

Swung, like our own, an orb of tears and light  
In the unheeding night.

But when the April dawn  
Touched the closed lattice softly, and a bird,  
Too early wakened from its sleep, was stirred,  
And trilled a sudden note broke off, withdrawn,  
She heard and woke. All silently she laid  
Her gentle hands in our's, with such a look as made  
A rainbow of tears it fell upon,  
Caught from another and a heavenlier dawn,  
Fixed—trembled—and was gone.

