
 Your furtive feminine shape !
 As if reluctantly you show
 You nude of cloud, and but by favour throw
 Aside its drape. . . .

—How many a year
 Have you kept pace with me,
 Wan Woman of the waste up there,
 Behind a hedge, or the bare
 Bough of a tree !