

Chiming a Dream

William Ernest Henley

Chiming a dream by the way

With ocean's rapture and roar,

I met a maiden to-day

Walking alone on the shore:

Walking in maiden wise,

Modest and kind and fair,

The freshness of spring in her eyes

And the fulness of spring in her hair.

Cloud-shadow and scudding sun-burst

Were swift on the floor of the sea,

And a mad wind was romping its worst,

But what was their magic to me?

Or the charm of the midsummer skies?

I only saw she was there,

A dream of the sea in her eyes

And the kiss of the sea in her hair.

I watched her vanish in space;

She came where I walked no more;
But something had passed of her grace
To the spell of the wave and the shore;
And now, as the glad stars rise,
She comes to me, rosy and rare,
The delight of the wind in her eyes
And the hand of the wind in her hair.

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