

No doubt they had another name
To call it by. 'Tis all the same.
I loved them both. I turned away,
And there was no more work that day.
Well, who could work upon the Feast
Of Ver:ial Joy? Not I, at least.

Leaving my room, with one day more
Dropped out of time, I heard the door
Of the old teacher's studio
Clatter; and he came out to go
His cheerless pensive way uptown.
I offered him, as we went down
The steps together, (he, so good
And fine in his old fortitude!)
Congratulations on the way
His favorite had sung that day.
He smiled his slow, sweet smile: "MEIN GOTT,
Dot vas a miracle, hei? Vhat?"
I told him I believed so too.

With reservations, so I do.