

“MY LADY OF CASTLE GRAND”

BY

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Gray is the palace where she dwells,
Grimly the poplars stand
There by the window where she sits,
My Lady of Castle Grand.

There does she bide the livelong day,
Grim as the poplars are,
Ever her gaze goes reaching out,
Steady, but vague and far.

Bright burn the fires in the castle hall,
Brightly the fire-dogs stand;
But cold is the body and cold the heart
Of my Lady of Castle Grand.

Blue are the veins in her lily–white hands,
Blue are the veins in her brow;
Thin is the line of her blue drawn lips,
Who would be haughty now?

Pale is the face at the window–pane,
Pale as the pearl on her breast,
“Roderick, love, wilt come again?
Fares he to east or west?”

The shepherd pipes to the shepherdess,
The bird to his mate in the tree,
And ever she sighs as she hears their song,
“Nobody sings for me.”

The scullery maids have swains enow
Who lead them the way of love,
But lonely and loveless their mistress sits
At her window up above.

Loveless and lonely she waits and waits,
The saddest in all the land;

Ah, cruel and lasting is love—blind pride,
My Lady of Castle Grand.