

What time the silver moon thrilled through the
night

And laid its shining fingers on her breast.

Perchance 'twas then she planted there the
rose

That bears its crimson bloom so gladly still,
Its colour warmed her days perhaps, none
knows

What dreams of her had winged across the
hill.

Unknown to her were worlds beyond the
sea,

Only familiar objects held her gaze,
Yet with all truth and in simplicity
With love and labour she made full her days.