

Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!

“Here’s Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast.”
“The hour, the sweet hour I forecast, 130
Little brother!”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

“He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen; 135
But his words are drowned in the wind’s course.”
“Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother!”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
What word now heard, between Hell and Heaven?) 140

“Oh he says that Keith of Ewern’s cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die.”
“In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!” 145
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
The soul’s one sight, between Hell and Heaven!)

“He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.” 150
“What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother?”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven!)

“He yields you these and craves full fain, 155
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain.”

“What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?”
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 160
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

“He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead Love must weep to see.”
“Hate, born of Love, is blind as he, 165
Little brother!”
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

“Oh it’s Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen, 170
For I know the white hair on the blast.”
“The short short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!”
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!) 175

“He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh! his voice is sad and weak!”
“What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother?” 180
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

“Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live.” 185
“Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!”
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

“Ah! what white thing at the door has cross’d

Sister Helen?

Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?”

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“A soul that’s lost as mine is lost,

Little brother!”

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)

?1853-80

(From *The Collective Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. Ed.
with Preface and Notes by William M. Rossetti. 2 vols.
London: Ellis and Elvey, 1890)