

And beauteous youth, since first low kneeling  
there,  
With folded hands she lisped her evening  
prayer.

Then he remembered how, beneath the shade,  
She wooed him to her with her lovely words,  
While flowers were closing, leaves in moon-  
light played,

And in dark nooks withdrew the silent birds.  
So pondered he that night in twilight dim,  
While dew from bending leaves dropt down  
on him.

The flowers sent forth their nightly odors  
faint—

When in the darkness waiting, he saw one  
To whom he said—"How fareth my sweet  
saint?"

Who answered—"She hath borne to you a  
son;"

Then, turning, left him,—and the father said,  
"God rain down blessings on his welcome  
head!"

But Margaret!—*she* never saw the child,  
Nor heard about her bed love's mournful  
wails;

But to the last, with ocean dreams beguiled,  
Murmured of troubled seas and swelling sails—  
Of weary voyages, and rocks unseen,  
And distant hills in sight, all calm and green.

Woe and alas!—the times of sorrow come,  
And make us doubt if we were ever glad!  
So utterly that inner voice is dumb.  
Whose music through our happy days we  
had!

So, at the touch of grief, without our will,  
The sweet voice drops from us, and all is still.

Woe and alas! for the sea captain's wife—  
That Margaret who in the Xebec played—  
She spent upon his knee her baby life;  
Her slumbering head upon his breast she  
laid.

How shall he learn alone his years to pass?  
How in the empty house?—woe and alas!

She died, and in the aisle, the minster aisle,  
They made her grave; and there, with fond  
intent,

Her husband raised, his sorrow to beguile,  
A very fair and stately monument:  
Her tomb (the careless vergers show it yet),  
The mariner's wife, his love, his Margaret.

A woman's figure, with the eyelids closed,  
The quiet head declined in slumber sweet;  
Upon an anchor one fair hand reposed,  
And a long ensign folded at her feet,  
And carved upon the bordering of her vest  
The motto of her house—"Et gibeſt reſt."

There is an ancient window richly fraught  
And fretted with all hues most rich, most  
bright,

And in its upper tracery enwrought  
An olive-branch and dove wide-winged and  
white,

An emblem meet for her, the tender dove,  
Her heavenly peace, her duteous earthly love.

Amid heraldic shields and banners set,  
In twisted knots and wildly-tangled bands,  
Crimson and green, and gold and violet,  
Fall softly on the snowy sculptured hands;  
And, when the sunshine comes, full sweetly  
rest

The dove and olive-branch upon her breast.

