

LOVE'S LOOK

No more I walk in glad content,
For Love encountered me,
As on my humble way I went,
Nor thought him e'er to see.

He spoke no fond, entreating word,
He cherished not my hand,
But his deep look my spirit stirred,
And made me silent stand.

A look so masterful, so sweet,
I ne'er had felt before;
I marvelled that I could it meet,
As yet its strength I bore.

A moment, and he turned away,
And I alone was left,
And now I fret from day to day,
And am of peace bereft.