

**THE LAST CRUSADE:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Last Crusade: And Other Poems by Alfred Hayes

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ALFRED HAYES

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AND OTHER POEMS**

THE LAST CRUSADE

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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NEW COLL., OXON.

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THE DEATH OF SAINT LOUIS.



The summer sea lay fair as any flower
Whose blue eye rests upon its mother sky ;
A million sparkles danced, till far away
They seemed one liquid diamond ; whisperingly
Wave melted into wave, and smile chased smile
Across the dappled waters, till each flake
Of purple vanished with its parent cloud
In that wide dreamland, where, dissolved in mist,
The sky and sea are one. Noon held her breath ;
The sea-bird slept upon the crestless wave,
The ripple scarcely kissed the foamless shore,
The warm rocks trembled in the giddy air ;
And basking in serene transparent depths,
The bright sea-ferns that nestled round their feet
Stirred not a frond. O'er all this loveliness,
Like a mild mother o'er her dimpled babe,
Whose beauteous calm is mirrored in her face,
Bent the blue heaven.