

## SEA-MEWS IN WINTER TIME.

I WALKED beside a dark gray sea,  
And said, "O world, how cold thou art!  
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,  
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"Yon rising wave licks off the snow,  
Winds on the crag each other chase,  
In little powdery whirls they blow  
The misty fragments down its face.

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,  
Winter sits cowering on the wold,  
And I, beside this watery brim,  
Am also lonely, also cold."

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,  
Where many mews made twittering sweet;  
Their wings upreared, the clustering flock  
Did pat the sea-grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea  
Ran up and washed it while they fed;  
Their fond and foolish ecstasy  
A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy companied with every cry,  
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,  
That heaving sea, that shaded sky,  
And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!  
What idless graced the twittering things;  
Luxurious paddlings in the spray,  
And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast  
The lovely crowd flew out to sea;  
If mine own life had been recast,  
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

"Where is the cold? Yon clouded skies  
Have only dropped their curtains low  
To shade the old mother where she lies,  
Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow.

"The cold is not in crag, nor scar,  
Not in the snows that lap the lea,  
Not in your wings that beat afar,  
Delighting, on the crested sea;

"No, nor in yon exultant wind  
That shakes the oak and bends the pine.  
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find  
No sense of cold, fond fool, but thine!"

With that I felt the gloom depart,  
And thoughts within me did unfold,  
Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart:  
I walked in joy, and was not cold.

## LAURANCE.

## I.

HE knew she did not love him; but so long  
As rivals were unknown to him, he dwelt  
At ease, and did not find his love a pain.  
He had much deference in his nature, need  
To honor, — it became him: he was frank,  
Fresh, hardy, of a joyous mind, and strong, —  
Looked all things straight in the face. So when she  
came  
Before him first, he looked at her, and looked

No more, but colored to his healthful brow,  
 And wished himself a better man, and thought  
 On certain things, and wished they were undone,  
 Because her girlish innocence, the grace  
 Of her unblemished pureness, wrought in him  
 A longing and aspiring, and a shame  
 To think how wicked was the world, — that world  
 Which he must walk in, — while from her (and such  
 As she was) it was hidden; there was made  
 A clean path, and the girl moved on like one  
 In some enchanted ring.

In his young heart  
 She reigned, with all the beauties that she had,  
 And all the virtues that he rightly took  
 For granted; there he set her with her crown,  
 And at her first enthronement he turned out  
 Much that was best away, for unaware  
 His thoughts grew noble. She was always there  
 And knew it not, and he grew like to her,  
 And like to what he thought her.

Now he dwelt  
 With kin that loved him well, — two fine old folk,  
 A rich, right honest yeoman, and his dame, —  
 Their only grandson he, their pride, their heir.  
 To these one daughter had been born, one child,  
 And as she grew to woman, "Look," they said,  
 "She must not leave us; let us build a wing,  
 With cheerful rooms and wide, to our old grange;  
 There may she dwell, with her good man, and all  
 God sends them." Then the girl in her first youth  
 Married a curate, — handsome, poor in purse,  
 Of gentle blood and manners, and he lived  
 Under her father's roof, as they had planned.  
 Full soon, for happy years are short, they filled  
 The house with children; four were born to them.

Then came a sickly season; fever spread  
 Among the poor. The curate, never slack  
 In duty, praying by the sick, or, worse,  
 Burying the dead, when all the air was clogged  
 With poisonous mist, was stricken; long he lay  
 Sick, almost to the death, and when his head  
 He lifted from the pillow, there was left  
 One only of that pretty flock: his girls,  
 His three, were cold beneath the sod; his boy,  
 Their eldest born, remained.

The drooping wife  
 Bore her great sorrow in such quiet wise,  
 That first they marvelled at her, then they tried  
 To rouse her, showing her their bitter grief,  
 Lamenting, and not sparing; but she sighed,  
 "Let me alone, it will not be for long."  
 Then did her mother tremble, murmuring out,  
 "Dear child, the best of comfort will be soon.  
 O, when you see this other little face,  
 You will, please God, be comforted."

She said,  
 "I shall not live to see it;" but she did, —  
 A little sickly face, a wan, thin face.  
 Then she grew eager, and her eyes were bright  
 When she would plead with them, "Take me away,  
 Let me go south; it is the bitter blast  
 That chills my tender babe; she cannot thrive  
 Under the desolate, dull, mournful cloud."  
 Then they all journeyed south together, mute  
 With past and coming sorrow, till the sun,  
 In gardens edging the blue tideless main,  
 Warmed them and calmed the aching at their hearts,  
 And all went better for a while; but not  
 For long. They sitting by the orange-trees  
 Once rested, and the wife was very still:

A woman with narcissus flowers heaped up  
 Let down her basket from her head, but paused  
 With pitying gesture, and drew near and stooped,  
 Taking a white wild face upon her breast.  
 The little babe on its poor mother's knees,  
 None marking it, none knowing else, had died.  
 The fading mother could not stay behind,  
 Her heart was broken ; but it awed them most  
 To feel they must not, dared not, pray for life,  
 Seeing she longed to go, and went so gladly.  
 After, these three, who loved each other well,  
 Brought their one child away, and they were best  
 Together in the wide old grange. Full oft  
 The father with the mother talked of her,  
 Their daughter, but the husband nevermore ;  
 He looked for solace in his work, and gave  
 His mind to teach his boy. And time went on,  
 Until the grandsire prayed those other two,  
 " Now part with him ; it must be ; for his good :  
 He rules and knows it ; choose for him a school,  
 Let him have all advantages, and all  
 Good training that should make a gentleman."  
 With that they parted from their boy, and lived  
 Longing between his holidays, and time  
 Sped ; he grew on till he had eighteen years.  
 His father loved him, wished to make of him  
 Another parson ; but the farmer's wife  
 Murmured at that— " No, no, they learned bad ways.  
 They ran in debt at college ; she had heard  
 That many rued the day they sent their boys  
 To college ; " and between the two broke in  
 His grandsire, " Find a sober, honest man,  
 A scholar, for our lad should see the world  
 While he is young, that he may marry young.  
 He will not settle and be satisfied

Till he has run about the world awhile.  
 Good lack, I longed to travel in my youth,  
 And had no chance to do it. Send him off,  
 A sober man being found to trust him with, —  
 One with the fear of God before his eyes."  
 And he prevailed ; the careful father chose  
 A tutor, young, the worthy matron thought, —  
 In truth, not ten years older than her boy,  
 And glad as he to range, and keen for snows,  
 Desert, and ocean. And they made strange choice  
 Of where to go, left the sweet day behind,  
 And pushed up north in whaling ships, to feel  
 What cold was, see the blowing whale come up,  
 And Arctic creatures, while a scarlet sun  
 Went round and round, crowd on the clear blue berg

Then did the trappers have them ; and they heard  
 Nightly the whistling calls of forest-men  
 That mocked the forest wonders ; and they saw  
 Over the open, raging up like doom,  
 The dangerous dust-cloud, that was full of eyes—  
 The bisons. So were three years gone like one ;  
 And the old cities drew them for awhile,  
 Great mothers, by the Tiber and the Seine ;  
 They have hid many sons hard by their seats,  
 But all the air is stirring with them still,  
 The waters murmur of them, skies at eve  
 Are stained with their rich blood, and every sound  
 Means men.

At last, the fourth year running out,  
 The youth came home. And all the cheerful house  
 Was decked in fresher colors, and the dame  
 Was full of joy. But in the father's heart  
 Abode a painful doubt. " It is not well ;  
 He cannot spend his life with dog and gun.  
 I do not care that my one son should sleep

Merely for keeping him in breath, and wake  
Only to ride to cover."

Not the less

The grandsire pondered. "Ay, the boy must work  
Or spend; and I must let him spend; just stay  
Awhile with us, and then from time to time  
Have leave to be away with those fine folk  
With whom, these many years, at school, and now,  
During his sojourn in the foreign towns,  
He has been made familiar." Thus a month  
Went by. They liked the stirring ways of youth,  
The quick elastic step, and joyous mind,  
Ever expectant of it knew not what,  
But something higher than has e'er been born  
Of easy slumber and sweet competence.  
And as for him, the while they thought and thought  
A comfortable instinct let him know  
How they had waited for him, to complete  
And give a meaning to their lives; and still  
At home, but with a sense of newness there,  
And frank and fresh as in the school-boy days,  
He oft — invading of his father's haunts,  
The study where he passed the silent morn —  
Would sit, devouring with a greedy joy  
The piled-up books, uncut as yet; or wake  
To guide with him by night the tube, and search,  
Ay, think to find new stars; then, risen betimes,  
Would ride about the farm, and list the talk  
Of his hale grandsire.

But a day came round,  
When, after peering in his mother's room,  
Shaded and shuttered from the light, he oped  
A door, and found the rosy grandmother  
Enscenced and happy in her special pride,  
Her storeroom. She was corking syrups rare,  
And fruits all sparkling in a crystal coat.

Here, after choice of certain cates well known,  
He, sitting on her bacon-chest at ease,  
Sang as he watched her, till, right suddenly,  
As if a new thought came, "Goody," quoth he,  
"What, think you, do they want to do with me?  
What have they planned for me that I should do?"

"Do, laddie!" quoth she, faltering, half in tears;  
"Are you not happy with us? not content?  
Why would ye go away? There is no need  
That ye should do at all. O, bide at home.  
Have we not plenty?"

"Even so," he said;

"I did not wish to go."

"Nay, then," quoth she,

"Be idle; let me see your blessed face.  
What, is the horse your father chose for you  
Not to your mind? He is? Well, well, remain;  
Do as you will, so you but do it here.  
You shall not want for money."

But, his arms

Folding, he sat and twisted up his mouth  
With comical discomfiture.

"What, then,"

She sighed, "what is it, child, that you would like?"  
"Why," said he, "farming."

And she looked at him

Fond, foolish woman that she was, to find  
Some fitness in the worker for the work,  
And she found none. A certain grace there was  
Of movement, and a beauty in the face,  
Sun-browned and healthful beauty, that had come  
From his grave father; and she thought, "Good lack,  
A farmer! he is fitter for a duke.

He walks — why, how he walks! if I should meet  
 One like him, whom I knew not, I should ask,  
 ‘And who may that be?’ So the foolish thought  
 Found words. Quoth she, half laughing, half  
 ashamed,

“We planned to make of you — a gentleman.”  
 And, with engaging sweet audacity, —  
 She thought it nothing less, — he, looking up,  
 With a smile in his blue eyes, replied to her,  
 “And haven’t you done it?” Quoth she, lovingly,  
 “I think we have, laddie; I think we have.”  
 “Then,” quoth he, “I may do what best I like;  
 It makes no matter. Goody, you were wise  
 To help me in it, and to let me farm;  
 I think of getting into mischief else!”  
 “No! do ye, laddie?” quoth the dame, and laughed.  
 “But ask my grandfather,” the youth went on,  
 “To let me have the farm he bought last year,  
 The little one, to manage. I like land;  
 I want some.” And she, womanlike, gave way,  
 Convinced; and promised, and made good her word,  
 And that same night upon the matter spoke,  
 In presence of the father and the son.

“Roger,” quoth she, “our Laurance wants to farm;  
 I think he might do worse.” The father sat  
 Mute, but right glad. The grandson, breaking in,  
 Set all his wish and his ambition forth;  
 But cunningly the old man hid his joy,  
 And made conditions with a faint demur.  
 Then, pausing, “Let your father speak,” quoth he;  
 “I am content if he is.” At his word  
 The parson took him; ay, and, parson like,  
 Put a religious meaning in the work,  
 Man’s earliest work, and wished his son God speed.

## II.

Thus all were satisfied, and, day by day,  
 For two sweet years a happy course was theirs;  
 Happy, but yet the fortunate, the young  
 Loved, and much cared-for, entered on his strife, —  
 A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen  
 Of sight and hearing to the delicate  
 Beauty and music of an altered world —  
 Began to walk in that mysterious light  
 Which doth reveal and yet transform; which gives  
 Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death, and life,  
 Intenser meaning; in disquieting  
 Lifts up; a shining light: men call it Love.  
 Fair, modest eyes had she, the girl he loved;  
 A silent creature, thoughtful, grave, sincere.  
 She never turned from him with sweet caprice,  
 Nor changing moved his soul to troublous hope,  
 Nor dropped for him her heavy lashes low,  
 But excellent in youthful grace came up;  
 And, ere his words were ready, passing on,  
 Had left him all a-tremble; yet made sure  
 That by her own true will, and fixed intent,  
 She held him thus remote. Therefore, albeit  
 He knew she did not love him, yet so long  
 As of a rival unaware, he dwelt  
 All in the present, without fear, or hope,  
 Enthralled and whelmed in the deep sea of love,  
 And could not get his head above its wave  
 To search the far horizon, or to mark  
 Whereto it drifted him.

So long, so long;  
 Then, on a sudden, came the ruthless fate,  
 Showed him a bitter truth, and brought him bale  
 All in the tolling out of noon.

’Twas thus:  
 Snow-time was come; it had been snowing hard;

Across the church-yard path he walked ; the clock  
 Began to strike, and, as he passed the porch,  
 Half turning, through a sense that came to him  
 As of some presence in it, he beheld  
 His love, and she had come for shelter there ;  
 And all her face was fair with rosy bloom,  
 The blush of happiness ; and one held up  
 Her ungloved hand in both his own, and stooped  
 Toward it, sitting by her. O, her eyes  
 Were full of peace and tender light : they looked  
 One moment in the ungraced lover's face  
 While he was passing in the snow ; and he  
 Received the story, while he raised his hat  
 Retiring. Then the clock left off to strike,  
 And that was all. It snowed, and he walked on ;  
 And in a certain way he marked the snow,  
 And walked, and came upon the open heath ;  
 And in a certain way he marked the cold,  
 And walked as one that had no starting-place  
 Might walk, but not to any certain goal.

And he strode on toward a hollow part,  
 Where from the hillside gravel had been dug,  
 And he was conscious of a cry, and went,  
 Dulled in his sense, as though he heard it not ;  
 Till a small farm-house drudge, a half-grown girl,  
 Rose from the shelter of a drift that lay  
 Against the bushes, crying, " God ! O God,  
 O my good God, He sends us help at last."

Then, looking hard upon her, came to him  
 The power to feel and to perceive. Her teeth  
 Chattered, and all her limbs with shuddering failed,  
 And in her threadbare shawl was wrapped a child  
 That looked on him with wondering, wistful eyes.  
 " I thought to freeze," the girl broke out with tears ;  
 " Kind sir, kind sir," and she held out the child,

As praying him to take it ; and he did ;  
 And gave to her the shawl, and swathed his charge  
 In the foldings of his plaid ; and when it thrust  
 Its small round face against his breast, and felt  
 With small red hands for warmth, unbearable  
 Pains of great pity rent his straitened heart,  
 For the poor upland dwellers had been out  
 Since morning dawn, at early milking-time,  
 Wandering and stumbling in the drift. And now,  
 Lamed with a fall, half crippled by the cold,  
 Hardly prevailed his arm to drag her on,  
 That ill-clad child, who yet the younger child  
 Had motherly cared to shield. So toiling through  
 The great white storm coming, and coming yet,  
 And coming till the world confounded sat  
 With all her fair familiar features gone,  
 The mountains muffled in an eddying swirl,  
 He led or bore them, and the little one [mourn  
 Peered from her shelter, pleased ; but oft would  
 The elder, " They will beat me : O my can,  
 I left my can of milk upon the moor."  
 And he compared her trouble with his own,  
 And had no heart to speak. And yet 'twas keen ;  
 It filled her to the putting down of pain  
 And hunger, — what could his do more ?

He brought  
 The children to their home, and suddenly  
 Regained himself, and, wondering at himself,  
 That he had borne, and yet been dumb so long,  
 The weary wailing of the girl, he paid  
 Money to buy her pardon ; heard them say,  
 " Peace, we have feared for you ; forget the milk,  
 It is no matter !" and went forth again  
 And waded in the snow, and quietly  
 Considered in his patience what to do  
 With all the dull remainder of his days.

With dusk he was at home, and felt it good  
 To hear his kindred talking, for it broke  
 A mocking endless echo in his soul,  
 "It is no matter!" and he could not choose  
 But mutter, though the weariness o'ercame  
 His spirit, "Peace, it is no matter; peace,  
 It is no matter!" For he felt that all  
 Was as it had been, and his father's heart  
 Was easy, knowing not how that same day  
 Hope with her tender colors and delight  
 (He should not care to have him know) were dead;  
 Yea, to all these, his nearest and most dear,  
 It was no matter. And he heard them talk  
 Of timber felled, of certain fruitful fields,  
 And profitable markets.

All for him  
 Their plans, and yet the echoes swarmed and swam  
 About his head, whenever there was pause;  
 "It is no matter!" And his greater self  
 Arose in him and fought. "It matters much,  
 It matters all to these, that not to-day  
 Nor ever they should know it. I will hide  
 The wound: ay, hide it with a sleepless care.  
 What! shall I make these three to drink of rue  
 Because my cup is bitter?" And he thrust  
 Himself in thought away, and made his ears  
 Hearken, and caused his voice, that yet did seem  
 Another, to make answer, when they spoke,  
 As there had been no snow-storm, and no porch,  
 And no despair.

So this went on awhile  
 Until the snow had melted from the wold,  
 And he, one noonday, wandering up a lane,  
 Met on a turn the woman whom he loved.  
 Then, even to trembling he was moved; his speech  
 Faltered; but, when the common kindly words

Of greeting were all said, and she passed on,  
 He could not bear her sweetness and his pain.  
 "Muriel!" he cried; and when she heard her name,  
 She turned. "You know I love you," he broke out:  
 She answered, "Yes," and sighed.

"O, pardon me,  
 Pardon me," quoth the lover; "let me rest  
 In certainty, and hear it from your mouth:  
 Is he with whom I saw you once of late  
 To call you wife?" "I hope so," she replied;  
 And over all her face the rose-bloom came,  
 As, thinking on that other, unaware  
 Her eyes waxed tender. When he looked on her,  
 Standing to answer him, with lovely shame,  
 Submiss, and yet not his, a passionate,  
 A quickened sense of his great impotence  
 To drive away the doom got hold on him;  
 He set his teeth to force the unbearable  
 Misery back, his wide-awakened eyes  
 Flashed as with flame.

And she, all overawed  
 And mastered by his manhood, waited yet,  
 And trembled at the deep she could not sound;  
 A passionate nature in a storm; a heart  
 Wild with a mortal pain, and in the grasp  
 Of an immortal love.

"Farewell," he said,  
 Recovering words, and when she gave her hand,  
 "My thanks for your good candor; for I feel  
 That it has cost you something." Then, the blush  
 Yet on her face, she said: "It was your due:  
 But keep this matter from your friends and kin,  
 We would not have it known." Then, cold and  
 proud,  
 Because there leaped from under his straight lids,

And instantly was veiled, a keen surprise,—  
 "He wills it, and I therefore think it well."  
 Thereon they parted; but from that time forth,  
 Whether they met on festal eve, in field,  
 Or at the church, she ever bore herself  
 Proudly, for she had felt a certain pain;  
 The disapproval hastily betrayed  
 And quickly hidden hurt her. "'Twas a grace,"  
 She thought, "to tell this man the thing he asked,  
 And he rewards me with surprise. I like  
 No one's surprise, and least of all bestowed  
 Where he bestowed it."

But the spring came on:  
 Looking to wed in April, all her thoughts  
 Grew loving; she would fain the world had waxed  
 More happy with her happiness, and oft  
 Walking among the flowery woods she felt  
 Their loveliness reach down into her heart,  
 And knew with them the ecstasies of growth,  
 The rapture that was satisfied with light,  
 The pleasure of the leaf in exquisite  
 Expansion, through the lovely, longed-for spring.  
 And as for him — (Some narrow hearts there are  
 That suffer blight when that they are fed upon,  
 As something to complete their being, fails,  
 And they retire into their holes and pine,  
 And long restrained grow stern. But some there are  
 That in a sacred want and hunger rise,  
 And draw the misery home and live with it,  
 And excellent in honor wait, and will  
 That somewhat good should yet be found in it,  
 Else wherefore were they born?) — and as for him,  
 He loved her, but his peace and welfare made  
 The sunshine of three lives. The cheerful grange  
 Threw open wide its hospitable doors

And drew in guests for him. The garden flowers,  
 Sweet budding wonders, all were set for him.  
 In him the eyes at home were satisfied,  
 And if he did but laugh the ear approved.

What then? He dwelt among them as of old,  
 And taught his mouth to smile.

And time went on  
 Till on a morning, when the perfect Spring  
 Rested among her leaves, he, journeying home  
 After short sojourn in a neighboring town,  
 Stopped at the little station on the line  
 That ran between his woods; a lonely place  
 And quiet, and a woman and a child  
 Got out. He noted them, but, walking on  
 Quickly, went back into the wood, impelled  
 By hope, for, passing, he had seen his love,  
 And she was sitting on a rustic seat  
 That overlooked the line, and he desired,  
 With longing indescribable, to look  
 Upon her face again. And he drew near.  
 She was right happy; she was waiting there.  
 He felt that she was waiting for her lord.  
 She cared no whit if Laurance went or stayed,  
 But answered when he spoke, and dropped her cheek  
 In her fair hand.

And he, not able yet  
 To force himself away, and nevermore  
 Behold her, gathered blossom, primrose flowers,  
 And wild anemone, for many a clump  
 Grew all about him, and the hazel rods  
 Were nodding with their catkins. But he heard  
 The stopping train, and felt that he must go;  
 His time was come. There was naught else to do  
 Or hope for. With the blossom he drew near,



And would have had her take it from his hand ;  
 But she, half lost in thought, held out her own,  
 And then, remembering him and his long love,  
 She said, " I thank you ; pray you now forget,  
 Forget me, Laurance," and her lovely eyes  
 Softened ; but he was dumb, till through the trees  
 Suddenly broke upon their quietude  
 The woman and her child. And Muriel said,  
 " What will you ?" She made answer quick and keen,  
 " Your name, my lady ; 'tis your name I want,  
 Tell me your name." Not startled, not displeased,  
 But with a musing sweetness on her mouth,  
 As if considering in how short a while  
 It would be changed, she lifted up her face  
 And gave it, and the little child drew near  
 And pulled her gown, and prayed her for the flowers.  
 Then Laurence, not content to leave them so,  
 Nor yet to wait the coming lover, spoke :  
 " Your errand with this lady ?" — " And your right  
 To ask it ?" she broke out with sudden heat  
 And passion : " What is that to you ? Poor child !  
 Madam !" And Muriel lifted up her face  
 And looked, — they looked into each other's eyes.  
 " That man who comes," the clear-voiced woman  
 cried, —  
 " That man with whom you think to wed so soon, —  
 You must not heed him. What ! the world is full  
 Of men, and some are good, and most, God knows,  
 Better than he, — that I should say it ! — far  
 Better." And down her face the large tears ran,  
 And Muriel's wild dilated eyes looked up,  
 Taking a terrible meaning from her words ;  
 And Laurance stared about him, half in doubt  
 If this were real, for all things were so blithe,  
 And soft air tossed the little flowers about ;  
 The child was singing, and the blackbirds piped.

Glad in fair sunshine. And the women both  
 Were quiet, gazing in each other's eyes.  
 He found his voice, and spoke : " This is not well,  
 Though whom you speak of should have done you  
 wrong ;  
 A man that could desert and plan to wed  
 Will not his purpose yield to God and right,  
 Only to law. You, whom I pity so much,  
 If you be come this day to urge a claim,  
 You will not tell me that your claim will hold ;  
 'Tis only, if I read aright, the old,  
 Sorrowful, hateful story !"  
 Muriel sighed,  
 With a dull patience that he marvelled at :  
 " Be plain with me. I know not what to think,  
 Unless you are his wife. Are you his wife ?  
 Be plain with me." And all too quietly,  
 With running down of tears, the answer came,  
 " Ay, madam, ay ! the worse for him and me."  
 Then Muriel heard her lover's foot anear,  
 And cried upon him with a bitter cry,  
 Sharp and despairing. And those two stood back,  
 With such affright and violent anger stirred,  
 He broke from out the thicket to her side,  
 Not knowing. But, her hands before her face,  
 She sat ; and, stepping close, that woman came  
 And faced him. Then said Muriel, " O my heart,  
 Herbert !" — and he was dumb, and ground his teeth,  
 And lifted up his hand and looked at it,  
 And at the woman ; but a man was there  
 Who whirled her from her place, and thrust himself  
 Between them ; he was strong, — a stalwart man :  
 And Herbert, thinking on it, knew his name. [strive  
 " What good," quoth he, " though you and I should  
 And wrestle all this April day ? A word,  
 And not a blow, is what these women want :