

To-Morrow

BUT one short night between my Love and
me !

I watch the soft-shod dusk creep wist-
fully

Through the slow-moving curtains, paus-
ing by

And shrouding with its spirit-fingers free

Each well-known chair. There is a grow-
ing grace

Of tender magic in this little place.

Comes through half-opened windows, soft
and cool

As Spring's young breath, the vagrant
evening air,

My day-worn soul is hushed. I fain
would bear

No burdens on my brain to-night, no rule