

"I shall be the bride of heaven,"
"In this Abbey's cloistered walls."
"Fear not, for my love is changeless,"
"And each day, on bended knee,"
"At God's holy altar bowing,"
"I shall offer prayers for thee."

While they lingered there in sadness,
And the waning light grew dim;
From the Abbey's open windows,
Floated out the Vesper hymn.
With an impulse, strong and sudden,
And which they could not define,
Entering through the sacred portals,
Low they bent before its shrine.

On the altar, faintly burning,
Waxen tapers cast their light;
While from golden censer rising,
Clouds of incense dimmed the sight.
Now the sweet voiced organ murmured
With sad tones in plaintive key:
Then with bursts of joyous gladness,
Filled the air, with melody.

As a minor chord in music,
Gives a sweetness to the strain,
So the wailing notes of sadness,
Blend with joy, in life's refrain.
Now through richly painted windows,
With a tender silvery glow,
Streams of radiance from the moonlight,
Fall on marble floor below.

And a holy calm surrounds them,
Heavenly faith succeeds despair,
As they turn with lingering footsteps
To the castle of St. Clare.

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On the morrow, after sunrise,
Lady Edith in her bower,