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2-4  
I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE GATES -

His heart, to me, was a place of palaces and pinnacles and shining towers;

I saw it then as we see things in dreams, I do not remember how long I slept;

I remember the trees and the high, white walls, and how the sun was always on the towers;

The walls are standing to-day, and the gates: I have been through the gates, I have groped, I have crept

Back, back - . There is dust in the streets and blood; they are empty and darkness is over them;

His heart is a place with the lights gone out, forsaken by great winds and the heavenly rain, unclean and unswept,

LC/ Like the heart of the <sup>h</sup> <sup>c</sup> Holy City, old, blind, beautiful Jerusalem, ~~xxx~~  
over which Christ wept.

Over which Christ Wept

CHARLOTTE MEW.

3

Miss C. Mew,  
9, Gordon Street,  
Gordon Square,  
W.C.1.



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Like the heart of the holy city, old, blind, beautiful Jerusalem,

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/—;

/;



/ New line  
Set in  
centre



## Nicholas Hall

**W**ELL, who are you? And how did you come there?  
 I must have nodded, drowsing in my chair,  
 Although I could have sworn I hadn't slept  
 Or even winked an eyelid, but had kept  
 My eyes set steadily upon the glow,  
 Dreaming of fires burnt out so long ago—  
 Ay, long ago! But you, when did you come?  
 Why do you stand there smiling, keeping mum?  
 I felt no draught blow from the opening door,  
 And heard no footstep on the sanded floor.  
 Why don't you speak, young man?—for you are young—  
 That much I see—and surely you've a tongue?  
 And young men should be civil to old men.  
 What, you won't answer? Please to leave me, then,  
 To my own hearthside: please to go away.  
~~You'll be an old man, too, yourself some day;~~  
 And you'll be sorry then, you will, my son,  
 To think you stood there grinning, making fun  
 Of an old man's afflictions, an old man  
 Who once was young, too, when the quick blood ran . . .  
 But who you are, I can't make out at all.  
 Why do you cast no shadow on the wall  
 When the high chair you lean upon throws back  
 A shadow on the whitewash sharp and black?  
 There's something half-familiar, now the flame  
 Lights up your face—something that when you came  
 Was passing through my mind . . . I can't recall . . .  
 Ah God, what's happening to Nicholas Hall  
 When he can see his young self standing there  
 Mocking his own self huddled in a chair?

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