

With sad eyes she glanced about her,
Whispered softly a loved name,
And emerging from the shadow
Of the Abbey wall he came,

With swift steps of eager welcome,
And in glowing language told,
All his dreams of fame and glory,
While her aching heart grew cold.
Half unconscious, clinging to him,
With sad eyes, and drooping head,
She strove bravely for composure,
While the golden moments sped.

There they stood, beneath the shadow,
Of the Abbey's stately gloom:
She seemed like a broken lily,
Cut down in its early bloom.
After moments of deep feeling,
Fraught with mingled joy and pain,
Edith now, with wondrous calmness,
Raised her drooping head again.

"Then, the noble young de Spenser
Whispered, "Dear one, fare thee well,"
"I must leave thee on the morrow"
"At the convent's early bell."
"On thy finger, wear this token,"
"'Tis an opal, rare and bright,"
"It can tell thee of my welfare,"
"By its fitful, changing light."

"If it glow with ruddy brilliance,"
"And with undimmed radiance shine,"
"It will bear a cheering message"
"From my faithful heart to thine."
"If the light grows dull, and cloudy,"
"And the fire is quenched and fled,"
"It will whisper—, this sure token,"
"That thy faithful Knight is dead."

"Dearest Hugh, sobbed out the lady,
"If aught evil, thee befalls,"