

## ABSENCE

DEAR grey-winged angel, with the mouth  
set stern

And time-devouring eyes, the sweetest  
sweet

Of kisses when two severed lovers meet  
Is thine ; the cruellest ache in hearts that  
yearn,

The fears that freeze, the hopes that leap  
and burn,

Thine—thine ! And thine the drum-and-  
trumpet beat

Of hearts that wait for unreturning feet,  
When comes at last the hour of their return.

Of Love's fair ministers thou art the chief.

To jaded souls, asleep beside their vows,  
Thou givest hopes, keen joys and vague  
alarms ;

Beneath thy touch the brown and yellow leaf  
Turns to pink blossom, and the spring-  
bright boughs

Frame lovers running to each other's  
arms.