

sink into a garden seat. Oh, I am tired, tired . . .

I am waiting, waiting. I close my eyes and wait.  
I know she will come. The snow is covering me.  
White as a statue, I sit and wait.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, Berna, my dear, my dear! I knew you would  
return; I knew, I knew. Come to me, little one.  
I'm tired, so tired. Put your arms around me, girl;  
kiss me, kiss me. I'm weak and ill, but now you've  
come I'll soon be well again. You won't leave me  
any more; will you, honey? Oh, it's good to have  
you once again! It seems like a dream. Kiss me  
once more, sweetheart. It's all so cold and dark.  
Put your arms around me. . . .

*Oh, Berna, Berna, light of my life, I knew all  
would come right at last—beyond the mists, beyond  
the dreaming; at last, dear love, at last! . . .*

**THE END**