

# The Stranger

By Walter de la Mare

In the woods as I did walk,  
Dappled with the moon's beam,  
I did with a Stranger talk,  
And his name was Dream.

Spurred his heel, dark his cloak,  
Shady-wide his bonnet's brim;  
His horse beneath a silvery oak  
Grazed as I talked with him.

Softly his breast-brooch burned and shone;  
Hill and deep were in his eyes;  
One of his hands held mine, and one  
The fruit that makes men wise.

Wondrously strange was earth to see,  
Flowers white as milk did gleam;  
Spread to Heaven the Assyrian Tree,  
Over my head with Dream.

Dews were still betwixt us twain;  
Stars a trembling beauty shed;  
Yet—not a whisper comes again  
Of the words he said.