

AT NIGHTFALL.

O LITTLE hands, long vanished in the night—
Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure here—
My heart is full of music from some sphere,
Where ye make melody for God's delight.
Though autumn clouds obscure the starry height,
And winds are noisy and the land is drear,
In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
And hear you playing,—hands so small and white.

The shadowy organ sings its songs again,
The dead years turn to music at its voice,
And all the dreams come back my brain did
store.

Once more, dear hands, ye soothe me in my pain,
Once more your music makes my heart rejoice,—
God speed the day we clasp for evermore!