

With blackest moss the flower-plots  
    Were thickly crusted, one and all:  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
    That held the pear to the gable-wall.  
The broken sheds looked sad and strange:  
    Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
    Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.

    She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
            He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
            I would that I were dead!'

(Trilling and Bloom, 1973, p.396)