

Will be sure to find its image still held in
Its heart. Did the lone lady think of that
Glad coming time, or did her thoughts stay with
The dying leaf burning its heart away?
As a sad spirit speaks to its familiar, thus
The lady speaks:—

“We sit beside a loom;
Fate fills the shuttle while we weave and weave;
We have no choice of shade, and often wearying
Of the darkening web, we cry for ‘rose and gold.’
Fate’s lips are dumb, her eyes cast down, she does
Not heed our earnest cry, till some dark day,
When we have ceased to cry for rose and gold,
She drops by us a shuttle filled with each.
We seize it eagerly, and weave it through,
But still no form, no comeliness! Our eyes
May not look on the right side of the web.
We hold the empty shuttle in our hands
But search in vain for bloom of rose or leaf
Of gold. It must be in bright bloom upon
The other side; for only here and there
A golden thread that shows no form is thrown
Upon the wrong side of this web of life,
To hold for some bright spanning on the right.
Oh, God! if the lone weaver could but see
The right side of the web, his weary face
Might then not grow so pale, nor all the light
Fade out of his sad eyes, nor his hands grow
Thin, forget their cunning as he drops his
Shuttle and falls beneath the loom, crying,
Just as men say, ‘he dies,’ ‘I see the right
Side of the web.’ Oh, weavers! it is hard
To sit alone all day and weave and weave,
To die and leave the web to be unrolled
By other hands; when one will cut out here
A breadth, just where we lost our rose, to soften