

THE FORTY-FIRST DAY.

“I am sick.”

Antony and Cleopatra.

How things are changed since Alice was so ill!
I, being in high fever, lay in bed,
While my love smoothed the pillows for my head:
Her calm looks christened me with dew to still
All chance of fever to the soul, and fill
My heart with pure love like a snowfall shed
Meekly, a blossom where frail white and red
Were never frenzied at some mad god's will.

She sat and gazed upon me all day long.
Sometimes she held my hands; then she would
weep,
And then stoop tenderly and kiss my lips,
Or lull me with some chaste and gentle song
Of angel love. Night's plume its dew fall drips
As she still sits and watches me to sleep.