

ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE.

HERE in the evening curl white mists and wreaths  
in their vapour

All the gray spires of stone, all the immobile towers ;  
Here in the twilight gloom dim trees and sleepier rivers,  
Here where the bridge is thrown over the amber  
stream.

Chill is the ray that steals from the moon to the  
stream that whispers

Secret tales of its source, songs of its fountain-head.  
Here do I stand in the dusk ; like spectres mournfully  
moving

Wisps of the cloud-wreaths form, dissipate into the  
mist,  
Wrap me in shrouds of gray, chill me and make me  
shiver,

Not with the Night alone, not with the sound of  
her wing,  
Yet with a sense of something vague and unearthly  
stalking

(Step after step as I move) me, to annul me, quell  
Hope and desire and life, bid light die under my  
eyelids,

Bid the strong heart despair, quench the desire of  
Heaven.

So I shudder a little ; and my heart goes out to the  
mountains,

Rock upon rock for a crown, snow like an ermine  
robe ;