

Of grasses where the ferns pressed heavily,
And flowers were folded close against the
ground.

How deep her slumber and how long her
sleep

Where she would never wake to any sound.

Her child would never lie awake to weep

At night-time for the evils of the day,

Nor know the awful grimness of that place

Where she had passed her childhood all away,

As though to be a child were some disgrace

And so must eat but penitential bread.

And she would never sit through weary hours

With tired fingers and with aching head,

Cutting the petals for bright cotton flowers

That so she might gain bread and toil some
more.