

Gave purest joy.— Among her golden curls  
She felt a mother's hand.

Asleep, how long  
She knew not, till a flash and thunderpeal  
Awoke her, laughing, and she gazed around bedazed,  
Beholding nothing but the coming storm,  
The gloom on moaning waves, the empty sand.  
The young had fled and were with yonder crowd  
That waited to be swiftly carried home.  
She bowed her head, regarding not the storm,  
And, yearning for her dream again, she sobbed—  
“Come back, O mother, come !”

Afar into the night  
The battling tempest swept, then, sighing, passed away.  
The eager moon glanced thro' the vanquished clouds,  
And, down along the lonely shore, beheld  
A Figure deathless tread the silvered sand.  
He came and stood beside the prostrate form ;  
He stretched his fleshless hand and touched  
Her wet-flat, golden hair. The maiden raised her hollow  
eyes  
And smiled. She took his proffered hand, arose,  
And, leaning on his marble arm secure,  
She walked away,—the bride of Death.