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## MEETING IN WINTER.

WINTER in the world it is,  
Round about the unhop'd kiss  
Whose dream I long have sorrow'd o'er;  
Round about the longing sore,  
That the touch of thee shall turn  
Into joy too deep to burn.

Round thine eyes and round thy mouth  
Passeth no murmur of the south,  
When my lips a little while  
Leave thy quivering tender smile,  
As we twain, hand holding hand,  
Once again together stand.

Sweet is that, as all is sweet;  
For the white drift shalt thou meet  
Kind and cold-cheeked and mine own,  
Wrapped about with deep-furred gown  
In the broad-wheeled chariot:  
Then the north shall spare us not;  
The wide-reaching waste of snow  
Wilder, lonelier yet shall grow  
As the reddened sun falls down.

But the warders of the town,  
When they flash the torches out  
O'er the snow amid their doubt,  
And their eyes at last behold  
Thy red-litten hair of gold ;  
Shall they open, or in fear  
Cry, " Alas ! What cometh here ?  
Whence hath come this Heavenly One  
To tell of all the world undone ? "

They shall open, and we shall see  
The long street litten scantily  
By the long stream of light before  
The guest-hall's half-open door ;  
And our horses' bells shall cease  
As we reach the place of peace ;  
Thou shalt tremble, as at last  
The worn threshold is o'er-past,  
And the fire-light blindeth thee :  
Trembling shalt thou cling to me  
As the sleepy merchants stare  
At thy cold hands slim and fair,  
Thy soft eyes and happy lips  
Worth all lading of their ships.

O my love, how sweet and sweet  
That first kissing of thy feet,  
When the fire is sunk alow  
And the hall made empty now  
Groweth solemn, dim and vast !  
O my love, the night shall last  
Longer than men tell thereof  
Laden with our lonely love !

WILLIAM MORRIS.