

# The Maid's Lament

By Walter Savage Landor

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him: I now would give  
My love could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death.  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,  
And this lorn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
Wept he as bitter tears.  
*Merciful God!* such was his latest prayer,  
*These may she never share.*  
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,  
Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
His name and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
And oh! pray too for me!