

Only the heavy shadows shrouding fall
About the place where she has lived and
died.

There was broad space for dreams within the
door

Which night encurtained with its purple fold,
Till dawning breezes murmured of the lore
Of field and forest and of grassy wold.

Her simple mind was all unvexed by creeds,
Her soul was as an instrument attuned
Unto the faith that furnished all her needs,
With spirit things her spirit oft communed.

Tranquil those years which yielded joys so
slight,
Surely within her heart there was unrest,