

As white as that small cloud up in the sky,
 Here hours lapsed slowly to the stream's low
 sound,
 While here on nights the moon that swung so
 high
 Would weave for her lone babe a silver
 shroud. . . .
 She did not know how she could leave this
 place,
 And then she cried in broken prayer aloud,
 And hid within her trembling hands her face.