

**THE SUNKEN  
GARDEN, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The sunken garden, and other poems by Walter De la Mare

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THE LITTLE SALAMANDER:  
TO MARGOT

WHEN I GO FREE,  
I think 'twill be  
A night of stars and snow,  
And the wild fires of frost shall light  
My footsteps as I go;  
Nobody—nobody will be there  
With groping touch, or sight,  
To see me in my bush of hair  
Dance burning through the night.