

THE WATCHER

LITTLE White Moom—Each night from Heaven you lean
To watch the lonely Seas, and all the Earth between;—
O little shining Moon! What have you seen?—

What have you seen upon the fields of France,
Where through the drowsy grain, the gay red poppies dance,
Unheeding splintered gun or broken lance?

Deep in the green-wood, shadow-laced, and still,
What is it you have found, by fern-bed and by rill?
What by each hollow—and each little hill?—

When o'er the sky the driven smoke-clouds flee,
And through a dusky veil ^{you} look down fearfully—
What do you find adrift upon the sea?

In the great mountains where the four winds blow,—
Where the King's cavalry, and his foot-soldiers go,—
What have you seen beneath the shifting snow?

Little white Moon! So old,—so strangely bright—
How could you still shine on, unless you knew some night
Here in the world you watch, all would be right!